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*TO MY MOTHER.*



## PREFATORY NOTE.

THESE pages need but brief introduction. Last winter my brother—who appears as St. L.—was ordered to Egypt for his health, and with him went myself (E.) and my maid (W.). We sent home a journal, which appears here nearly as it was written. Its watery nature is confessed in the title it bears, and the only reason for publishing it is that we seem, by comparison with other pleasure-tourists, to have had an unusual amount of talk with *les indigènes*, and to have observed some lesser details of their ways and thoughts, and on so interesting a subject it is perhaps a pity to waste even the smallest contribution of information. All topics connected with Ancient Egypt I have let alone as much as possible, feeling that here I could only retail facts gathered from books or conversation, and often perhaps imperfectly understood. It was, however, impossible to leave out such subjects altogether.

I have altered the names of the dahabieh, the dragoman, and a few others, thinking that in such a personal record a slight disguise was discreet, though not necessary, as we had in each case scarcely anything but good to record and praise to bestow.

The spelling of Arabic words is, in theory, phonetic, but in practice I must own to many shortcomings ; such as having often used 'i' and 'ee' indifferently to represent the same sound, and also 'ou' and 'oo.'

The conversations are all from notes taken at the time, or immediately afterwards, and are, I think, very literally given.

# E A U - D E - N I L .



## CHAPTER I.

*December 2nd, 1880.*—This morning, when daylight appeared at about six a.m., we found ourselves nearing the harbour of Alexandria, and observed with pleasure that the sea had become considerably smoother during the night. As we had been told that the entrance of the harbour often presented difficulties, and that the last P. and O. boat had been kept tossing outside for eighteen hours, we did not feel quite happy as to our own fate, and were much relieved, after steaming slowly on for four hours, to be told that the crucial point was passed ; and soon after ten a.m. we were well over the bar.

We had been able to inspect the town well as we got near it, and thought it imposing from its size, though very low and flat. Several forts and light-



houses stood out in the foreground, and there were numerous windmills on the low hills behind. The general effect of the city was nearly as white as Algiers. Of course we tried to think of Alexander, of Cleopatra, of St. Mark, of Amer, of Napoleon, and Abercrombie ; but, even before we came to a standstill, thought became impossible in the ever-growing noise and confusion. The passengers who were going on to India, and those who were landing here, all clamoured at once to have their affairs first attended to, and their luggage sorted. We were not struck by the arrangement of the latter—the baggage for Egypt, which was wanted at the top for immediate disembarkation, having to be fished up from the lowest depths of the hold, with heavy loss of temper and time.

A steam-tender came up to take the mails, and we fondly thought it would also take us all ashore, but found this was not allowed. While I was sitting apart, crushed by this blow, a very ill-looking Arab, with one eye and marked by small-pox, came up and asked me if we would go ashore in his boat. I said a cautious ‘Yes,’ and went to find St. L. When we came back, he produced a much finer man, evidently a dragoman, and pushed him towards us, saying emphatically :

‘ Good man—good man !’

The good man, who was portly and middle-aged, in plum-coloured robes, with a white sash, red fez, and yellow turban and boots, promptly produced his book of testimonials, pointing out two which he evidently considered his trump cards, from one of the Barons Rothschild, and Sir Watkin Wynn. It was no moment for examining them, jostled as we were by an irritating crowd, so we resigned ourselves into his hands, and he hunted up our luggage with success, and at length handed us into a boat.

On the way to land, he recommended an hotel in a mysterious whisper; but we thought this was a fitting moment for a spark of independence, and firmly, though quite unreasoningly, chose another.

He spoke English fairly, with an exuberance of *h's* worthy of a Board School. On landing he asked for our passports, which are required here, and then passing his arm through mine, led me at a trot to the Custom House, St. L. and W. following, convulsed with merriment at the sight. They let us off with the inspection of one box, and we got into an open carriage, with two weedy, long-tailed horses, and were truly glad to be deposited at Hôtel de l'Europe, on Place Mehemet Ali, the principal square in Alexandria.

Our old friend assisted in our choice of rooms;

and finally, coming up to us as we stood looking from the window, he put an arm affectionately round each of us, and asked what refreshment we would like, strongly recommending us to choose lemonade. Having had no breakfast, I begged for coffee and bread and butter as well ; but the lemonade, made with freshly-gathered lemons, and brought in a large jug, was very good too. He then left us to rest, promising to come again in the afternoon to take us out.

So about two p.m. we started in a carriage, and made a little tour of the city, which has the character of being uninteresting, and containing little to see, the ancient Alexandria being almost entirely destroyed. To Western eyes, however, of course the everyday Oriental scenes, set in whatever framework, are amusing enough. Like most seaports it is a medley of nationalities ; the Egyptian and Turkish quarters were the gayest and most noisy. Here the streets, though not architectural or even old-looking, were picturesque from their narrowness ; and the crowds in varied costumes, chattering and bargaining at the entrances of the Bazaars, were quite bewildering. The contents of the Bazaars were as varied as the purchasers. There were piles of all sorts of odd little pots, pans, and baskets ; amber, brass, heaps of gourds and tomatoes ; strings

of dried herbs and seed-pods; and whole stalls of a pink and white sweetmeat which seems a very fashionable food. Numberless children flitted about in indescribable toilettes, more or less scanty (generally more), of flimsy flowery stuffs of bright pink, green, and yellow; and always with bare feet.

We worked our way slowly through this populous part, and then took an execrable road which led us to Pompey's Pillar; now over a hillock which we cleared with a bump; now through a hole which we sank into with a flop; now across a marshy place standing partly under water. The pillar is on a raised bare expanse of hard sand; this empty space is most becoming to it, and it deserves a fine surrounding, for it is a beautiful shaft of red granite seventy-three feet high, not including the capital and base, which are of different workmanship, and look much rougher and newer. It was put up not to, but by, Pompey, and should be called Diocletian's Pillar, being erected in his honour.

We next went to the Viceroy's garden, and appreciated its deep shade; for I must mention, in passing, that it was quite a hot afternoon, and we were still in the warm clothes we had been wearing on the steamer. There were lovely poinsettia-trees here in brilliant scarlet bloom, also datura, mimosa, the tree daisy, and many others I did not know.

There were some enormous old sycamore fig-trees, something like *ilexes* in form and foliage, and bearing a fruit like a pinkish-purple fig, growing in clusters straight out of the trunk and limbs. These, old Ali told us, were two thousand years old !—but we found his scale of thousands and hundreds was indistinct, and that he also referred indifferently to the time of Moses and that of the Romans.

The road to this garden was pretty, and shaded by large trees, carob, sycamore, and mimosa ; it lay mostly along the bank of the Mahmoudieh Canal, which joins the Nile. We saw a pelican fishing near the bank, and some buffaloes drinking. Ali took us on board a dahabieh which was moored on the canal, as we wanted to see what it was like ; but it disappointed us both a little to find it so like a steamer in its arrangement of cabins, berths, etc., as we were too fresh from our crossing to view anything ever so remotely reminding us of it with other than a jaundiced eye. St. L. inquired some particulars from the rais, or captain, amongst other things, the price ; on hearing which, Ali, evidently a friend of the proprietor's, said, in a loud side-whisper : ' Berry sheap.'

St. L.'s last question had been as to what facilities there were for keeping meat ; and meditating awhile on the words, he repeated reflectively : ' Bury sheep ?'

I suppose referring them to some plan for keeping mutton during the excursion.

We then went home, and ended our first Egyptian day by looking from the windows, whence we saw many pedestrians and asinestrians, but very few horses or carriages. The prevailing colour of the costume is blue for both men and women—not white, as at Algiers. The women wear dark-blue veils, with a band across the forehead, an interval for the eyes, and a long narrow baglike strip of black over the lower part of the face, the upper and lower face-coverings being joined by a brass ornament down the nose, like a row of thimbles inside one another.

Ali brought us his bill at the end of the day, made out in strange language. One item was ‘cara bagag;’ and this represented the carrying of our luggage from the *Sumatra* to the hotel. He charged eight shillings for his own responsibilities and services. One of his attentions was, at each crossing or step, to seize me by one elbow with both hands, and he once or twice nearly overturned me in his zeal to assist. He also gave us mysterious hints from behind his hand as to our behaviour—when to accept flowers—when a franc was expected of us, etc.

3rd.—I took a short walk with W. and the old

dragoman, and looked into the Greek church, which is modern and very gorgeous, with a central dome. Inside, over the archway into the inner sanctuary, a large eye is painted ; this, I believe, is not unusual in Greek churches.

Being Friday, the streets were unusually full. Ali presented me with a beautiful bouquet of roses and poinsettia. He said he had been to his mosque and offered two prayers—‘one for brother, and one for you’—on his beads brought from Mecca, whither he had twice been on pilgrimage ; once for his father, who died without going, and once for himself. He asked me some searching questions, as Mussulmans often do, about the differences of faith among Christians ; not that they themselves are at all immaculate on the score of division, but I did not remember the names of their sects well enough to retaliate.

In the afternoon we drove to the Palace of Ras-et-Teen, outside the town, built on a promontory jutting into the sea, and used by the Viceroy on public occasions. It was of enormous size, and splendidly furnished : all the furniture was European—yellow satin brocade, massive chandeliers, etc., etc. They insisted on our sitting, or rather reclining, on the Viceroy’s seat—a luxurious corner-couch, in a room with a divan all round.

They gave us bouquets when we came away. We went on to another garden of the Viceroy's, open only on Fridays, when a band plays, and the Alexandrian gay world resorts thither, we decided that it consisted chiefly of Greeks and Italians. There was a pretty view from this garden, over Lake Marcotis and a snipe-marsh, to Ramleh, three or four miles off, where people go in summer for coolness. Italian seems to be the most generally spoken language here. The waiters all speak it, and the people in the shops, and many of the natives understand it a little; no doubt this is partly owing to their trade and connection with Venice.

The hotel is fairly comfortable, and has no peculiarities in food, except fresh dates at each meal; they are like long red plums, and not very good we thought.

4th.—This was, like yesterday, a hot day, and we spent the morning in a hot occupation; namely, preparing for our journey to Cairo—rather elaborately on Ali's part, for he appeared early with a heavy coil of new rope, and insisted on double-cording all the boxes, in addition to their own straps and locks. He wished to show his prudence and skill in every way, as he retained hopes to the last that we should engage him for the winter.



He showed us a letter from a former 'client,' in which he was called 'the King of Dragomans,' and this he thought would move us. He further tried informing me privately that he was always particularly kind to the ladies of his party; 'and the ladies always like me berry well—they like my eyes,' he added, sentimentally. But we had been so much advised to take no step till we got to Cairo, that we should have been proof against his blandishments, even if we had not thought him somewhat grasping. The eyes in question twinkled keenly when it came to the final settlement; and elaborate summing, reckoning on fingers, and counting of piastres took place.

In the emotion of parting he unaccountably forgot to bring us two shillings change which he owed us; but, otherwise, we detected him in no fraud. Once, indeed, he failed to take our part in a rather unkind way—when St. L. found the hotel people had charged a higher rate of exchange than was right according to 'Murray.' The man who brought us the bill appealed to Ali to corroborate him; and Ali said, 'Oh yes, it was all right; that was the proper rate.' But after the man was gone, he said to us, 'I tell *you* something; only you must keep it *here*,'—laying his finger impressively on a region not held in Europe to be the special

repository of confidences—'dey charge one franc more in the hotel than at other places; but I not like to 'fere with these Italian men, so I let them say what they like.'

At 2.15 he came with us to the station; we took our tickets, printed in Arabic; got into the rather disagreeable railway carriage, with windows just too high up to be able to look out of with comfort, and started for Cairo.

It was a perfectly flat country, with intervals of marshy land and frequent lakes; one, Lake Mareotis, just outside Alexandria, was quite a large one. As usual, out of England, there were no hedges. The vegetation looked rich and was of a vivid green. The chief crops we knew by sight were maize, already gathered, and lying in heaps; cotton, still standing, and its white tufts showing; and onions. One or two we did not recognise, we thought might be rice and indigo. People were thickly sprinkled all along, working in the fields; and numerous camels and buffaloes were helping, and standing out picturesquely against the sky. We frequently came to mud villages, in which the houses were, for the most part, mound-shaped, with a funnel at the top; some, however, were square. On the tops of many of them, cocks and hens were walking about feeding; or dogs, generally lean,

white, or yellow ones, sitting on their haunehes, watched us go by. Some of the houses had wooden bars sticking out from their sides, to serve as perches for the pigeons.

At the stations, numbers of girls ran up with water-jars on their shoulders, and offered them at the windows; and others brought oranges and roasted maize. We passed many palm-groves, generally clustered near a village or a mosque. We were disappointed with the one *buffet* of the journey (Kafr-es-Zyat), which occurred about five p.m., and suggested a wish for tea or coffee; after running, as it seemed to us, about a quarter of a mile along the platform to reach it, we found only a small dish of sponge-cakes—and *café noir* could be brought if wanted—we hastily seized all there was to seize, and ran back again.

About sunset we crossed the Nile. It was very broad and calm; but I did not care to see it, for the first time, from a railway bridge and out of a train window, so only just glanced at it. We quite expected our arrival, in the dark, at Cairo to be very turbulent and perilous; and to involve the need of a sharp look-out after our small 'bagages.' But no; all was calm and well-ordered. A commissionnaire, from Shepheard's Hotel, met us, and heralded us to a vast empty omnibus, captured our

eleven 'colis,' and landed us safely at the hotel at 8.30.

It is an immense long low building, only one story high, and with the broadest of corridors, and very clean airy rooms. The waiters are chiefly Greeks and Arabs. We had telegraphed for rooms, and they gave us west ones with a sitting-room; the latter, however, we soon gave up. We found mosquito-curtains to our beds, and they were by no means unnecessary; though, in the daytime, there were but few mosquitoes. There are no bells, but hand-clapping answers the purpose, and always produces a friendly genie.

## CHAPTER II.

*5th, Sunday.*—We awoke to the sight of the one thing we least expected in Egypt—a fog! This, with a familiar sound of rooks cawing, almost made me think I was dreaming, and must be still in England. Soon, however, the tops of the palm-trees loomed out, and the rooks proved to be Egyptian crows, parti-coloured black and grey; and before long the sun quite won the day. We spent a very European day—settling ourselves in our rooms and discussing our winter plans; for we had not yet decided whether to go up the Nile or to spend all the time in Cairo and its neighbourhood.

Our only achievement was to go to the English church, a new little building, where the Dean of Shanghai is acting as chaplain during this winter. The road to it is along an unfinished street, broad enough to cut up into six Arab thoroughfares, and presenting no Eastern feature but a few stalls at the corner, where sugar-cane cut in pieces was

offered for sale, and to one of which a tame monkey was tied.

A young man in a red fez, who sat close behind us in church, and with whom we exchanged civilities on the subject of hymn-books, came up, when we got outside, and began to talk in broken English. He said he was a Copt, and had been at an American mission-school, and liked going to the English service. He was anxious, he said, to improve in speaking; and there was certainly room for it, though he had a great stock of words, and did not pronounce badly. He gave us his name, and promised to call when he had a spare afternoon; and also offered to take us to a service at the Coptic cathedral. He was about eighteen, rather undersized, with soft short-sighted black eyes, and very white teeth.

On coming in, we received a call from Mr. George, to whom St. L. had an introduction, one of the chief people in the Telegraph Department, and an old resident in Cairo, and an excellent adviser to the ignorant. He gave us much kind counsel, and seriously inclined us to the taking of a dahabieh for the winter, after a short preliminary stay in Cairo.

He told us this last had been a 'mild' summer, and there had been 'a good Nile' (as we should

say, a good harvest), but that the fever in August had been very prevalent, and he thought the accounts of it in England had alarmed many intending tourists, and that it would be an empty winter; the fever was now, however, quite over.

6th.—To-day we took a drive to Old Cairo, the ancient Fostat, about three miles from the quarter we are in. We were driven by a negro or Sudanec, who knew a few words of English, and understood a few of our Arabic, and we made the most of this common ground in using him as a cicerone. The drive was through a long series of streets with shops, then across a sandy tract and past a stone aqueduct to the old town.

St. L. went into a shop, and I was much amused, as I sat waiting for him, by the stream of passers. I had often heard of the picturesque street-life of Cairo, yet it struck me with all the force of novelty as I watched the figures gliding by, as if in a panorama, on the soft, noiseless soil of the street—atoning, however, with their tongues for the silence of their feet.

In European cities the talking never occurs to you as an element in the din, which appears to consist entirely of ‘the car rattling o’er the stony street;’ but in Cairo, all that you hear is pure human talk, unless varied by the bray of a donkey or the groan

of a camel. Donkeys pass you by twenties, at a time, and are not only naturally beautiful, but have their charms heightened by artificial treatment, being dyed with different colours. Now a black one goes by, with a pink nose and stomach; now a grey one, with bands of yellow; now a milk-white one, with a few beauty-spots of magenta; and they are also beautifully dressed in embroidered saddle-cloths and bridles worked with shells and brass ornaments.

Cairo contains 264 mosques, and I saw several in this quarter, all small ones, with tall minarets, and built in bands of red and white, with honey-combed cornices.

At Old Cairo, we went first to the Mosque of Amer, the oldest in Cairo, but it is supposed that not much is left of the original building founded by Amer in A.D. 643; the guide, however, showed us one marble column at which Mohammed himself is said to have worked. The whole place is in ruins, but is tolerably whole as a shell. There is a great quadrangle, about the size of the garden in Portman Square, with rows of stone columns, five or six deep, all round it; in the centre is the lavatory, with one tall palm beside it. At one place are two columns very close together, concerning which they have a legend that only true believers can pass



through ; but they account for this no longer holding good, by saying that now the mosque is not used for worship, all such proofs of special sanctity are withdrawn.

We rather prided ourselves on grasping all this from the pantomime of the old Arab who showed us round. The few words we know being Algerian Arabic, are about as different from Egyptian as broad Scotch is from London English, and generally produce no effect but amusement on the listener, while their eloquence is equally wasted on us.

We next went to see one of the Coptic or early Christian churches. I cannot quite make out why the Christians of Egypt are called Copts, but as I was assured to-day that there are also Mohammedan Copts, I begin to conclude that the question of religion is only a coincidence ; but I shall inquire further from our young friend when he comes to see us.

The church we went to see to-day was in a very curious place. We drove up to the walls of an enormous pile of building, full of irregular angles, strange little windows, and small overhanging balconies like swallows' nests against the wall. It looked like a great monastery. We entered it by a small low door, partly sunk in the ground ; and

when we got inside, found, to our surprise, that instead of being in a single building, we were in a little town—a labyrinth of narrow streets opening out before us, and high walls, like fortifications, closing us in, so that the whole place was in dim light.

It seemed to be thickly peopled ; and numerous children were coming round us to offer to guide us, and ask for money. The street we were in was of houses four or five stories high, each story projecting beyond the one below, till at the top, in some places, they actually touched their opposite neighbours. In others, there was just a cranny of dazzling blue sky visible between the two ; these overhanging stories were mostly fronted with the windows of delicate latticed woodwork, common in Moorish houses.

The children showed us to a church, which we identified on our plan of Cairo as that of Sitt Miriam (the Lady Mary), which is the traditional Church of the Holy Family on their Flight into Egypt, and contains, in a subterranean chapel, two niches in which they are said to have rested ; the Virgin and Child in one, and S. Joseph in the other.

The approach to the church is through a long winding passage with many turns. It appears to

be very small and dark as you enter, but this is owing to its being divided into various sections by screens of elaborate woodwork, and there is no place from which you get anything like a general view of the building. The idea of these sections seems to be, a set of gradual approaches to the Holy Place. This is shut off from the rest of the church by a magnificent solid screen of wood richly inlaid with ivory ; two little windows in it, through which the priest gives the Communion to the laity ; and between them a doorway, across which hangs a silk curtain, embroidered with a cross of peculiar shape.

Looking in, we saw the Altar; and behind it, in a semicircle, seven degrees or steps of white marble, and the wall above covered with lovely mosaic of coloured marble and gems and mother-of-pearl let in at intervals. Along the top of the ivory screen was a row of twelve pictures of the Apostles, on gold grounds ; and at the sides, some most curious little wood-carvings in panels : one was of S. George and the Dragon.

We were taken down into the subterranean church by a little girl who did not look more than four years old, and who made a very effective picture as she stood in the entrance to one of the niches, holding a candle on high in one small

brown hand, and the light making a halo round her pretty little soft face and scanty pink tunie. When St. L. gave her a piastre, she took his hand and put it first to her lips and then to her forehead. The old man at the Mosque of Amer had been much less gratified by a whole franc; he said, 'Enta tayib' (you are good), but continued to hold out his hand for more with much persistency.

7th.—There was a strong, almost cold, wind to-day, a shower in the afternoon, and heavy rain at night. In the morning we sat in a large new garden close to the hotel, called, after this quarter of the town, the Esbekeeyeh Garden.

In the afternoon we drove to Heliopolis, about ten miles off. We got, of course, quite into the country, and felt more distinctly that we were in the Egypt we had read and thought of than we had previously done. We had desert on both sides of us—sand, full of loose stones, stretching away as far as we could see: not that that was very far, as the view is bounded by low, flat-topped hills, crowned with windmills, and of the same sand-colour as the plain. We saw to our right the great cemetery of Cairo, commonly called the Tombs of the Caliphs, and this, too, was of the same hue as all the rest: its tall, slender minarets and carved domes standing out in one shade of

yellow-brown relieved against a background just a degree darker. There was something very captivating in the colouring of this harmony in auburn.

The road was very rough and uneven, and there was a high wind, with a good deal of sand, blowing, and some black clouds; but we dashed on at a great pace, and did the ten miles in little more than an hour. We passed the village of Matareeyeh, which St. L. was interested to find is a corruption of Ma-ta-Ra, 'City of the Sun,' in Coptic, as Heliopolis is in Greek. 'On,' the Scripture name of Heliopolis, does not seem to have contained an allusion to the sun.

The Obelisk—which is the chief point of interest, and is the oldest in Egypt (of the twelfth dynasty)—is at present standing in a turnip-field; and in order to reach it we had to drive across a set of logs, put there to mend the road. It had a twin obelisk, now fallen and gone, and they both stood at the entrance of the great Temple of the Sun, and were approached by an avenue of sphinxes.

The Obelisk is of red granite, with a hieroglyphic hymn to the sun down each of its four faces.

It was very thrilling to see this first undoubtedly genuine site of a place which we know to have been visited by such well-known characters as

Moses and Joseph. I am not sure on what authority Moses is said to have studied under the priests of Heliopolis, but I believe it is generally received as a fact; and at any rate his great-great-uncle Joseph married the daughter of a priest of Heliopolis—Potipherah (Potiphe-Ra, signifying ‘Priest of the Sun’). It was the seat of a celebrated college, in which Plato is also said to have studied.

The rain drove us away sooner than I liked, but we made a little *détour* and halt coming back, to see the ‘Virgin’s Tree,’ a grand old sycamore-fig, under which the Holy Family are said to have rested. It is now railed round, and has a porter to guard and show it.

Uncertain as any such site must needs be, you do feel sure all about here of one thing, namely, that you are looking at what the Holy Family looked at: the landscape *must* have been the same; and such landmarks as the Pyramids and this Obelisk can hardly fail to have been seen by whoever was in Egypt at all.

They gave us roses at this tree, and then we hastened home, and came back, with something of a shock, into a far other Egypt—the Egypt of to-day, and became deeply interested in meeting the hareem of the Khedive, who were taking their afternoon drive. Two Arab runners, with wands

and splendid gold-brocaded shirt-fronts, ran before them barefooted. We just caught a glimpse of the two ladies inside, very slightly veiled : one in pink gauze, with a brilliant complexion and very black eyelashes, both of which, I fear, were artificial.

Prince Tewfik has one wife *par excellence*, as they are always spoken of in the French papers as '*le Vice-roi et la Vice-reine*.' He has also some pretty children, I hear, whom we have not yet seen. He has not been educated in Europe, like his brothers Hassan and Hoscin ; but the informant who was telling us this, added, 'He is none the worse for that. It seldom answers for Orientals to have an European education and return to live in their own country : they have lost their native simplicity and dignity, and only acquired luxurious habits.' And certainly it seems hardly worth while for foreigners to come and learn in England, when England is so ready to go out to them and teach them what she knows.

After we came in, we had a long interview with a Maltese dragoman, who is anxious that St. L. should engage him ; and we engaged him to do some lionising with us to-morrow, that we might see a little more of him.

8th.—In the morning he took me only, and we paid another visit to Old Cairo, that I might see

more of the Coptic churches. Inside the walls I described the other day there are four or five churches, of which we had only seen one, and which are all full of beautiful work and costly things. They are however kept carefully locked, and it is somewhat difficult to get leave to go in: we could penetrate into the outer part, but the chancel was locked; and on our clapping our hands, which stands here for ringing and knocking, some one would appear at a distance at some small window or door, and tell us the 'Papa' was out, and the key could not be had.

I found the whole pile of building was an ancient fortress, the Egyptian Babylon, which has now for a long time been peopled entirely by Christian Copts; and as they have always been more or less liable to attacks and persecutions, they have kept up the fortified character of the place, and the odd winding approaches to the churches, with a view to safety and concealment.

In the afternoon we both went out; we took the dragoman on the box, and had a *sciysis*, or running-footman, to go before the carriage—quite a necessity in the crowded streets, if you do not wish to be constantly stopped. He carries a wand, and runs on ahead, calling out '*Ya walad*!' to clear the way.



We went first to the citadel, an immense stronghold on a hill, built by Saladin (Salah-ed-Deen), but all the inside part rebuilt by Mohammed Ali Pasha, about seventy years ago. We went into the mosque where he is buried, the largest I have ever seen; it is built on the plan of the Constantinopolitan ones. There is a vast open colonnaded court outside, all of alabaster, with the lavatory for washing their feet in the middle of it, a building with open porches all round and running water in the middle.

The inner court is roofed, and is also of immense size, and of alabaster. The floor is covered with Turkey carpets, about a hundred laid side by side; and large glass globe lamps are hung from the roof in lines all about it, suspended from very long slender chains. Once a year it is illuminated, and a great service is held there, when each worshipper from a distance brings a new carpet and carries off one of the old ones for luck.

We saw other things here, but nothing struck us nearly so much as the view from the rocky platform at the top of the hill, which is one of the great sights of Cairo. You have the whole city spread out at your feet, covering three square miles and bristling with slender minarets. You see how it is placed, with desert all round it; the Nile

coiling about like a great snake across the plain; and the Pyramids, in several groups, lying in different directions from the city, and standing out in the clear air like distant cone-shaped hills. As at Rome you have the Pagan city and the Papal city—the Vatican and the Forum—so here you see Pagan Egypt and Moslem Egypt framed in one picture, and represented by the Pyramids before you, and the Mosque of Mohammed Ali behind, with many intervening phases of time—while the Nile would seem to thread these all together into one grand series, as it sweeps majestically on, in its course through the midst of them.

As I looked down upon it from this height, I realised how far it transcended in size and grandeur any river I had seen before, and felt, from one glimpse of its broad calm volume pouring swiftly by, how different was the mere book-knowledge that it ranks third among the rivers of the world, and is named with the Amazon and Missouri.

Coming back, we went into the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, one of the finest specimens of Mohammedan architecture, date A.D. 1360. It is said to have taken three years to build, at the rate of £600 a day; and it shares with other buildings the legend of the architect's right hand having been cut off when it was completed.

Its proportions are certainly extraordinarily beautiful; the enormous height of the entrance-arch strikes you at first as exaggerated, but you soon find yourself coming round to unmixed admiration. This entrance, which you reach by a flight of steps, admits you to a beautiful porch deeply honeycombed; and through that to a great square hall open to the sky, and with a fountain in the middle. Each of the four sides of this hall has a deep arched recess in the centre, that on the eastern side being much larger than the rest, and containing the mimbar, or pulpit; and the kibleh, or Mecca niche; which last may be said to answer to the Altar in a Christian church, as the whole of this eastern recess may be said to answer to the chancel. Behind, again, is the mausoleum of Sultan Hassan, with a blood-stain on the floor, where he is said to have slain a wicked vizier whom he detected in some crime. Within the walls of the mosque are schools and other buildings connected with it.

Having described this one typical mosque, I shall not say much about the others we saw—they are, in fact, so numerous in Cairo, and so varied in detail, that it would be wearisome to hear them described—though they are most interesting to see. They are often dilapidated, and often quite in

ruins ; and, in the latter case, they seem to be no longer regarded with veneration, and you are allowed to go in with your shoes on, and walk about indiscriminately. To-day, in the two mosques we entered, they gave us red cloth slippers at the door to put over our boots ; but, even with them, they begged us to avoid the prayer-carpet, which covers the eastern niche.

A large unfinished mosque stands opposite that of Sultan Hassan, begun by the late Khedive Ismail Pasha and his wife. It is most unfortunately placed, being much too close to the other, and seems to have been abandoned to neglect, as it is boarded up and no work going on ; it is noteworthy as being the burial-place of the young Princess Zeinab, daughter of Ismail Pasha. Her death, following closely on her marriage, a few years ago, was a great disappointment to those interested in the emancipation of Eastern women from their state of semi-slavery, as she had been brought up by an English lady, and was expected to inaugurate a better state of things by her example and influence.

As we sat in front of the hotel the same evening, an Arab juggler espied us from the street, and came in to perform his tricks. They were really very clever ; and his by-play and gesticulations

were most amusing. He continually evoked aid from his familiar spirits by beckoning them from the sky, not, as we should have expected, from below.

One trick was as follows : he broke up a skein of thread into numerous short lengths and packed it into his mouth, which he previously showed us to be empty, then he fanned his cheek with one hand, and smoke began to come out of his mouth and nose—he showed us the thread was smouldering ; then, with many groans and exclamations, he pulled it out, white and whole in one length. He did it a second time, and pulled it out in the shape of a gay necklace of coins. He then shut up a five-franc piece in St. L.'s hand, and when he looked at it, it had changed into a penny. He performed all these tricks squatting on the ground about a yard in front of us ; no curtain, no accomplice—open to the closest inspection. We were not clever enough to detect anything.

9th.—This morning I took a private stroll into the Mooskee, a most entertaining resort. It is the Oxford Street of Cairo, having a circular space half-way up the street, which just corresponds to Oxford Circus. The resemblance, however, does not extend further, as the Mooskee is about five yards across, and has no side-walk. So, when I

compare it to Oxford Street, it is on the principle of Hood's emigrant, who said of his settlement of log-huts: 'We have named it "London," as a compliment to the old metropolis.'

It is somewhat bewildering, both from the noise and from the lack of a proper side-walk; so that you can give but one eye to the shops, and must keep one for street dangers. The little side-streets are incessant: often a donkey comes spinning round a corner, closely grazing the shops, and you have to jump on one side; or a camel steals silently upon you, bearing an enormous load and taking up half the street. The ladies of Cairo seem to ride a great deal on donkeys; they sit astride, with very short stirrups, and wear a sort of sack of thin black silk, which the wind often inflates by getting under it, so that they look like balloons.

In the late afternoon we had a call from the young Copt, Yakoub. He brought an English letter to a friend, thanking him for a book, which he wished us to correct for him. It was not badly written; the frequent use of *b* for *p* was the chief flaw in spelling, and I was somewhat 'buzzled by this beculiarity' at first. About one sentence, 'I am now studying French hardly,' we had quite a warm discussion, he was so sure the use of the adverb was right; and I had to apologise quite

abjectly for the inconsistencies of my language, in order to soothe his ruffled sense of grammar.

Our afternoon coffee came in during the *séance*, when he remarked graciously: 'I think you may now take your tea.' He made large promises of gaining us admission to the locked Coptic churches, saying: 'I will come for you on Sunday, and we will go one with another;' and he thought that by giving 'a few moneys,' we should get leave to go in.

## CHAPTER III.

10th.—This was a lovely day ; fresh, but not cold ; thermometer 60° in St. L.'s room.

We went for a drive, and thought we would try and see the 'Howling Dervishes,' as this was Friday, the day of their service. Their mosque is in a distant part of the town, and we had some trouble in finding it, having no dragoman, and a driver who spoke only some strange tongue—Persian I believe—and understood us very imperfectly. By dint of stopping to inquire, however, we got there in time to see as much as we cared for, as it is a very monotonous service.

A semicircle of dervishes, with bare heads and long hair, but no very distinctive dress, stood in front of the chief dervish, who directed them with a wand, and two or three Arabs played on flutes. The circle of dervishes swayed backwards and forwards without moving their feet, tossing their heads so that their long hair flew over and back again



each time ; they uttered a groan with each swing, varied by an occasional deep loud cry of 'Hoo !' This means 'He,' *i.e.* Allah. At intervals they stop, and recite a prayer, and then go on again. Occasionally one falls into an ecstasy, and springs about, and is caught by the chief dervish in his arms. The exertion of this continuous swaying backwards and forwards must be extreme.

One old gentleman had his long grey back-hair twisted up in a knot, and his front-hair hanging down, which gave quite a feminine cast to his beauty. At the end they all became very matter-of-fact, twisted up their hair, put on their black turbans, kissed the chief dervish, and dispersed. These, the 'Ranters' of the Moslem world, are of course somewhat demoralised in Cairo by being treated as a sight (though I, speaking from a 'glass house,' must not decry the practice); they asked for backsheesh without compunction, and one, in a red dressing-gown, with a chintz night-gown appearing below, and a green gauze veil, was very importunate.

On the way back, St. L. made a serious attempt to get an answer from the driver to some trifling Arabic question, and repeated it distinctly several times. This made the driver think it was something of consequence which we wanted to explain,

and he became really anxious to understand, but quite unable to do so, and at last pulled up. We now began to tell him it was of no consequence, to beg him not to mind, to exhort him to go on, with signs and gesticulations; but the more emphatic we became, the more convinced he was that we were giving some important direction as to our movements, and at length, in spite of our protestations, he hailed the coachman of another carriage, full of English people, and begged him to try and find out what we were chattering about. To our confusion, they drew up sympathetically, and proved to be some people whom we knew slightly at the hotel, so it was a great joke against us.

We had time left for a drive to the Tombs of the Caliphs, one section of the great cemetery lying in the desert outside the city. These tombs are a group of mausolea or tomb-mosques, chiefly to the memory of the dynasty of Circassian Memlooks (or Mamelukes), and of about the fifteenth century, that of Kait Bey, the principal one, being A.D. 1470. I shall not attempt a description of them, it would be almost like trying to describe all the college chapels at Oxford in two or three pages. I can only say generally, that it is one of the most striking places we saw. A town of tombs, or a churchyard in which every grave is a chapel, are

the best figures I can think of. And many of these chapels are marvels of delicate beauty, both outside and in ; the soft yellow stone lends itself admirably to details of sculptured ornament. Many of the round domes are carved over their entire outer surface with patterns like lace-work in stone ; sometimes with pieces of blue porcelain let in like gems ; sometimes inscribed with interlaced Arabic letters ; and there is a frieze of taper carved minarets, towering like tall, spear-like grasses among the humbler growths. Inside they are rich in carved stone pulpits, with canopies, pavements of coloured marble, and screens of elaborate woodwork. There is a little coloured glass in some, in small panes of plain red, blue, or yellow, and high up in the building.

We came back through some of the narrowest streets I had yet seen ; once we tried one which was too narrow, and we scraped the wall, so we had to back out of it again and take another. They are so full of people it is wonderful no one gets hurt ; but they are like London sparrows in coolness, hardly moving out of the way, or, if obliged to do so, just squeezing into a corner to let a carriage pass, often holding out their hands with much *sang-froid* for baksheesh, at a moment when you would think their own safety required all their attention.

St. L. was much amused, while sitting to rest, at some children who gathered round him. They seem to have much native humour, and these got up a little pantomime of English manners and customs for his benefit: one little girl bustled about saying, 'Geraway, geraway,' with great vigour, as she had doubtless often heard travellers do to their tormentors.

12th.—Sunday, and our young Coptic friend, Yakoub Solal, came at 8.30 a.m. to take us to the cathedral, bringing also his cousin Johannis, or, as they pronounced it, Wannis.

The cathedral is a modern and unbeautiful building; but the service is most interesting, both from being that of such a very ancient Christian community as the Copts, and from being held in the oldest known language; for Coptic is ancient Egyptian, and is the tongue in which the hieroglyphies are written. When you now speak of a Copt, you are supposed to mean an Egyptian Christian—just as we might say a 'Moravian,' and mean a member of that sect, and not a native of Moravia. The Christians here seem to have been called Copts because they once had their headquarters at a place called Koptos in Upper Egypt; but the original word Copt is thought to be from the same root as Egypt in Greek, 'gypt' and

'Copt' being so much alike. This is a great digression.

On entering the nave, we saw only men there; and finding that the women were in a separate gallery, I proposed to join them, but was told to stay; and we were somewhat abashed by a bench being brought and placed for us in a very central spot. They themselves were all standing, and there were no seats; but both clergy and laity seemed sometimes to use long sticks like crutches, on which they propped themselves when tired, putting them against their backs and leaning on them. The little acolytes also occasionally sat cross-legged on the ground. They all had their heads covered, but took off their shoes at the entrance of the chancel; and the priest celebrated barefoot at the Mass. This mixture of Eastern customs with Christian rites was quite new to our Western eyes, and gave us the idea that we might be looking at the nearest existing approach to a service as held in the times of the Apostles, with whom these Eastern ways would also probably remain in use.

The Patriarch officiated, assisted by several priests and numerous deacons, some of them quite small boys. The congregation did not hesitate to do a good deal of talking and moving about, but joined heartily in an occasional response. The Coptic

language being an extinct one, it is 'not understood of the people,' and hardly even by the priests, who are not highly educated. The Prayer-books are printed in Coptic on one side, and Arabic on the other; and some parts of the service are read first in Coptic and then in Arabic. The Gospel was further read in the Syrian dialect, by a Syrian priest, for the benefit of those of his nation who were present. Some of the priests were reading from MS. books, with illuminated capital letters, which they afterwards showed us.

It was St. John Baptist's day; and Jakoub was surprised when we said that in our Church that festival was in summer, and remarked: 'But it should come just before Christmas, because he came just before Christ.'

After the ante-communion service, a deacon was consecrated. He was, like most of them, in European dress, but bare-headed; and he stood at the entrance to the chancel for a long time with eyes shut, head bent, and hands crossed on his breast, while the Patriarch exhorted him and questioned him from a book. Then, with a large pair of scissors, he cut the shape of the cross in his hair; a white robe was put on him, and he fell into the ranks of the officiating deacons. Those who become deacons as little boys, remain so a long time, they

told us ; but he, being already 'a large man,' would soon be made a priest.

During a pause, we went into a side-chapel where the women come to receive the Holy Communion separately from the men. (It is administered in both kinds, to men, women, and children.) Here the service was over, and the women were only waiting for their husbands or servants to take them home. They were all squatting on the ground, talking and laughing with their veils thrown back. Here the wafers were sold for consecration—or rather the little loaves—they gave us each one, with a Coptic inscription stamped on it. Jakoub and Johannis met various friends here, whom they greeted by touching their own breasts and foreheads ; or, if it was a priest, they kissed his hand. They told us the women might sit with the men if they pleased, but they were 'timid,' and preferred their gallery and screen.

We then went back and found the service recommencing, and followed it as well as we could. It is in a monotonous chant, some of the deacons occasionally striking cymbals, the only instrument they use. The Patriarch's vestment was very splendid, of rich blue silk embroidered in gold and colours, with a small Greek cross on the back ; he kept the hood over his head all the time. At the

elevation of the Host, the congregation took off their red fez caps and bowed.

The Patriarch gave the bread and wine three times to each communicant, putting one hand under their ehins and then putting the bread into their mouths, which they immediately covered with an embroidered handkerchief. He afterwards distributed the rest of the bread among the people in the nave.

Their first Mass is at six a.m., and the whole service is over for the day at 10.30.

The Copts hold the doctrines of the Eutychians. I do not know if there are any representatives of the sect elsewhere. They parted from the Greek Church in A.D. 451.

They are said to attest their descent from the ancient Egyptians by their likeness to the old sculptures, especially in their eyes, which are slightly oblique, very large, and almond-shaped.

In the afternoon we went out again with these two boys, and betook ourselves to Old Cairo, and the Kasr-es-Shemmah, as the Egyptians call the fortified pile containing the Coptic churches. I have already described the curious little town inside. Jakoub told us that none of the bettermost Copts, such as themselves, now live there, but that rich people often bought and used the houses as 'grave-



houses,' and then gave them rent free to poor people; who thus literally 'live in the tombs.'

It seemed at first as if we were doomed to fail again, for the two churches we most wished to see were locked; and there was much running about and chattering, and several people came up to sympathise, and said, 'Tsch, tsch!' when they saw the closed door, over which hung a bunch of aloe-leaves as a decoration. The reason of this difficulty, the boys told us, is that the churches had often been robbed, so the patriarch has now ordered that no one shall go in unless the priest is with him; and the priests do not live here, but only come for service.

While we waited, much depressed, in the doorway, to hear the result of a second expedition to find the 'Papa'—the first had been unsuccessful—a boy came up to try and get a baksheesh from us. He was quite a genius in the mountebank line, about ten years old, very ragged, and with a bright Murillo style of face. He went through every sort of infirmity in pantomime: first dragging himself along the ground with apparently no legs; then suddenly going blind, and feeling his way up to us; then ravenously hungry, eating the ground—with admirable change of countenance; and between each, asking for baksheesh with the most

winning smiles and gestures. But we had to be firm, as there was a pack of wolves watching, who would have left us no peace if we had once yielded. At last his patience failed, and he changed suddenly, drew himself up, pulled a purse out of some deep recess in his bosom, opened it, and showed us some coins; shook it defiantly at us, and stalked grandly away, and a minute or two after we saw him peeping very cautiously round a corner to see what effect he had produced.

The two Copts became desponding about our fate, and said afterwards that they had been 'very ashamed,' at this stage, at having brought us for nothing.

At last a boy ran up with the news that the Papa was 'praying over a dead man,' and would then come and unlock the church. Another long wait, and he appeared, a very imposing and pleasant-looking Papa, tall and dignified, with black robes and a red turban, and bearing a rod with a silver top: two satellites carried the keys. He could speak only Arabic, but was much interested in showing his church.

It is a very unique one, of the Roman-Christian period; it is called 'El Moallaka' (the Suspended), because it is on an upper story, and rests partly on the gateway of the old fortress of Babylon. It has

a lovely screen of carved cedar, ivory, and ebony, many curious inscriptions in Coptic, and is altogether rich in costly things. There are some pointed arches, and a small stained glass window—both very unusual at that date. A number of ostrich-eggs hung by chains from the roof, as one often sees in mosques.

The Papa smiled graciously when I admired his rod, and gave it me to hold. We consulted Jakoub as to whether to offer him a present, and, if so, what; and he said, 'Oh, he is a very honourable man. I think you must give him two francs.' He received it very graciously, and called our attention to a beggar, saying he was 'meskeen,' or wretched, and he should be glad if we would give him something also. He made a speech at parting, which Jakoub rendered, 'Oh, he says you are very good people, and he loves you very much.'

We went to another curious church, called St. Barbara, where the relics of the saint are kept in a silk bag, just like a bolster in shape, and, outside that, in a brass-case. There is also a Greek convent here, but I must not spin out my description further.

Our young friends amused us much by their constant flow of talk during the afternoon. We asked Jakoub how old he was, and he said the

year of his birth was tattooed upon his arm, and showed it us. He thought it was 1864 of our years; and he then required a little help to find out how old that made him now. Though the Copts, of course, reckon from the birth of Christ, I suppose, living in a Moslem country, they use the reckoning from Mohammed much more commonly. He said, 'I am grander than my cousin; he is only sixteen. I am grander by two years. In our family we appear to have more years, because we have so many hairs: we all have many hairs while we are still young.' He told us of an excursion he had made to the 'Byramids,' and how fatiguing he had found the ascent. 'I had a sickness in my legs for a week afterwards.'

## CHAPTER IV.

13th.—This afternoon we inspected seven dahabiehs, and came home completely puzzled by their various merits and demerits—all being, according to their owners, quite perfect, and ridiculously cheap. Some are of iron, some of wood; some with European owners, and some with Egyptian; varying in price from £70 or £80 a month to £200. We took with us Cook's agent, a certain M. Pandin, to give us the benefit of his experience.

We crossed the river by a bridge, the middle part of which turns on a pivot, and is opened for two hours a day to let boats pass through; and, as all traffic is of course suspended during this time, a noisy crowd of walkers, riders, and drivers collect, to wait for the moment of its closing, and we spent an amusing ten minutes watching them.

M. Pandin showed us some fine lions of green bronze, which were just being unpacked, to em-

bellish the bridge, and said they had lain there in their packing-cases for four years, and had never yet been opened.

On the further side of the river, the sugar-cane harvest was going on in a low-lying field, and looked very pretty; the bright skirts and turbans of the workers half-hidden among the tall thick stems and broad flag-leaves.

14th.—St. L., having once seen the Pyramids, and not caring to go again, I joined a party who were going—Miss Scott (who had been introduced to us by Miss Octavia Hill) and the friends she was with. We had two carriages, and a dragoman, and took luncheon with us. We also sent on some donkeys from Cairo to ride when there; but this is hardly necessary, as all the things one wants to see are so near together.

It was a lovely morning, at 8.30, when we started, and we had a very pleasant drive of ten miles; most of the way under a shady avenue of, I think, carob-trees, which made quite a thick roof overhead. We met the Khedive, who bowed graciously to us.

After leaving the town, we passed along a track of very rich, black-looking, ploughed land, looking almost like the soil of a kitchen-garden, and the crops of a brilliant green. They were ploughing

in some places with a camel and a buffalo-cow yoked together—a very ill-matched pair; and the plough looked like a very poor tool; but the soil could have required but little artificial help. A dyke runs beside the road for some way, and when we first came in full sight of the Great Pyramid, it was reflected in this dyke, and made a very effective picture.

We got out about half a mile off, and rode across a strip of green, and a piece of marshy ground, and then straight on to the sand of the desert—quite a sudden step from one to the other. The old Egyptians always built on waste places, so as not to take up the arable ground.

Of course I shall not describe the Pyramids, but shall only dwell on what *we* did, which we flatter ourselves will be more interesting than what Cheops did—at any rate newer. One thing I was sure of, that he did not build the Great Pyramid with a view to having people climb up the outside of it, so I declined to disregard the founder's intentions by doing so; I wanted, however, very much to go inside, which he would have disliked still more, as he took such pains to conceal the passage in; so I then had to change my point of view, and decide that we must conform to the spirit of the age, and that if Cheops were alive

now, he would be the first to wish all mystery to be laid aside.

Most of the party went up ; and I watched them, as I sat in the great shadow, toiling under a hot sun, escorted by three Arabs each, and many supernumeraries, all shouting and clamouring, till the noise died away in the distance, and they became merely little silent black ants creeping near the top, 460 feet high. It was quite difficult, in watching them, to keep in mind that it was a building and not a mountain which they were ascending.

Presently a Bedouin stole across and sat down by me. I forgot to say they had spied us from afar when we arrived, and some had trotted about half a mile to meet us, and forestall the rest in offering themselves as guides. This one soon told me of a tomb very near, which he wished to show me. I resisted for some time, though he tempted me by saying it would take 'not quite a minute,' and was a 'berry nice tomb.'

At last I yielded, and we toiled through some deep sand till we came to a small slanting fissure, down which he pulled me till we stood on the edge of a square well, about six feet deep. He jumped down and directed me to follow him, holding out his arms encouragingly, and saying, 'Come to the Arab.' Having dropped safely down, I was next directed



to follow him on all fours along a dark passage. I grumbled a little, but did so, and we came out into an inner chamber where we could sit or crouch, but not stand. At first I could see nothing, but he assured me as soon as my eye got used to the light, I should see 'berry nice pictures.'

So we squatted on the sand for some time, and I thought it was quite an interesting little situation, and reflected with pride that if Cheops could have looked in, he would have thought me quite as remarkable and picturesque an object as I could have thought him.

The pictures, or rather reliefs, on the sides of the tomb were very clear, and represented the hero and his wife sitting side by side, and many attendants in procession. Among others, some women, with baskets of loaves on their heads, which I thought might represent the funeral baked meats.

When I got back, the rest of the party were come down, very hot and tired, but gratified; and we soon prepared to go inside, which is an arduous undertaking. We had three Arabs each told off to us: my friend of the tomb was one of mine. I had hoped it would be cool inside, but it was as stifling as an oven. Of the three Arabs—one pulls you, one pushes, and one carries the candle.

The entrance is a little way up one side. First we went down an inclined plane of smooth granite—this was long supposed to be the only passage, and to go straight to the sepulchre below, as in every other pyramid—but at length an ingeniously concealed opening was found, leading to an upward passage into the heart of the mass of stone, and quite different from anything met with in other pyramids. Up this we were dragged—a long smooth shaft  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and about 300 feet long in all. You cannot stand upright, and your feet slip about helplessly on the smooth incline, with a very occasional notch to rest upon; at one or two *mauvais pas* your Arabs carry you for a few yards. This passage is supposed to have been to drag the sarcophagus up by. This is in the place you finally arrive at, commonly called the King's Chamber, and is a plain rough stone coffer, in a chamber of enormous blocks of polished red granite. It is now seriously doubted whether it can ever have been meant for a coffin.

I must confess to having been decidedly glad to emerge from the tunnel. The Arabs are wonderfully strong and clever; their bare feet cling safely, and they receive you steadily when you slip, and perhaps bear your whole weight suddenly upon them. They cheered us on with frequent ejacula-

tions of 'All right!' 'Hard work!' 'How you feel now?' 'Not be afraid,' etc.

We burnt some magnesium wire, and the Arabs capered about in its light, and it all looked very weird and unearthly.

The coming down and the going up were very much alike, 'especially the coming down,' this was, if anything, the more unpleasant of the two, and it was delightful to emerge into daylight and fresh air; but we all agreed it was well worth the exertion. We eat our well-earned luncheon, and sat some time taking in the general scene, the stretch of sand-hills, and the number of the Pyramids, tombs, and fragments. We spent all the rest of our time riding about among the tombs and temples. The Sphinx was our first care, he (for everyone knows now that the Sphinx is not a female) is a quarter of a mile off. I cannot touch the subject with my unskilled hand. Even the builders of the Pyramids refer to the Sphinx as having long been there, so what must its age be? I should like to have seen the Temple between its paws, with the altar placed so that the smoke rose into the Sphinx's nostrils, and the wonderful face, when fresh from the sculptor's hand. You can scarcely believe that giant statue was carved by any human artist, and I found myself chiefly wondering

how he set to work, how he must have had a whole band of men to labour under him, and ladders to scale the massive features. The face is 30 feet from chin to forehead.

All the things get so covered with sand that there is constant clearing going on. While we were there, a long string of women and children with baskets of sand on their heads came winding out of one of the buildings, chanting as they went, and for a moment one could have fancied it was some service still going on in this grand scene of former worship. We should have been happier but for an irritating crowd of boys, who quarrelled over us, dragged our donkeys about, and distracted our attention; our dragoman unkindly deserted us too, and we ended by all getting separated. However, the Sheykh, as they call the chief of the Bedonins, and who seems to be a man of weight and worth, came presently to the rescue, and, joining two of us, took us about under his wing. One remarkable tomb he showed us was about 30 feet deep, with a round hole like a well a few yards from it, communicating with it at the bottom, and apparently the only way of going down. The Sheykh sent an Arab down this hole to clear away the sand at the bottom of the tomb, that we might see the carving. He went down in a most dangerous-looking way, planting his feet and

hands against the sides, and came up afterwards in the same manner. As he cleared away the sand and showed a full-length recumbent figure, carved on the granite floor of the tomb, the sheikh hung over the edge with us, directing our attention to different points as they appeared in view.

‘See there—his eyes and his nose! Now see his stomach—all over hieroglyphics—*berry* nice-looking!’

I sat a long time at the Great Pyramid by myself, waiting for the rest to re-assemble, and trying, as one often does, to heighten admiration and wonder by different combination and grouping of facts; dwelling on statistics, such as—‘If the materials of the Great Pyramid were used to build a wall, they would make one all round England of 10 feet high and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot thick.’

Ere long my friendly Arab of the tomb came and sat down by me, and told me about his new stone house which he had just finished building, because his old one had been washed away in an unusual rising of the Nile. He was greatly diverted at a picture of an Arab, which he found in my sketch-book which I gave him to look at; chuckled over it for some time, and then asked me to ‘write him in the book too, that I might remember him when I got back to England.’

When I paid him for pulling me in and out of the Pyramid, I made him promise not to ask for anything more, as they have the character of being very troublesome and persistent. He was very good, and evidently delighted when he saw I was pleased with him—praising himself like a child; and showing me another Bedouin, who was making himself very disagreeable and clamouring for baksheesh, with great contempt, saying: ‘Old fool; *he* care for money!’

I was so suspicious that I kept expecting every minute he would ask for something as a reward for not having asked before; but he kept up his character, and was only anxious to shake hands when we parted. I could hardly resist giving him another franc at the last, but thought it would be wrong to demoralise him, as they have a regular tariff.

We had a lovely drive home, in glorious sunset, and the river a beautiful pale-green colour—‘Eau-de-Nil,’ in fact. As the Pyramids appear from a distance, the first and second, as they are called, sometimes quite coincide in outline, and sometimes look like one hill with two heads. They often remind us of the Caradoc and Lawley, when they are seen edgeways, and appear like two sharp peaks.

We talked a good deal, going back, about the many theories concerning the Great Pyramid; some

far-fetched and extravagant, but fascinating from the mystery which hangs over it and its builder, and which one longs to penetrate. Herodotus speaks of Cheops as a very wicked king, who closed all the temples and forbade sacrifices; but the latest idea seems to be that he may have been a great and good king in advance of his age, and have forsworn idolatry; and that this accounts for the complete absence of heathen adornments in his tomb.

## CHAPTER V.

17th.—The last two or three days have been spent chiefly in settling the great question of the dahabieh, and choosing it and a dragoman. The latter is a most important person, as you pay him a certain sum, and he provides everything—captain, crew, provisions, cook, donkeys and guides for excursions—even bakshceesh to give away; and you draw up a contract which you both sign, going into all the details of the bargain.

We had been going about a little with the Maltese dragoman I mentioned, who was very anxious St. L. should engage him; and he might have done so, but one day we got a message to say he had had a fall and broken his leg. He wanted us to take his young son instead; but our advisers said, and of course we knew, that it would be rash for inexperienced Egyptians to take such a youthful mentor. So we said 'No,' with some reluctance, as we were very sorry for them.



The other string to our bow was a well-known fine old dragoman named Abderrahman, who was also a proprietor of dahabiehs, and proposed to send his nephew with us in one of his own boats. We had seen and liked the *Fatima*—a small boat suited for our two selves, as, after some indecision, we settled to go alone. The nephew was a young man, but Abderrahman was to be responsible for him, and to make the contract.

Abderrahman paid us several visits, but showed no undue anxiety to catch us. He said he had noticed us in Alexandria, and seemed to know exactly how long we had stayed there, and all our movements; so I suppose they have very keen eyes for the arriving tourists. He speaks English very well, and has fine dignified manners. Of course he produced dozens of testimonials, which he said he had not had to show for years, as he had always been engaged from England by people who knew him, but this was a bad year.

The usual thing is to pay two-thirds of the price in advance, and the rest after the trip, but Abderrahman professed himself quite indifferent about money, and even said that, if we took his boat, and were not satisfied with 'every mortal thing,' we need not pay him anything! He praised himself warmly; told us how rich he was; how he owned houses in

Alexandria, and could leave off work when he liked; how few dragomans were as thrifty as he was—for, though they could make money, they could not keep it; then, how he had his character to keep up 'to the very last minute; that, as long as he was on the river, he *would* have it said that no one did things like Abderrahman,' etc., etc.

We said we must inspect the nephew before deciding; and also asked him many searching questions, to impress him with a sense of our wariness. But he saw through us, we feared; knew it was our first acquaintance with Egypt, and that our knowing remarks were borrowed; as he said at intervals, 'Mr. G. will have told you;' 'I dare say you have heard from Mr. F.?' and so on. He was most sanguine as to pleasing us. 'As for my nephew, I am quite sure of him! You must like him!' 'I *hope* the cook will be good enough for you, lady; he had the honour of going up with the Prince of Wales;' and so on.

We told him it would not be necessary to lay in any alarming amount of stores, as we both had small appetites.

He said: 'Very well; but that makes no difference, for I might send you in one pigeon cut in two pieces, and it would be enough for you to eat. But I cannot do it. I must send in two or three,

or I know you will not be pleased, for you will say, " Abderrahman does not know our position."

He uses some amusing slang expressions, evidently picked up from European servants, and occurring very oddly in the middle of a dignified and well-chosen sentence—such as speaking of his house as ' Our shop ;' or saying, ' I have no doubt I shall be able to dodge it, sir ;' apropos of some arrangement St. L. wished for.

This evening he brought the nephew, Moussa, on approval, and we liked his looks very well ; he is twenty-three, and has a rather heavy but good-humoured face. He left all the talking to his uncle, with whom we proceeded to conclude the arrangement, and by the advice of one or two knowing people to bargain for a reduction of £25 in the price, as the boat proprietors always ask a little more than they expect to get.

St. L. and he argued the point for some time, Abderrahman assuring him that the £25 in question would be spent in a way which he should not mention at present, but which would delight and surprise us when it transpired ; and we insisting that we disliked delightful surprises, and should prefer the £25.

At last, both having exhausted their eloquence, we sat quite silent looking at each other, and each

waiting for a concession. Then I suggested faintly to St. L. : 'Suppose you were to say £20?' being tired of the subject ; and Abderrahman, seizing on this, said, with a princely bow :

'I shall not *think* of refusing a lady when she asks me for a matter of £20!' And we shook hands and congratulated each other, and the deed was done.

Abderrahman took Moussa by the shoulder, and said to him : 'Now, this is your master, and this is your mistress, and, if you do not obey them in everything——' He concluded in Arabic, and sent him out of the room ; then said : 'You understood that last thing I said to him? I am thinking of giving him my daughter ; so I said, "If this lady and gentleman are not satisfied with you about every mortal thing, *no daughter!*"'

Earlier in the day we had been to see the Mosque Et Tooloon, and took no dragoman ; but we rather repented this, as it turned out to be in the poorest quarter of the town, and as soon as the carriage stopped we were surrounded by a very squalid and ragged crowd, who were rather troublesome, as we had to wait some time while our driver went off to inquire about the keys, this being one of the mosques which cannot be seen without an order. When the keys came—the usual wooden keys with

brass pins—and the small door in the middle of the great door was opened, the crowd all tried to push in with us, and three or four succeeded, in spite of the key-bearer.

It is in ruins, but a great deal of beautiful stonework is left; and it is interesting to architects because there are some pointed arches, showing that there were such things before the days of Gothic architecture, as this mosque is of the date of A.D. 870.

One court reminded us of the Old Court at Trinity; and we were interested to find that there used to be an university here, with nine professorships. There were some beautiful windows in one part filled with stone lattice-work, and a dazzling blue sky showing through.

When we got back to the little door, as soon as it was opened the space was entirely filled with hands, outstretched for baksheesh, and we expected they would not let us out till we had given it; however, by dint of pushing, we scrambled through them and got back to the carriage.

*19th, Sunday.*—Jakoub and Johannis came this afternoon and took us to see Jakoub's mother and sisters, and Miss Scott and Miss Ewart joined the party. Their house was in the Mooskee quarter, and we had to walk down some very narrow passages to reach it. There was a number over the door, in

‘In old times, you know, people had their houses numbered.’

In Cairo, where there are no names of streets put up, or any numbers to the houses, and where it is consequently a work of time to find any house you want, we thought this quaint old custom might be revived with advantage—the postman, at any rate, would find it a boon. There was a bunch of aloe over the door of the house, ‘for luck,’ they said.

We went first into a very bare room, with nothing but a few seats in it. Here the boys entertained us, and brought us glasses of sherbet; it was sweet, with a strong perfumed smoky taste, like the smell of incense. They said it was only sugar and water, but they burnt some sweet stuff and put the glasses to stand in the smoke of it before filling them.

Presently their little sister came in, a pretty, dark-complexioned child of eight, with a yellow head-kerchief, a grass-green frock, and pointed red shoes.

‘They had another sister,’ they said; ‘a very large one—too large to come in,’ because St. L. was there; ‘for it is stupid with Coptic women, after they are little they will not come in if a man is there.’

So he was left behind, while we were taken to

Madame Solal's bedroom on the ground-floor, where we found her and her daughter, a young married woman. Madame S. was in a loose robe of red plaid, with a black veil, and a good many gold ornaments; the daughter was all in black. It was a very dark, dreary-looking room, with a latticed window high up in the wall, a bed, a divan in the window, and a chest of drawers; they put us to sit on the divan, and stood themselves, till we pressed them, when they sat on the bed. They could speak nothing but Arabic, and had rather loud, harsh voices, and laughed a good deal.

Jakoub said: 'Do you smoke, madame? Let me light you one of my mother's cigarettes?'

I declined this, but begged she would smoke. So she and her daughter lighted their cigarettes, and then made some coffee for us. I tried all my choicest Arabic words upon them, and the boys interpreted for us. Madame Solal gave me a friendly and vigorous thump on the back, at one stage of the conversation. They said they had heard all about England; how we saw the sun only on one day during the whole winter, and how the corn could not come up because of the snow lying on it. We disclaimed these distinctions, but I am sure they thought it was only our modesty, and nodded sagaciously, as much as to say they knew

better. They expressed a wish to go to England, and asked if I thought they would find any other Coptic ladies there; but I could hold out no hopes on this head.

We admired some embroidery in a frame; and they produced other pretty things for us to see—veils of different colours, which they had worked with gold spots, head-ribbons, etc.; and, last and best, Madame Solal brought out a jacket, made by a tailor at Stamboul, which she had had thirty years, and which was a mass of gold embroidery. With a little persuasion she dressed herself in these beautiful things, getting into the jacket with great difficulty, and then turned round and round to display it, saying:

‘Now, is it beautiful, or not?’

She soon became so delighted with herself, that she said St. L. might be brought to see her. So he joined the party. I suppose they have no real objection to seeing men, but want a little pressing. She made a little feint of putting up a veil over her face when he came in, but dropped it again directly.

We gave the boys a copy of the ‘Arabian Nights’ in English, which they specially wished for, and also some knives, with which they were much pleased. They already had various books from the American school they had been at. Jakoub’s father had been



a clerk in the household of the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha.

I have paid several visits to the museum at Boolak, and should like to pay several more. There are, of course, many Egyptian antiquities in every good museum; but seeing them in their own country is much more striking, to say nothing of this collection being in itself so good. It is chiefly made by M. Mariette Bey.

It is almost impossible to particularise any one department as especially good. Perhaps the jewellery—fine flexible gold chains, bracelets with clasps and hinges, earrings, and rings with turquoise and other stones—is as wonderful as anything as far as workmanship goes. Some of the domestic furniture—rush-bottomed chairs, for instance, and footstools—quite startles one by its nearness to our own patterns, and makes one wonder that the lapse of ages has produced so little change in these simple things. The statues are full of interest, and of a beauty of their own. There is one extraordinary wooden statue of a man. He is most life-like and animated in face and figure, but done in the roughest wood, full of cracks and knots. The learned say he is probably a village chief, or Sheykh, and cannot be less than 4,000 years old. His eyes are pieces of opaque white quartz, with a

transparent crystal let in for the iris, and a point of something shining to make the high light on the pupil, which gives a most natural look to the eye. I lingered for a long time over a very old mummy-case embroidered in silk. One would have expected some seriousness in the devices, but they were rather jocular than otherwise. There was a row of chickens, or goslings, running in a line all across it, and most ingeniously varied, each one embroidered differently; then a line of little men skipping with ropes, in the most animated way; then a large mouse, sitting up, and many such-like devices. It is curious how the whole collection seems to introduce you to a kind of tomb-life; everything is taken from a tomb or a mummy, or a memorial temple. All their best things and their costliest treasures were lavished upon the tombs and their occupants; and, judging by the cheerful cast of most of the decorations, they had not gloomy ideas of death, or, if they had, they at any rate ignored and coneculed them.

The Khedive paid a visit to the hotel, yesterday, to see the Crown Prince of Sweden, who is staying here. He is very fair for an Egyptian, and is always in European dress. He looks about thirty, and has a sensible, pleasant face, and very courteous manners.

## CHAPTER VI.

*December 20th.*—To-day we had a *permis* from the Consulate to visit the Mosque El Azhar, which is the University of Cairo; Miss Ashlin and Dean Butcher went with us, and we also took a dragoman, warned by our experience at El Tooloon. We drove first along the Mooski, and then turned off into narrower streets, and approached the mosque by a short lane lined with stalls full of books, brass ink-stands, reed-pens, tablets, note-books, etc., for sale. The tablets were pieces of steel with some sentences cut on them—I suppose used as primers.

Having eased our feet in loose red cloth slippers, they took us inside; first, into the outer court, open to the sky, and through that into the inner, roofed court, supported by rows of columns. Both these courts are of enormous size, as you may guess on hearing that there are from 10,000 to 12,000 students. I do not think we saw above half that number; but they are so closely packed, it is difficult to judge.

They learn everything—mathematics, law, philosophy, divinity—using the same treatises they have done for I do not know how many hundred years, and very jealous of the smallest innovation. The authorities of the University are quite independent of the Government. There is one Sheykh of the whole, and, of course, numerous professors; some, we thought, seemed to answer to the Fellows of a college—quite old men among them, walking up and down conning their treatises. One, a negro, with a venerable, grizzled beard, I remarked on to the dragoman, and he said :

‘ Yes, he has been here all his life ; always here, and always learning.’

It is very curious to hear all about the advanced studies that are going on, and then to contrast this with the extreme simplicity of the outward life and machinery before one. These vast courts were entirely bare, except for the mats spread on the floor, and a stack of old worm-eaten cupboards for provisions at one end. The floor was thickly crowded with learners, all squatting on the ground, repeating and reading aloud, making, all together, an almost deafening noise, one would think impossible to learn in, and rocking themselves incessantly backwards and forwards. Most of them seemed to be arranged in circles, one of the students hearing

and questioning, and the rest answering; some were writing, lying on the ground. Every here and there a circle was gathered round a little heap of bread and dates, from which they were all eating. They have no regular meals. The poorer ones bring provisions with them, often a year's stock, of cheese, dates, and raisins, and bread is provided for them by the bequests of rich people. These poorer students sleep on the mats in the courts, rolled in their cloaks; the richer ones lodge in the town.

In one place there were large classes of small boys, some learning, some running about. In one corner a great law professor was giving a lecture to about a hundred students, who sat on the ground in front of him, taking notes, and occasionally answering a question. The professor sat cross-legged on a large low chair, into which he was fastened by a bar across the front. He gesticulated with much animation, waved a wand he had in his hand, and emphasised his periods with taps. We distracted the class a little. Some thought us very amusing, some gathered up their robes lest we should touch them, and whispered 'Nosrani' (Christians); the professor, however, never even glanced our way, or paused for a moment.

The varieties of costume and complexion were great, as the whole Mohammedan world is repre-

sented—Nubia, Abyssinia, Algeria, Persia, Arabia, India, etc.

Coming away, we passed a porch where numerous students were having their heads shaved : this is called the Barber's Gate. The Mooski, which we had thought so noisy before, seemed quite still by comparison when we got into it again.

We went on to another mosque in the same quarter, El Hoscinein, which also requires a *permis*. This is a very sacred spot, as here the head of Hosein, their great martyr, Mohammed's grandson, is buried. Once a year they have a sort of 'Oberammergan' representation, in which this martyrdom is dramatised; but the great difference between the two religions—one sanctioning, the other forbidding violence—extends also to the representations: the Moslem one generally being celebrated with some real bloodshed; and the Persians, Hoscine's special votaries, of whom there are many in Cairo, often coming to blows with other sectarians.

We passed a wedding as we left this mosque; the bride walking under a red canopy, with a high erection on her head, over which hung a thick red veil, quite hiding her face. Her presents were carried after her in large baskets on men's heads, red cloths with gold spangles covering the baskets.

We wound up with a short visit to Miss Whate-

ley's free school for Coptic children. She has worked here indefatigably, and I believe very successfully, for many years. There were two to three hundred present—boys and girls, in separate buildings. They are taught in Arabic; but the elder ones learn English, and repeated the Lord's Prayer for us very nicely. Miss Whateley told us about the fever which came last autumn—how she herself had had it, and most of the children; but it seems to have been seldom fatal. They called it the Dengue fever. The children held out their hands to touch ours, and then touched their own breasts and foreheads, when we took leave.

*Dec. 21st.*—Nothing of much consequence happened to-day, except that we went to the Consulate to sign the contract with Abderrahman and his nephew. They have one copy of it, and we have two—one in English, and one in Arabic. It seemed to provide for every probable and improbable contingency, and we had taken much advice upon it; but we found afterwards we had omitted a point, namely, that if we exceeded our 90 days, by no delay of our own causing, the extra time should be charged at a lower rate. This clause makes it their interest not to dawdle unnecessarily.

We also went to-day by invitation to see Dr. Grant Bey's Museum, where he has many curious

antiques—the signet-ring of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, the mummy of a Sacred Hawk, and numerous scarabs. Dr. Grant had travelled and explored with Piazzzi Smyth, and he lent us an interesting manuscript account of some of the theories about the Great Pyramid.

*Dec. 23rd.*—To-day I took a long donkey-ride, in order to transact some shopping. Hitherto I have always had the same man, Hassan, but to-day he was away; and, as I neared the donkey-stand, three or four others came running up, calling out: ‘No Hassan to-day—Hassan finish’ (‘finish’ is a most favourite word and general negative, I fancy, from its likeness to their own ‘Mafish’). ‘Take my donkey. I good donkey-man—better Hassan,’ etc.

I chose one named Moussaid, and spent three hours in his society, going a long round.

Even the donkey-boys have a pocket-book of testimonials, and Moussaid soon produced his, saying:

‘I got nice cerkifitit—show him you, lady.’

He had one which stated that he was ‘an amusing vagabond, and not unduly greedy of baksheesh.’ From the grave pride with which he watched me read it, I guessed that he had formed a very different estimate of its contents. He said he had



been a donkey-boy twenty years. I said, 'Why, you are not much more than twenty now.' He said, 'Oh yes—I old man—twenty-eight! Been marry now two or tree time' (remark the uncertainty as to the exact number).

When I drew him out on this point, he told me, concerning his first marriage :

'I go to the father of the daughter—he want twelve pounds. I give him eight now—keep the other four. Then I take him home' (they say he for she); 'but he did not 'bey me. First time, I berry good to him, say, "Nebber mind this time;" but he do it 'nother time. Then I berry bad; I not say "Nebber mind" that time. Then I take him to his father, and give him a ticket with my seal, that I give back the daughter. Then for three month I give money every day for feed him; then—finish."

'I suppose that is the other four pounds?' I said.

'Yes; and he must wait three months before he marry again. But I—take him back in the morning—marry again at night, if I like. That is my 'ligion to do like that. I 'tend to my 'ligion berry well: wash every day in cold water, and bray every day in my mosque. In summer, nothing to do, bray nearly all day in the mosque, because the God

He bery good to me : give me my eyes ; give me lady like you, with sweet tongue like honey, to ride my donkey ; so I 'tend to Him, and He 'tend to me. I tell *you* this ; I not tell another one : I often give a poor man a franc, half-a-franc, two franc in one day ; then I think the God He give me ten franc, of course.'

This is a very small extract of his conversation, which ranged through many and varied topics.

He twice deserted me: once to 'kiss the hand of a holy man,' and once to greet the 'Sheykh of all the donkey-boys,' whom he saw afar off. Each class, as donkey-boys, coachmen, etc., has its Sheykh, who is responsible for the behaviour of each.

Whenever we passed a mosque, Moussaid said a short prayer. Sometimes he refreshed himself with water in a brass saucer, from the hands of a water-carrier, with a rose stuck in the mouth of her jar ; or from a man bending beneath a goat-skin full of water. This last is a hideous vessel, preserving the shape of the goat, legs, neck, etc., but all swelled and distorted.

All the last part of the ride was through some of the Bazaars which I had not been in before. One finds constant novelty and delight in this part of the town ; there is a little separate quarter for every trade : one narrow alley entirely clothed

with red and yellow leather slippers, another completely hung with flags for the boats, another devoted to perfumers, and redolent of rose and sandal-wood. Most of these little lanes are roofed in with rafters and matting spread on them, which subdues the light and harmonises the gay colours. Moussaid had many friends to recommend, sitting cross-legged at their stall-doors, whom he introduced as 'Good fellow—friend of *me*;' and then he assisted with the greatest interest at my purchases.

St. L. meantime had been to the bank, transacted business with Abderrahman, etc.

In the afternoon I went with Moussa and W. to inspect the *Fatima*. She is lying below the bridge at Boolak, which may be called the port of Cairo; the river there is full of shipping, and we had to make our way to her across the decks of several other boats. She looked beautifully clean and fresh, with a new sail, and rigging, and fresh painted outside and in; the curtains, sofas, etc., very smart, with a new cretonne in which light blue was the prevailing tint. We found out a few trifling deficiencies, as hot-water cans, hooks to hang things on, etc.; all of which Abderrahman supplied without a murmur the moment they were mentioned.

It is hardly necessary to describe a dahabieh;

half of it is taken up by the little house we live in, which contains a saloon, seven sleeping cabins, bath-room, and two tiny closets at one end, for the dragoman's room and the pantry. The roof of this little house is the floor of the upper deck, which upper deck is covered with an awning, furnished with seats and tables, and forms the principal sitting-room—at its further end becoming something of a lumber-room for boxes and stores. The lower deck is dining-room, bedroom, and everything for the crew; and at its further end is a small wooden excrescence called the kitchen. All the sofas and bedsteads have drawers underneath them, and there are no other places to keep things in.

After a little conversation with the two captains we went with old Abdou, the cook, to see his kitchen; it would puzzle an English cook to imagine how elaborate dinners could come out of it. It is a box open at one side, containing a charcoal stove with two square holes above it, which Abdou pointed out as 'the boiler and the baker;' over this is a row of about six earthen pots of different sizes, and this is all; but we found its capabilities so great that we came to the conclusion that all the 'apparatus' we have been taught to need is superfluous!

We might now say we were ready for a start; the little omissions we had detected would be supplied in an hour or two. The boat herself was quite ready, and so were the two small boats belonging to her. One called the sandal, a smart little thing with an awning and flags, in which we were to go backwards and forwards to the shore; the other, the plain member of the family, in which the hapless chickens and pigeons were to live. The only extras we had had to find were wine for ourselves, trousers for the crew (these not being naturally included in a Nubian sailor's wardrobe), and a dar and darabooka, or drum and tambourine, for their evening concert: these two last items, the trousers and instruments, were, we were told, traditional extras, to which everyone succumbs. Most people bring flags for their own dahabieh, but the noble Abderrahman provided these in our case.

24th.—We had resolved we would not go on board till the boat was taken through the bridge, which is the sign that she considers herself quite ready to start up the river. This morning Abderrahman came to tell us she had gone through, and that he had told the cook to expect us on board to dinner. After a period of hesitation whether to wait over Christmas Day or not, we

drove down about dusk, and had to cross a rough piece of ground, with terrific jolts, to reach the bank. We were prepared for this, however, having been a few days before to two farewell teas on board the dahabiehs of starting acquaintances.

We found the sandal moored to the bank awaiting us, lighted by a lantern at the stern, and rowed by about six sailors, the old Rais squatting at the end to steer. We had some way to row, and the sailors chanted in time to their oars. We listened with much interest, as this was the tune to which our lives were to be set for the next three months; we liked it on this first hearing, and I think never fell out with it afterwards.

Abderrahman was awaiting us at the dahabieh, and we had an inaugural dinner of many courses, each of which on being dismissed by us passed out through the curtained doorway of the saloon, to the lower deck, where, at a small round table, W. and Moussa partook of the same fare, Abderrahman also gracing the feast with his stately presence. Then we retired, the deck awning was dropped down round the sides of the boat like an outside curtain, and we passed our first night on the river in the most tranquil way, sleeping as well as the oldest *habitués* could have done.

25th, *Christmas Day*.—We went on shore to church at 10.30, and also to the hotel, where the manager presented me with a bouquet—each lady at the hotel had had one laid at her door in the morning as a Christmas attention; mine consisted of roses, jonquils, and chrysanthemums, and graced the saloon for some time.

When we got back to the dahabieh we found Moussa arrayed in a lovely costume of pale blue cloth. He is a very nice-looking fellow, with good features, though a little heavy, rather grave manners, but very gentle and polite, very black eyebrows and moustache, thick lips and white teeth. The crew treat him with great respect as the proprietor's nephew, fly at his bidding, and address him as 'Effendi.' His everyday suit is coffee-coloured, of some shiny stuff. His English is far inferior to his uncle's, but enough for everyday use; he is often guilty of saying 'he' for 'she'; I am 'the Miss' in his vocabulary, and St. L. 'the shentleman.' One amusing attention of his is to bring you a chair, and point to it, saying: 'Walk in.' Only he and the waiters can speak any English.

Our Christmas was quite *en règle*; we even had plum-pudding on fire. Afterwards we went out to look at the crew, who were sitting on the ground in

a large circle, on the lower deck. They consist of two captains, ten sailors, and a cook-boy; this last is a little round black creature, about nine years old. Besides, we have two cooks, and two Maltese waiters, father and son.

The lower deck is covered with an awning, and lighted by a large lantern with bits of coloured glass in it, which gleamed picturesquely on the dark group, who were engaged in smoking a large pipe made of a cocoa-nut, with a long stem, which they passed from one to another, the small boy filling and lighting it.

They asked if they might sing, and fetched the instruments. The tambourine is of dark wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the drum is an earthen bowl with a long neck, and a skin over its mouth. One chants a line, and the rest all join in with a deep 'Ah!' or 'Allah!' like a sigh of profound admiration. Sometimes they all sing together. They went on cheerfully with this amusement for about two hours, long after we had left them.

I believe they are chiefly Nubians. Some are black, some a rich deep chocolate colour; almost all with spare, light figures, and good-natured, smiling faces. A white turban and a loose blue tunic is the chief part of their dress, with a black, brown, or white cloak to roll themselves in. The old Rais,



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whom I think Abderrahman must have selected to balance Moussa's youth, dresses in a black tunie, or robe, generally, and a red turban, and is very grave and sad. Abdou, the cook, is a tall old man, with negro features, and all in spotless white muslin, with a close-shaven head. He can say just two or three words of English, and promised us 'Ros Turk' for dinner, when we saw him in the morning.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Dec. 26th.*—Abderrahman appeared early, saying he did not like to start for Alexandria, whither he was bound, till he had seen us move from our moorings. Unfortunately, the wind would blow the wrong way, which is fatal on a dahabieh, and reduces it to being towed ; while here we were so near the town that the river was bordered by houses and walls, and there was no towing-path. At last they resorted to the expedient of taking out the anchor a little way in the small boat, dropping it in, and then pulling at its rope till we got up to it ; then carrying it a little further, and repeating the process. The sailors worked at this most cheerfully, invoking different saints, in a measured chant, as they tugged at the rope. Of course it took the whole morning to go a very little way in this manner ; but it employed them, and Abderrahman said : ‘ They are too fresh.’

We got to the island of Roda, where stands the

Nilometer, or, as Moussa calls it, the 'Ometer of the Nile.' Here we moored, still quite in the suburbs of Cairo; but Abderrahman could say he had set us going, so took his final leave of us, unless, indeed, we should meet up the river. He is a charming old party, and we were quite sorry to lose him.

He is evidently very anxious that Moussa should do well and distinguish himself as a dragoman; and it is amusing to observe how he betrays, in confidential moments, that he considers us quite in the light of nurses of Moussa's fame. For instance, saying that he had given us his best cook, who has been with him fourteen years, 'because he wants Moussa to see what good cooking is.' He seems to look on this as his maiden trip, though it is really his second time of going. He says:

'Moussa has his name to make, and you can do a great deal for him; and I expect it from noble people like you, that if he pleases you, you will remember him when you go back to England, and speak of him to your friends.'

I tried to draw him out on Egyptian manners and customs, as he is so enlightened and so fluent in English. However, he would not generalise much, but told me a good deal of his own history.

He talked a great deal of his two daughters—one of seven, and one, Moussa's betrothed, of seventeen; also of a little son who had died, which had evidently been a bitter grief, and hardly to be spoken about. He said:

‘It was my great hope he would live to take care of my wife and daughters, if I die. It is very bad with us for the women, if they have no one to take care of them; for in our religion we have the writing of divorcement, and a man can send away his wife whether she has done wrong or not. Certainly, she, too, can send away her husband; but then, women who have been brought up like my daughters, they cannot quarrel for themselves; if anyone behaves ill to them, they cannot tell what they should do. However, thank God, one is safe in the hands of Moussa, and he has a little brother who, I hope, will do for the little one.

He seems to be a decidedly broad Mohammedan, and, we observed, drank some wine at his dinner; but as he has spent nineteen winters in going up the Nile and to Syria, chiefly with English people, he must be thoroughly broken in to their ways. I asked him if he had been to Mecca, and he said ‘No,’ but that he was a ‘pliggrim’ all the same, because he had been many times to Jerusalem. I was surprised that going to Jerusalem should count.

But he said, 'Yes, it made him a pilgrim, but not a complete pilgrim.'

I said : 'Then I suppose you still mean to go to Mecca some day ?'

He said : 'In sha Allah' ('If Allah pleases'); but added, after a pause : 'I tell *you* something. It is my private opinion only ; it remains inside always, and will remain till the very last minute I live. I think I must go straight always, and speak straight. I think I must not have a partner to my God ; He must be One. I think I must be good to a poor man whenever I can, and do no harm ever to anyone ; and then I think, if I have done all that, I am sure to go to quite the right place, even if I have not been to Mecca.'

We watched him off in the sandal, and then took a stroll on the island, which is the traditional site of 'Moses in the bulrushes.' It is now far too cultivated for bulrushes, and consists of rich corn-fields and clover-fields of vivid green, intersected by broad raised paths, suggestive of the rest being at times under water.

We spent some time, too, in arranging the boat, embellishing the saloon, etc. I have the stern-cabin, which contains six little windows, and commands three aspects, N., E., and W. ; the bed is slightly on a curve round towards the end of the

boat, and the rudder machinery lives in a cupboard at one end; but it is roomy, as far as the word can apply to a cabin. St. L. has two cabins opposite each other, as bedroom and dressing-room; then comes the saloon, then W.'s cabin, and a spare cabin.

In the evening a young sailor named Ramadan danced for us, moving softly about in a very small space, rather writhing than dancing, not taking his feet from the ground, and balancing a long pole in his hands. We saw a lovely sunset, as usual, and the Pyramids, which are in full sight from Roda, glowed like gold in the evening light; between us and them are numerous palm-groves, and altogether it is a view of considerable quiet beauty.

29th.—The south wind has been blowing ever since we started, and we have had to tow each day; but this morning, about ten o'clock, as we were resigning ourselves to another day of slow progress, quite suddenly as it appeared to me, we were aware of a stir among the sailors, and saw the old rais holding up his hand to feel the wind. It had changed quite round, and almost instantaneously a whole flight of traffic-boats, which had been detained like ourselves, spread their wings and came gliding up past us. We were rather longer spreading our big wing, but once spread, we soon caught

them up, and were all much elated. The sail of a dahabieh is always held by a man—never tied, for fear of sudden changes of wind.

It had been so aggravating the last few days to see boats scudding past us before the wind the other way, that we began almost to regret not having taken one of Cook's dahabiehs, as then there is a chance of being taken in tow by one of his steamers if it finds you in difficulties as it passes; but we found afterwards that they charge a great deal for doing this, and that the steamboat passengers often object to it.

We remained on deck most of the day, enjoying the new sensation of swift movement. We passed a succession of palm-groves and little brown villages, with an occasional white, dome-shaped koubba, or tomb, on the bank. The only marked place we saw was Sakkarah, with its group of Pyramids, one with curved sides, and another, said to be the oldest in Egypt; called the Step Pyramid.

The sailors of course had an easy day, with no towing, and they spent part of it in cutting up their whole stock of bread into slices, and spreading it in the sun to dry, on the upper deck. I wondered they should wish to hasten the process in this way, as the bread is to last a month; it is very dark brown, made in long rolls, and is excel-

lent bread. The small boy who cooks for them, and whom they address as 'Tress,' comes up before each meal, fills his bosom with slices, and carries them off. They are cut up and mixed with lentils ground into flour, and sometimes onions, and then boiled slowly into a sort of pudding, constantly stirred with a large ladle of wood. They all eat out of one large wooden bowl with their fingers; but the captains affect their own wooden spoons.

They also did some sewing and mending. Rais Abdallah, who is a grave, decorous young man, occasionally lapsed into a smile when he raised his eyes from his work and met mine as I raised them from my own. He steals about so noiselessly on the upper deck, when he comes there to steer, always making a sweep to avoid coming too near our chairs; but the whole party flit about as softly as mice, on their bare feet, their one blue garment streaming in the wind. On the other hand, they are always chattering and singing—a marked contrast to the English combination of noisy feet and a silent tongue.

Rais Abdallah is rather a dandy, and does a good deal of washing and dressing; I have assisted at his toilet several times already, as he cannot leave the rudder, his special charge, so has to live



chiefly on the upper deck. First he appears in full trousers tied in at the knee and waist, of fine soft white muslin, and a shirt of the same, with straight wide sleeves, and an occasional pink selvedge occurring in the stuff; next a short tunic of dark blue cotton; then a long, sleeveless garment of striped red and white, fastened diagonally across the front: then the ordinary blue tunic with long close sleeves, and a red sash round the waist, and outside all, if it is cool weather, a loose white woollen bournous; on his head a scarlet tarboosh, or skull-cap, sometimes with and sometimes without a voluminous white muslin turban.

In the afternoon we had tea on deck—'shy' we are learning to call it—and just about that time we passed a French dahabieh, the *Lohengrin*, which had been ahead of us in the morning.

The river seems to be generally about half a mile across, roughly speaking; but it often broadens round an island or narrows a little.

I landed, and walked the last mile or so, the boat following slowly. I passed one or two villages watched by large dogs with rather unpleasant manners, from which Barsi, a tall young sailor who escorted me, protected me with a long pole. We inquired for milk at each village, and also engaged two men to come down at night and watch the

boat. This is done every evening when we stop, and two of the crew watch by turns as well. The Sheykh of each place is bound to supply watchers for nothing, but it is usual to give them a trifle. They bring a heap of dried maize-stalks, and light a little fire at intervals.

*January 1st, 1881.*—The first thing I saw when I looked out was one of the sailors bringing a load of palm-leaves; and by the time we went on deck they had been very prettily put up as an arcade round the deck, about six feet high, with an orange tastefully hung here and there, carpets spread, and flags flying. The rais shook hands with us, and the sailors made a little speech, wishing us good news from our country, and so on: we now understand a good deal of what they say.

We got on very fairly to-day, and moored for the night at Maghagha, a small town with a sugar-factory. In the afternoon we passed an island thickly covered with tall birds, standing motionless watching for fish; they seemed to be of the heron kind, but we thought they might be flamingoes, so St. L. asked Moussa: 'What are those birds?'

'Eagles, sir.'

'Oh no! surely not eagles?'

'Yes, eagles—we call them nisir, but you in England call them eagles.'

‘No; what we call eagles are birds with short legs all over feathers, and hooked beaks; but these birds have long bare legs, and long straight bills.’

‘Yes—just as I said; they are eagles.’

It was no use pursuing the subject; we could get no further than this; for though Moussa can say a good deal to you, he becomes quite hazy if anything the least complicated is said to him.

When we stopped, he asked leave to go on shore and buy a sheep, suggesting that the howaga and sitt (the gentleman and lady) could take a walk meanwhile with some of the sailors. The howaga soon paused, and sat down; but the sitt, chaperoned by Barsi, finding it pleasant after a sedentary day, went on and on till she found herself at the place where Moussa was buying the sheep: a village with long straggling streets, roofed in with mats, and large mats hung up as doors and windows, a gay crowd moving up and down it, and a vista of palms and sunset.

Most of the population seemed to be assisting at Moussa's bargain, and were gathered round the door of a stall which contained the victim. I was invited to inspect him, and also privately exhorted by Moussa to say I thought him small, thin, and generally unsatisfactory. He was a pretty little fellow, all over brown curls, and with broad short

horns ; but I refrained from any admiration, and soon left him to his fate, and walked back with Barsi.

Before we arrived, the new moon had risen, a lovely thin clear crescent—much thinner than I ever saw at home, in fact, the merest line of light, with all the rest of the disc visible in shadow. We passed many people sitting at their hut-doors on the ground, who said ‘salaam’ as we passed them.

At dinner, our napkins were crowned with gold frills, and in the centre of the table was a cake which St. L. measured to be 2 feet 6 inches in height, not counting an angel at the top. It was a hollow edifice, made of sugar and millet-seeds.

After dinner, and a visit from the cook, who came to enjoy the sight of our beaming faces, and receive compliments on his skill, we went on deck and found Monssa had illuminated it with all the sailors’ lanterns, and had planted a lemon-bough in a bucket by way of a Christmas-tree. Of course we professed ourselves much struck with the effect, said we must go on shore to see how it looked from the bank, etc.

St. L. gave a present of tobacco to the sailors, and they had a grand ‘phantasia,’ which means any sort of merry-making. Ramadan, who is an

artist of the first water, danced with a bottle on his head, and a candle stuck in it alight; he first strutted gravely up and down balancing a pole, and then began to glide and writhe about like a snake, rolling over and over without letting the candle fall. The rest of the performance was all musical. While I was listening, Moussa confidentially pointed out the sheep to me; he was already killed, skinned, and hanging in a bag from the pole of the awning.

*Jan. 2nd.*—We got to-day as far as Gebel-et-Tayr, or The Mountain of the Bird, a picturesque cliff, crowned with the low massive-looking walls of a Coptic convent. While we were still about a mile off, a deputation from the monks came swarming out to meet us and ask for alms; calling out that they were Christians long before we could make out what they were saying. They were quite naked, and looked very cold. We could not be quite so proud of our fellow-Christians as we should have wished, as they were very clamorous and not very clean. They were, I suppose, some of the lay brothers, if they have such things in Coptic convents. This is a great centre, and most of the villages near are inhabited by Copts. When we landed to take a walk, there was a vociferous crowd of them collected on the bank to beg, crossing themselves

violently and repeatedly, and explaining that they were Christians.

I am glad to find that the sailors do not at all mind being sketched, and most of them have beautiful limbs and figures, and are always throwing themselves into picturesque attitudes. The villagers on shore, however, do not always like it. The other day we were sitting near some houses, with only one young sailor with us, when a rather importunate crowd collected, and St. L. proposed I should try the effect of drawing them. So I took his pocket-book, and, looking sternly at the nearest group, began to draw, when they all rushed away, screaming and hiding their faces. One man came back, however; and arranging his toilet, posed in front of me, saying that for a baksheesh he should be willing to devote himself and brave the 'evil eye.' He was not a beauty, so I declined to accept the sacrifice.

*Jan. 3rd.*—To-day we got as far as Minieh, a large town, but stopped on the opposite side, leaving Moussa to go across in the sandal, to see if there were any letters. He took with him Genowi, a very pretty youthful sailor, who is said to run like a gazelle, and seems to be generally chosen as messenger.

Moussa came back alone, saying he had left Genowi to take some message for him.

Soon after we got under weigh again, I asked what was to become of Genowi.

‘ Oh, he will swim after us ! ’ said Moussa, tranquilly.

I don’t know how far he had to swim, as I believe an island came in usefully ; but it was quite evening when he came swimming up in his blue tunie, a smart ring he wears flashing in the sun as he threw his arms over his head. They swim quite differently from us—more like dogs, and throwing out first one arm and then the other.

In the course of this afternoon we had a small adventure. There is such a tremendous commotion at every slight occurrence, such as shifting the sail, passing a sandbank, etc., that if we were in an English boat we should think we were going to the bottom at least two or three times a day, and so one ceases to inquire what it is all about. To-day, however, an unusual access of hubbub induced me to look out of my cabin window, and to my consternation I saw another dahabieh coming at right angles straight into us, and a very few yards off. The heads of the two boats were shifted round with punting-poles with great exertion just in time to avoid a bad collision, and several sailors from each boat jumped into the water and held them off with their hands ; but, as it was, their sides touched, and

I could have taken something out of the opposite cabin. The two captains chattered angrily at each other from their respective boats, and I expect abused each other well. At last we got clear, and moved off, leaving her sticking on a sandbank, which it seems she was trying to sweep round, but without calling out the proper notice to us to get out of the way.

These sandbanks change every year where the river rises and falls, so that no permanent channel can be made out, and very good steering is necessary.

*Jan. 5th.*—We have had one or two really cold mornings, with a river fog, and thermometer about 54°, and St. L. has each day lighted the little charcoal brazier which he brought, as a precaution, from Cairo.

We have taken a daily walk at our stopping-places, but have attempted no sights, as the usual plan is to leave them for the return journey, when you are floating down, instead of toiling up. Our walks are generally on the raised path which runs along the bank; if it is a steep climb up to it, the sailors cut steps for us with an axe, but more often it is flat. When we come back they brush our feet with a feather brush, before we go on board again.

To-day, when the milk was brought, there came



with it some snow-white buffalo butter, which looked very good, but was rather nasty, we thought, when we tasted it.

Rais Abdallah was seriously angry this afternoon, but we could only follow his flow of words sufficiently to find out that it was about something relating to the fire and the cooking. He gave up the helm to another man, stalked across with much dignity to the offenders, and declaimed for a long time, just as if he were preaching, waving his well-shaped, small hands, adorned with rings, throwing back his head scornfully, and completely silencing his hearers, who were evidently in the wrong, and looked quite sheepish. Then he swept noiselessly back to his place again, not forgetting his usual deferential curve round our chairs.

Later, when he was calm again, and I was practising Arabic upon him, he told me that the small cook-boy—Idris, I find, is his proper name—was his nephew, and that he thought the sailors had been putting upon him in some way. There seems to be a good deal of clanship among them. Rais Mohammed has a nephew and a grandson among the crew, and Rais Abdallah two cousins and a nephew. We associate a good deal with the two captains, as they live much on our deck, especially the steersman.

St. L. tells me often how reprehensible it is to speak to the man at the helm ; but he is very tempting, being tied there and unable to escape, so that I can arrange my sentences leisurely. And, for the same reason, I am doing Rais Abdallah's picture. He is too dignified to betray any interest in my progress ; but once I showed it to him, and he seemed a good deal amused, and examined it for some time ; then he gave it back, merely remarking :

'Let Rais Mohammed see it.'

When he saw it he held up his hands, and said it was '*Chrallas*,' a complimentary expression, meaning 'complete,' or 'finished.'

When Rais Mohammed is not on deck, he is generally to be seen squatting on the roof of the kitchen, with his shawl piled on his head to keep off the sun ; occasionally thrusting out a lean black arm from the folds of his cloak, he issues an order in a most peremptory voice, or he leans over the side and chatters at the men below.

Rais Abdallah's orders from the helm are given in a clear voice, softly, but very distinctly :

'Sail to the left, O sail !' 'Put the rope across, O put !' etc.

Both the captains say their prayers always on our deck, five times a day. They begin by standing a minute facing the east, after a preliminary

glance at the sun for orientation ; then they prostrate themselves, kissing the ground three times, and the rest of the time they kneel, or rather sit, on their heels.

The other day, when we remarked that the cooks must feel the sun a good deal, striking down on their wooden kitchen, Antonio said :

‘ No, I think not. You see the captain is generally sitting on the roof, and he keeps it off ! ’

We landed to-day at sunset, and took a walk in a splendid palm-grove, the largest we had seen. After walking through it for about a mile, the end was still quite out of sight. Many of the trees were very fine and large. They grew out of a bed of smooth dry sand, some distance apart from each other. This sand was quite firm and nice to walk on—a pleasant variety, as now the raised path along the bank has ceased, and the walking is generally very bad ; near the bank it is through patches of vegetation intersected with watercourses ; and further in, where the desert begins, it is generally loose stones and soft sand.

*Jan. 8th.*—We are now just at the beginning of the range of mountains called Gebel Aboo-foda ; it is a difficult point for navigation. The old captain calls it the ‘ Seba Giamat,’ or the ‘ Seven Corners.’ A calm is the best thing to wish for now, as there

are so many turns that, whichever way the wind blows, it must be sometimes against you, and there are some bluffs which are very dangerous to get round in windy weather.

9th.—We spent the whole of yesterday in creeping in and out of the Seven Corners. In some places it was very shallow, and Kenowi spent great part of the day in the water, pioncering us with his long pole, stripped to the waist, and looking comfortable, as it has become quite hot. We only stuck on the sand once, for a few minutes. We arrived opposite Asyoot, and stopped there for the night, though it was still rather early; but the sailors had had a hard day, and were tired.

We took a walk, and sat under some lebbich, or sycamore fig-trees, and watched the sailors bargaining for some eggs with the villagers, in their usual leisurely way, squatting round in a circle and going comfortably into the subject for about half an hour before deciding. The price agreed upon was fourpence a dozen, which we were told was rather dear.

We saw to-day the first dôm-palms, which are not found further north. It is shorter than the date-palm, and forked with perfect regularity into first two, and then four limbs. The fruit is green now, but when ripe it has a soft, spongy outside, which they say is good to eat and very like ginger-

bread. It is about the size of an ordinary apple, and grows in hanging clusters at the fork of the tree.

By about twelve o'clock we got across to Asyoot, towing very laboriously with the anchor. We stopped at the port, El Hamra, the town lying some way back from the river. Several other dahabiehs were there already. The sailors had a very happy, lazy afternoon, after their toils. They lay about and smoked cigarettes and drank coffee, and received friends from other boats, whom they greeted, if superiors, by shaking hands very solemnly three times, putting a different hand uppermost each time. Rais Mohammed and a fellow-captain threw their arms across each other's shoulders, and kissed.

We soon mounted two very superior donkeys, and rode off to the town, stopping first at the post-office, where we found a budget of letters, our first since Cairo; their ages were, of course, various, the earliest being of December 16th, and the latest of December 30th.

We then rode on at an ambling pace along the line of rails, which seems to be freely used as a road, and, as there is only one train a day, the risk is not great. It will be our last sight of railroads for some time, as this is the farthest point they reach;

but the telegraph wires go farther than we shall do, viz., to Khartoum.

Asyoot is a walled city, with four main entrances. The one we rode through was very picturesque, passing under a round deep archway into a court shaded with very large old lebbieh trees, and the governor's house forming one side of it. The town seems extensive, yet I think its twenty-five thousand inhabitants must be closely packed to find accommodation inside its walls. The houses are all of mud-coloured brick, the larger ones having battlements, in devices something like picrust ornaments. The streets are unpaved, and of soft mould, hollow in the middle and banked up against the sides. The street-corners are not sharp turns, but round off vaguely into each other. The Bazaar is a long Burlington Arcade roofed in with rafters and matting, and full of a perfumy smell.

There was a long façade of open stalls, along which we passed, much jostled by a stream of people going to and fro. We bought some red shoes, and also went to a chemist's, where several old gentlemen without shoes were lying smoking on a divan, with a row of bottles on an opposite counter. We did not know by instinct which was the chemist, so had to address the group, who were all deeply interested in our wants, but could not

supply any of them. Fortunately they were all unimportant.

As we rode along we were much barked at by dogs walking about on the housetops. I think we must have passed hundreds of camels, of every shade of brown, yellow, and cream-colour; some were almost as bare of hair and as pink as an English white pig. Not one horse or carriage was to be seen—only a few primitive carts, consisting merely of a board on small thick wheels, drawn by a buffalo. It was a pretty ride back, in just the lilac stage of the after-glow, with the moon getting bright. We took the sailors a present of sugar-canes, which we heard was a favourite weakness with them. We got thirty-five for about sixteenpence halfpenny. St. L. said about 175 feet of sugar-cane. After they were distributed a total silence reigned for some time—a most unusual thing—broken only by a sound of tearing and crunching; and when we looked out the whole party were sitting round in a circle hard at work, and I believe they finished it all.

10th.—We stayed all day at Asyoot; a little carpentering was done on the boat, and Antonio the cooper, assisted by his son Paolo, washed, dried, and ironed linen and clothes, putting up two oars on the bank with a cord between them as a clothes-line.

We rode to a mountain just outside the town, where are some rock-tombs, the remains of the cemetery of an old city called Lycopolis, where the wolf was the sacred animal, and where there are still wolf-mummies. To get to this place you pass by the skirts of a very large modern cemetery, containing innumerable white, egg-like tomb-mosques.

Some of the rock-sepulchres are very old, and contain interesting hieroglyphics and sculptures. They were used in a later age by persecuted Christians as hiding-places; and one monk of great sanctity lived many years in one. He was called John of Lycopolis, and the Emperor Theodosius used to send to consult him.

There is a fine wide view from the mountain-side; and here, as indeed throughout this part of the journey, you are struck with the extreme vividness of the green in the arable land. I never saw any vegetable green like it; it is more the intense colour which we shun on principle as 'arsenical' than anything else.



## CHAPTER VIII.

*Jan. 12th.*—We left Asyoot on the morning of the 11th, and have had two days of calm ; most of the time a faint breeze has just played round us, hardly enough to swell the sail, so we have had to progress by towing and poling. The latter is resorted to when it is inconvenient to tow, and seems very hard work. They all have long strong poles, of about twenty feet in length ; they put these to the bottom of the river, and then walk along the deck, putting the top of the pole against one shoulder, and often almost lying along the ground in their exertions to move the boat.

We saw a picturesque crowd this morning all waiting on the bank for a boat to take them to a market at a distant village, men and women with tall jars on their heads, and many-shaped baskets. Afterwards we passed a crowded boat, coming back I suppose, from which the people jumped into the water as each came opposite the nearest point to

his home ; at one place we saw some twenty jump off with much noise, into water nearly up to their shoulders, women and all, carrying their purchases on their heads to keep them dry, and just shaking themselves when they got to land, and walking off.

In the evening we stopped at sunset at a large island called Tahta, opposite a town of the same name on one side of the river, and having opposite it on the other side a mountain called Gebel Sheykh-Haridi, a group of bold outline, not very unlike the great Orme's Head. We landed to take a walk, and I with W. went on ahead, intending to walk across to the river on the other side. Moussa caught us up just as we were coming to a small settlement of huts, and fortunately, for a large dog rushed out at us, and a woman called out to us to beware of him, and also of others we might meet. Moussa intimidated him with his long stick, and the woman kept calling him off, and soon quelled him ; she then called a small boy to go with us and protect us.

He ran before us in his little brown bournous, and, strange to say, the dogs all respected this arrangement ; two or three rushed up, but stopped short, and smoothed their bristles when they saw us with an inhabitant. They are rough, black dogs, unlike the usual Eastern type, coming from

a place called Erment, much prized for their good qualities, and needed about here, where there are valuable crops and many nightly thieves.

As we got near the boat we saw in the moonlight nearly all the sailors running to meet us with their poles; they had heard we were likely to encounter inhospitable dogs, and had come to protect us. Naturally we excited great interest, and a train of inhabitants, all in long brown cloaks and white nightcaps, followed us. And so we came back quite processionally.

There was a glorious moon: the sky full of pale gold-green light, the steep sides of Sheykh-Haridi casting long yellow reflections in the water, and the colours of dresses and patterns of carpets as distinguishable as in the daytime.

13th.—The servants of the Mosque of Sheykh-Haridi rowed out early to ask for alms, in a small ornamental boat, with a green mat as sail, and a miniature flag, also of green—the sacred colour. In return for a baksheesh they blessed the boat for us, which seemed to be much appreciated by the captains and crew.

We took another moonlight walk at Ekhmeem, where we stopped, and begged an inhabitant to escort us, for fear of dogs. This was a large village, with watchers, and we were challenged

several times : ' Esmek eh ? ' ' Amel eh ? ' That is, ' Your name is what ? ' ' You are doing what ? ' This ' eh ? ' had a familiar interrogative sound, which came amusingly from those dusky statuesque forms in the moonlight.

We thought the first question very irrelevant, and certainly the answer would have puzzled them ; however, the inhabitant gave his own name, and to the second question replied : ' They are amusing themselves only ; ' which seemed likewise to amuse the watchers.

When we reached a certain point our escort advised us to turn back, saying we had reached his boundary, and that the dogs beyond it would not know him.

14th.—We arrived this evening at Ghirgeh, a good-sized town, with a very picturesque approach. It stands on a headland running far out into the river, with six or seven tall minarets and numerous smaller ones. The river is encroaching very much here on the west bank, on which the town stands, and one large mosque seems to be in the act of slipping into it, from the steep soft incline it is built on, so that part of its open court and arches are exposed, and look very striking as you sail past.

Here we are to stay twenty-four hours, for the

crew to bake in the public oven. It is a complete transaction ; as the captain goes off the first thing in the morning to buy the corn, takes it to the miller, and thence to the oven. It is never to be left alone a moment during the whole process, for fear of depredations, so relays of sailors relieve each other as watchers, and sit up most of the night to see it completed.

On our way to-day I thought we seemed to be in a wilder country : the children who ran along the bank asking for baksheesh were many of them quite naked, with mop-like black wigs, and looked thorough little savages.

We have had an invalid the last two or three days, a tall black sailor named Hassan. He has done no work, but spent his day crouched on deck, rolled, head and all, in a brown cloak, and occasionally lifting a plank and dropping silently into the dark place underneath, and remaining *perdu* for hours. We ascertained his symptoms, which were rather vague and contradictory. St. L. read up several diseases, and we selected the pill we thought most appropriate : which W. chopped up in jam, and which we administered in person, to ensure fair play.

We also supplied some vinegar for his head. We came away during the application of this ; but W.,

who remained, said that the sailors, when it was done with, gave it to one of their number with a chronic cough, and made him drink it, assuring him it would do him good.

Moussa and Antonio, whose aim always is to make us thoroughly pleased with ourselves, though they had dissuaded us from doctoring Hassan at first, now vied with each other in giving startling accounts of his improvement. About ten minutes after the pill, Antonio rushed in, exclaiming :

‘He is now quite well again ! He is even smoking !’

Hassan himself was very grateful for our good intentions, and kissed his hand to us repeatedly when he saw us looking his way ; but once during the afternoon I saw him take some mysterious little objects out of his mouth and show them to a few friends, and could not but tremble for the fate of the pill ; however, he was certainly much better next day.

15th.—The weather and our sensations had gradually undergone a change the last two or three days, and become considerably hotter. Flies have become a feature ; we are often wielding our long grass whisks, which have hitherto lain idle on the settees ; and during meals we are fanned at intervals in order to disperse them : but they will not take a

hint, and gather again directly. The mornings and evenings continue cool and delightful, but about eleven it gets hot, and we do not enjoy ourselves again much till four.

We took two donkey-rides to explore Ghirgeh. There are numerous Copts there, and the name is a corruption of George, from their patron saint St. George, whom they share with England. There are also some fine mosques there. I went into a very old-looking one on seeing a glimpse of tiles inside, and found it completely lined with beautiful rich porcelain tiling, in elaborate patterns, of deep blue and yellow chiefly. St. L. did not care to take off his laced-boots, on being reminded by Moussa, 'We not go in him by shoes!' Mine were much more easily removable.

We went also, by invitation, to inspect the sailors' bake; and saw and tasted it in several stages, and thought it an excellent batch.

We saw a good many horses here, and also several little lean pigs running about, belonging to the Coptic and Greek members of the community. There were several horrible old female beggars, who sat on the bank near the dahabieh, uttering shrill, tremulous cries of 'Li-li-li' and wagging their tongues in a hideous way.

16th.—Our chief amusement to-day, since leaving

Ghirgeh, has been watching birds through St. L.'s field-glass. I believe the Nile Valley is one of the greatest bird-thoroughfares in the world, and we have seen many different kinds. As there are so few flowers, and not much variety of trees, in Egypt, the birds rather take their place as a daily interest.

We saw two very fine eagles strutting placidly about on an island; then a group of vultures, with their bare necks; some pretty black-and-white kingfishers; some paddy-birds, which are very common, like miniature snow-white herons; some zie-zacs, a kind of stilt; and many kites, hawks, storks, and cranes. Of small birds, the water-wagtail is the commonest; and we generally have two or three running about on deck. Most of the larger birds spend their days in fishing, and look very calm and happy.

In our evening walk to-day, a man we met advised us to turn back, saying it was getting late, and if people were seen about the fields at dusk they were apt to be taken for thieves.

'And what would they do to us? Fire a gun at us?' we asked as a joke.

'Perhaps so—I cannot say,' he answered gravely. So we discreetly retraced our steps.

17th.—Still a dead calm. We arrived at Bel-



lianah in the evening, having done about eight miles in two days! Bellianeh, like Ghirgeh, seems to be rapidly slipping into the river. There are palm-trees with their roots exposed, and some have already toppled over, and are hanging head downwards into the water.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Jan. 18th.*—Bellianeh being the nearest point to the temple of Abydos, and the calm continuing, it was an economy of time to go there now, instead of on the way back. It was farther than St. L. cared to ride, being between six and seven miles into the desert, so I started, *tête-à-tête* with Moussa, at about 6.30 a.m., so as to avoid the heat. It was then delightfully cool, and everything heavy with dew. The first part of the ride was through the usual flat tract of rich green crops which borders the river. The barley is just coming into green ear; the wheat a little less forward; the clover is in blossom, and as for the beans, I quite wished to have John Davies there to see them. We rode through a continuous mile of them, in full blossom, as tall as our heads. The other principal crops were onions and lentils, also tobacco and cotton, but those chiefly near the banks. There were numerous huts, of wattled cane, inhabited by families who watch all

these crops, for they are never left, night or day, for fear of thieves.

We rode through numerous villages, which were quite alive with pigeons, a white cloud of them fluttering up from the roofs as we rode in. They are accommodated with rows of inverted jars to perch on, and fringes of sticks projecting from the mud walls. They must eat quantities of grain, but, I suppose, are eaten extensively in their turn. There were hoopoes also, about the size of a jay, and with tall crests on their heads. These seem very bold birds, and were generally near the houses.

After passing the strip of cultivation we plunged into the mountains, of yellow limestone rock with deep sand-drifts in the hollows. After winding round one or two hill-groups, we came in sight of the temples, and saw, farther on, the mounds which mark the site of the ancient town.

It was next to Thebes in importance and grandeur, and is the burial-place of Osiris, near whom it was the ambition of all the old Egyptians to be buried, so it became their great necropolis ; but at the time when Strabo wrote, about 20 B.C., there was only a small village there, and now there is nothing above ground but the temples. The principal one was built by Rameses II., in memory of his father, Sethi I. It is not imposing outside,

being so sunk in drifted sand, and so uniform, that it might be a low massive ledge of rock, instead of a building. Inside, however, it is wonderfully grand. There are two great halls, supported by rows of columns rounded in towards the bottom, which gives them a look quite different from the architecture one is familiar with in Europe. Besides these, are many smaller halls, and chambers, and passages. In one respect it varies from the usual plan of Egyptian temples, and is a puzzle to archæologists—it has seven short passages in a row, at the end of the great hall, leading to seven small chambers, with an imitation door cut in the stone wall at the farther end of each. The walls are all covered with coloured sculpture, in some places much worn, and defaced by smoke from the Arabs' fires, but in others as fresh as possible.

We poked about for a long time, making out what we could of them. They chiefly represent the king performing different acts of homage to various gods. The treatment is a curious combination of spirit and formality, the fire and grace of the figures and faces rising superior to the extreme stiffness of attitude and want of perspective which one would think must quite spoil them. In many places he is offering a dinner, in a basket, to the gods ; and it amused our humble minds to observe

the *menu*, which was invariably a couple of fowls trussed, fish, cakes of bread, grapes, and figs.

The celebrated tablet is here, in hieroglyphic, from which has been made out the chronology of seventy-six kings who preceded Rameses II. This was too learned for Moussa and me, though he was much impressed by being told that the inscriptions on the wall ('telegrams,' he called them,) were the names of his former kings; and I think he also sympathised with me in having a special feeling of familiarity with Rameses II., as the king at whose court Moses was educated.

The mounds of the old town were a wonderful pile of *débris*, and impressive from their great extent; it gives you the idea that the greater part of the city is still before you, though in this fragmentary form of masses of brick, heaps of potsherds, etc. Things do not seem to have actually decayed away and disappeared, as they would in a less dry atmosphere; so that one feels almost angry with it for having tumbled down. As it is all there, it is tantalising not to see it in its right shape.

Coming back, the donkey-man entertained us with an account of an insurrection four years ago, when all this district was *en émeute*; and especially of a girl whose brother was a ringleader, and had a price set on his head. She procured a gun and hid in a

brake of sugar-canes—which he pointed out to us—and fired at the soldiers who came to take him, and killed eighteen, one by one, on several occasions. She was at last taken herself, but the Khedive let her off with her life. I followed this story pretty well, and I now converse with Moussa almost entirely in Arabic, and am gratified to find it answers better than his English for our mutual needs. I have often noticed, in former travels, that a little indignation is a wonderful aid in floating you over the difficulties of a foreign language, and I feel now, that if I could only get into a rage, a flood of eloquent Arabic would rise to command; but this calm, dreamy life is very unfavourable to the growth of bad passions.

St. L. having been independent of me on this day, records his own experience thus :

‘18th.—E. started, about 7 a.m., to see the temple (Birbeli), at Abydos (El Arabah). I got up later, and started about ten for a short ride. The donkey-man showed me the Sheykh’s house, at the door of which the Sheykh was sitting, with a group of other respectable-looking men. Then we went on to the house of a basha. I was asked to go in, but, not feeling inclined, I said, “Moosh owz,” *i.e.* “I do not wish it.” I got as far as the Bahr el Jusuf, a canal of some size, but then found it so

hot I turned baek. I was offered a black-and-white lop-eared rabbit for sale ; they made it squeak by pulling its ears, and said it was making a phantasia. I was also offered a blaek calf to give to the sailors, instead of the sheep I have promised them. I declined this, as I had given Rais Mohammed forty-two francs, and desired him to buy the sheep. It was already on deck—brown, and, to me, seemed small, but they said it was a large one. They made me a long speech, and I said, “Insh’allah tayib,” i.e. “Please Allah it may be good.”

The following is what Moussa has just told us on the subject of doctors. He said :

‘My father was ill in his cyne ; not see, five or six days. I am crying always because my father not see. I am gone to the doctor, and tell it to come. It come, and give him something, and he was all right by three or four days. Then he want take walk, because he got plenty business. When the doctox see him able take walk, he give him ‘nother thing ; make him little ill again ; he not see again ; his eyne all fat. Then I go and tell it, “Sir, you not do that business.” He say to me, “What business ?” I say to him, “My father not see again, because you give him something different, to make some money.” He say, “You doctox ?” I say, “No ; but I know that business,

because I am been to school, and know everything." Then he give him something else, and he all right by one day. I not give it anything. My father say, "Moussa, you not do that ; you give it eight napoleons." I say, "I not give it one piastre." The doctor say, "Your father not tell you give me eight napoleons ?" I say, "Unless you go quick, I give you whip." And he went quick.'

Moussa says it is better to buy from an old man. He has made his money and wants no more ; but he has his character to maintain, so will treat you well.

On the subject of baldness, he said he did not think an Englishman was ever born without hair, but an Arab often was. 'But I cannot see that ; nobody like to see that. If one man go by me in the street, and take off his cap, and no hair there, I strike him quick.'

19th.—I got back from Abydos yesterday about midday after a very glowing return ride ; then the wind freshened, we got under weigh, and contrived to shoot as far as Farshoot by evening. Here is a large sugar-factory, and we went and peeped in at its outer court. It was dark, but work seemed still to be going on, and it was lighted up by large fires on the ground. St. L. has been told that the places with sugar-factories are often subject



to malaria, so we do not make long stays at them.

The sailors are enjoying their sheep to-day in anticipation. He is hanging up on the lower deck, and I have seen one or two of them pat him or pull his leg affectionately in passing. Antonio says :

‘They eat half of him roast to-day, and then they make *gonomie* of the rest.’

‘And what is “*gonomie*” ?’ asks St. L., expecting to be told of some excellent Arab dish.

‘You not know “*gonomie*,” sir ? I mean they eat him little at a time.’

‘Oh, they economise it. Yes, I see.’

This evening they had their mutton, and a phantasia afterwards. The *primo tenore* is always a certain old sailor called Abou-taleb, or respectfully, from his age, Sheykh Abou-taleb. He opens the proceedings by a long quavering solo, and at intervals, when the chorus flags, repeats it, always addressing it confidentially into the ear of his next neighbour.

Abou-taleb has a bad cough, and I made him some of the mixture which mother finds so efficacious at home. He liked it extremely, but as he is supposed to smoke *hasheesh* to an injurious extent, it was arranged that he should not have

any more until, under Moussa's superintendence, he had abandoned the practice for ten days. He has now just applied for a second bottle.

There is a good deal of difference between the Egyptians and Nubians. There are two or three sailors who get into scrapes for being idle, and smoke hasheesh, a deleterious weed of the opium kind, and when we inquire we always find these are from Cairo, or live there chiefly; but the Nubians seem to be always hard-working and temperate. I believe Homer calls them 'the blameless Ethiopians;' and they quite give one the idea of deserving the name from their simple, innocent lives and ways.

To-day, however, Genowi (or I believe Kenowi is more correct, though less phonetic) gave me rather a shock. I cannot but think he stole a pumpkin! He is but a boy, however, and after all I am not sure. I was sitting on deck before breakfast, watching them towing, harnessed to their long rope, and toiling along the bank, when I observed Kenowi suddenly quit the ranks, and spring lightly over a fence of wattled cane as high as his shoulder, quickly reappearing with his blue tunic stripped off, and enwrapping some large object.

When they came on board to breakfast he unfolded it and displayed a vast pumpkin much

bigger than his head, amid much chatter and gratulation. I was wondering what their code of morality was, knowing the Nubians are considered a proverb for honesty, and meditating an imaginary argument with Kenowi, when I was suddenly disconcerted by the pumpkin's being brought to me for admiration, before I had settled the point.

I compromised basely, saying: 'You are a thief Kenowi;' but smiling at the same time.

He promptly said: 'No, O lady; the owner was on the other side of the hedge; I gave him money for it.'

Of course I could not disprove this, neither could I believe it, so I mildly repeated: 'I am afraid you are a thief;' and then dropped the subject; but I think he got a lecture afterwards from Rais Mohammed, who is his uncle.

Their blamelessness, I fancy, does not extend to a strict adherence to truth, at least in the sense in which we of the North understand the word; but I believe they would consider a falsehood blameless if it injured no one. They have almost without exception very pretty, gentle manners, with a touch of dignity. Some of them are full of little attentions—watching anxiously to see if you are pleased with them, pulling off their cloaks for you to step upon, jumping into the water to help

you ashore, and so on. The other day Kenowi was very anxious I should accept of his ring, saying he should like me to show it to the people in my country.

20th.—We passed to-day by an immense body of labourers working at a canal which the Khedive is making from Asyoot to Assouan to carry the Nile water to the parts of the cultivated land which lie farthest back from the river. These labourers are levied from the various villages, and are compelled to come, but the present Khedive allows them wages for their work, which the former one did not.

Till lately all this district was very disorderly, but the present moodir, or district governor, named Daoud, seems to be a very vigorous person, and has had *carte blanche* from the Khedive to inflict capital punishment; and 'if a man steals two piastres (twopence halfpenny), and Daoud hears of it, he has a stone tied round his neck, and has him thrown into the river to frighten the rest; or if in any village a man is found killed, he has all the people thrown into prison till he finds out who is the murderer;' so that it is each person's interest that the whole community should behave well. Murders seem to be very common, and not to excite much surprise or horror. One day a dead

body floated past us down the river ; they pointed it out, but did not seem at all interested about it.

We arrived by 4 o'clock at Keneh (pronounced Ginnah), a large town, about a mile from the shore. When there is a good wind, so that we can sail in, we always make a triumphal entry into a town, singing to our drum and tambourine, and flying our flags. Cook's excursion steamer was there, and one of the passengers—an old gentleman with a peaked cap and puggaree—came up and talked to us from the bank, and invited us on board ; but we rode to the town, and got back too late to go.

The road was along the sandy bed of a canal first, and then came a pathway bordered with sycamore figs, and gardens with hedges of castor-oil bushes. There were some imposing-looking houses in the town, belonging to rich bashas, to the French and Austrian consulates, etc. Keneh is renowned for its dates, and Moussa brought some for us in boxes ; there is a great industry of pottery too, made of a pale grey clay found near here. We went to see one performer who is celebrated for his skill ; he was making goullehs, or water-jars, and long-necked bottles, turning them dexterously on his wheel into very graceful shapes, and then selling them for a few pence ; but they were too brittle to be profitable to take home, so

we only bought a few for use on the dahabieh. They are very porous, and keep the water cold, but have to stand in a saucer of less porous material.

As we came back the stars were blazing unusually bright; the larger ones make paths of light across the water, which I do not think I ever noticed the stars in an English sky brilliant enough to produce. We passed several men weaving cord as they walked along, holding the shuttle in one hand, and in the other the thread, from which a reel hangs spinning in the air.

Crowds of children beset the boat, singing and dancing, and offering us bouquets of cotton-blossom and castor-oil. The former is a pretty pale-yellow blossom, growing on a bush like a magnified gooseberry-bush; the castor-oil has beautiful dark-green foliage, with red stalks and pointed leaves—an insignificant blossom, not unlike a lime-blossom, and prickly blue-green fruit, in spikes, like a horse-chestnut.

21st.—I was awoke at 4.30 a.m. by Cook's steamer noisily departing. She had a dahabieh in tow, of which our old gentleman yesterday had complained bitterly. At 7.30, as wind was unfavourable, I went off with Moussa and Kenowi to see the Temple of Denderah, on the opposite side of the river.

We crossed in the sandal, taking donkeys and our own saddles with us in another boat. We rode about two and a half miles, and did not see the temple until we were close upon it, as it is a good deal surrounded by low hills, and is up to its neck in drifted sand. There are several pylons or detached entrance-archways scattered about on the plain, also half-buried in sand.

The temple has been excavated, and a flight of steps made down into it, so that inside you have the full height—and the proportions are magnificent. The portico has several rows of massive pillars 30 feet round at the base—‘very fat,’ as Moussa remarked. Over the entrance is the globe with large blue wings, which appears on most temple doorways; and on the ceiling is a group of emblems, which have caused much controversy from their likeness to the signs of the Zodiac.

The temple is dedicated to Athor, a goddess who answered to Venus in some respects. On the capitals of the great columns are gigantic faces of Athor—four on each—one looking each way. I must apologise to Venus for their ugliness, but the sculpture and figures in this temple are not equal to the architecture.

The whole temple is in half-light, and must

always have been so, as it is lighted only by shafts in the roof. One wonders if these temples used to be lighted by lamps; but as I believe they are supposed not to have been used for public worship, but merely for treasure-chambers, and for mysterious rites performed by the priests alone, there may have been little need for light. It is marvellous, though, that beautiful things to look at should have been provided in such profusion, with so little facility for looking at them.

The walls are covered with sculptures in relief, but in many places the face just chipped off; some say this was by one set of fanatics or iconoclasts, some by another. But at any rate, Cambyzes, who seems to be held guilty of most of the mischief done in ancient Egypt, was quite out of this scrape, as Denderah is of comparatively late date, about the time of Tiberius.

In a corner of one side-chamber I looked into, was a square hole in the wall, through which the Arabs recommended me not to go, saying it was 'moosh-kwyis,' or 'not nice;' but it looked so spacious and mysterious as I peeped in, that I said 'Malish,' or 'That does not matter,' and crept through.

They lighted some candles, and followed. It certainly was very stuffy, and had a horrible smell



which Moussa attributed to mummies; but I having seen in some book that these unventilated passages smelt often of imprisoned gases, could account for it on other grounds. I was rewarded by the sculptures, which inside were much fresher and less defaced. It was a long narrow passage, shelving down at one end into depth and darkness. It seems that it never had any entrance, except by pulling out the stone concealing the hole by which I came in, and is supposed to have been a hiding-place for some of the temple treasures.

Outside the building the walls are also covered with sculptures. There is said to be one of Cleopatra, taken from nature, but I could not find it, so conclude it was under a sand-drift—or else possibly effaced by wasps' nests.

These cluster all over the walls in countless numbers, looking at first sight like a growth of brown lichen. There were also innumerable wasps flying about, and filling the air with their hum; we had several times to walk through a whole cloud of them.

We went on in the afternoon to a village called Wady el Ballas, where water-jars are made, and moored for the night close to a boat-load of them on the bank, feeling specially safe because they also had watchers.

## CHAPTER X.

*Jan. 23rd.*—This afternoon we towed slowly along the much-anticipated approach to Luxor, at which place we had been due some days, and which had long been the theme of our talk and goal of our hopes. Independent of its glories and wonders, the situation and surroundings were more beautiful than anything we had yet seen on the Nile. The scenery changes, the hills becoming much bolder and more varied in outline, and also sweeping farther back from the river so as to allow the plain to widen round the villages of Karnak and Luxor on the east bank, and the masses of Theban ruins on the west.

These two now appear quite disconnected, but formerly it was one great city, built, like London, on both sides of its river. Karnak and Luxor (or 'El Uksor'—'the Palaces') are about one and a half mile apart; they were once connected by one long avenue of sphinxes ('sphinges,' St. L. corrects

me), which joined the temple of one place to that of the other.

We spent hours on deck watching all this approach, and were thus unusually exposed to attacks from beggars on the banks. They are chiefly children, who run along for great distances, calling out 'baksheesh' in every variety of tone. They evidently think that intimidation may answer if coaxing fails; for they first try the most insinuating faces and voices, and then very often suddenly become quite peremptory, and stamp and roar out 'baksheesh' with threatening gestures, and at last drop sadly off.

We have seldom given them anything, as it would be endless if once we began; but to-day St. L. melted to a set of supple little black creatures, with heads shaved in front, and elf-locks behind, who ran breathlessly along, clinging with their bare feet to the bank; sometimes paddling in the water, sometimes climbing up a steep sandy bank. Great was the excitement when they saw that he was really producing pennies.

'Throw them to me, O my father! to me—to me!' they said, and came capering down to the edge.

Perhaps St. L. owed this venerable title to his white helmet and flowing puggaree. The pennies

fell, some in the water, some on the bank, and we left the children struggling eagerly to get them all before some larger boys, who were heaving in sight from a distance, should swoop down and dispute the prize.

About the same time we had a violent alarm of a crocodile ; flew out of the saloon on deck, and saw a very fine lizard, about a foot long ! They assured us, however, that it was a young 'timsaah,' or crocodile.

On reaching Luxor, we moored on an island close to the town, the actual place being rather noisy and crowded with traffic-boats and sailors. There were five dahabiehs there already : Mr. and Mrs. Foster's, Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley's (a London-built one, this last, called the *Thames*), two Belgian, and one French ; also Cook's steamer, which had left us at Kench.

We went on shore ere long, and wandered over the Temple of Luxor. It and its adjacent buildings are most curiously mixed up with the mud village around, the contrast being unusually piquant from the extreme meanness of the latter ; but I suppose it never strikes the present inhabitants how far they have fallen behind their ancestors. The modern huts look like swallows' nests plastered on to the huge fallen blocks of granite, sometimes a piece of

a head or foot sticking out through the mud wall at some odd angle.

The temple itself is very old, built by Amen-hotep III., of the eighteenth dynasty; but there is a good deal more built by Rameses II., the obelisk of red granite, whose twin obelisk is in Paris, among the rest. There are also two colossi of Rameses II., mutilated and half buried in sand; but on one is left a perfect ear, which seems to be cocked inquiringly towards the clamorous village clustered round his shoulders.

We saw a third still more buried, whence we inferred a fourth, but, on asking, were told, 'You would not care for that; none of the howagat go to see it.' We knew the right thing to say in such a case was that we must be taken to it at once. Accordingly we were made to stoop through a low doorway and passage, were nearly knocked down by an outraged goat, whose privacy we had invaded, and inside, in a small dark court, with mud huts, and hens and naked children all round, we came upon the poor colossus, up to his eyes in soil, and his double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt much beplastered with dirt. I stroked his head and hoped he might feel a thrill of pleasure, amid his sordid surroundings, at having been sought out by even two admirers. The Fellaheen crowded to

their doors to look at us, and we in turn looked at them, and into one of their houses; but it was so full of wood-smoke, from a little oven in which they were baking, that we came out in tears.

24th.—To-day we both devoted to Karnak, which is within easy reach, and on a moderately shady road; so we started leisurely at 9.15, and got back to the dahabieh at 5.30. Of course we rode on donkeys, and we were a large cavalcade—we two, Moussa and W—, the donkey-man, who also rode a donkey, and a train of children. One girl, carrying a water-jar, stayed with us the whole day, and, as far as I saw, never took her eyes off us. I put her into my sketch, and she had some piastres, and, what she seemed to like still better, a large flake of pink-and-white sugar from a cake which Moussa, as a special treat, produced out of cotton wool. It was of the 'Twelfth' dynasty, and rather dry, with a eartouche of 'Father Christmas' upon it.

I feel very averse to attempting a description of Karnak's oft-described wonders, it is so difficult to present any idea of the ruins, and still more to compress it into a few sentences. I thought the most impressive view was not on arriving, when you come into the Great Hall at one side—though that is also a very grand approach, as you come through the remaining bit of the Sphinx Avenue,

which, though battered and defaced, is sufficient to reconstruct the whole from in idea—but there is another vast entrance facing the river, which struck me more. It is all shattered in many places, and you can only creep about round and over enormous blocks of stone; but the whole sketch of it is there, and, as you look out to the river, there is no vista of further buildings to catch your eye, but you can confine your attention to the simple dimensions, and realise that you are walking through a doorway 50 feet thick and 340 feet high. Besides walking through it, I clambered as far as I could up it, to get a general view of the place. You can go nearly to the top of the shattered side, which presents a kind of staircase, and up here I felt very like a fly—‘busy, curious,’ and, I may add, ‘thirsty,’ for it was very hot. The Great Hall is filled with enormous columns, which make a person sitting at the base appear about the size of a kitten. I think they are now 62 feet high (but were more, as their bases are sanded up), and 34 feet round. The capitals of the middle rows are shaped like the cup of a giant flower. They are all of a beautiful, soft, gold-coloured stone, which gives a glowing effect even to the deepest, shadiest distances.

Besides the vastness of the dimensions, the whole ruin is equally wonderful the other way, *i.e.* in

minuteness of detail, being covered in every part, inside and outside walls, columns, roofs, and cornices, with elaborate sculptures and hieroglyphics. The plan is the same in all—a deep, firm outline cut in the stone, and the spaces inside filled in with plain colour, quite arbitrarily put on—a green or a blue face being as frequent as a red one—but all by rule, certain colours standing for royalties, for different divinities, and so on. The faces are always in profile, and beautifully outlined; the bodies are very often frontwise, and the feet again in profile, thus quite ignoring perspective. In short, I suppose the whole decorations are a specimen of high, finished art, unrestrained by science.

We found it difficult to identify the special things we wished to see, partly from the yearly changes made by shifting sand, by Nile-risings and by excavators, and partly from the ignorance of the guides and their unmethodical way of taking people about. They have a great respect for Murray, and generally point to it if you ask any questions, and say, 'O lady, it is in the book.' Murray refers a good deal to the points of the compass, and their way of expressing north and south is, 'to the sea' for the former, and 'to the mountains' for the latter. So you walk about asking, 'Does this



passage go to the sea, or to the mountains?" and so on. But these terms are so thoroughly suitable to the giant scale of everything, that it is quite a pleasure to use them. I think we ended by finding the sculptures we most wished to see. There is one of Shishak's expedition against Palestine, mentioned in the Bible, where the Jewish captives are distinguishable from the Egyptians by their different features and beards, and numerous other intelligible subjects.

It was cool all day in the halls and temples, though burning hot outside. We had a luxurious siesta and luncheon, having left all arrangements to Moussa. We found he had brought a small table, chairs, and a Turkey carpet; also materials for a fire and coffee. We strolled about trying to understand the maze of entrances, pylons, obelisks, passages, and statues. St. L. indulged largely in spurious *antichi* of the smaller kinds, and we had a constant following of children to divert our spare moments.

One young gentleman of about six, who was dressed in a piece of string tied round his waist, and another, who did not boast even that amount of drapery, sat together on a block of sculptured stone, and divided a bunch of some kind of grass, which they eat and throw about exactly like two

monkeys. W.'s donkey-boy had been taught by some traveller to say 'magnificent,' and it was very amusing to hear him say 'Mag-ni-fi-cent donkey,' as he pointed his out.

On the way home we called upon the English consul. He has built his nest under the eaves of a temple, and you walk through its colonnade to arrive at the long flight of steps leading up to his house. The consul himself, Mustapha Aga, was ill; but his son, Achmet Effendi, received us very politely on his steps, and led us into a room with divans, where he gave St. L. a chibook, and both of us little cups of coffee.

He speaks English well, and wears nothing Egyptian except a fez. In answer to inquiries for his father's health, he mentioned that he had taken some castor-oil, and was not allowed to walk that day, or ride his donkey. We shall hope, however, to see him on our return. Achmet showed us some antiquities, and gave me a very pretty little blue image and string of beads from a mummy. When we left he led me down the steps by one elbow.

We found Mr. Foster had called during our absence; and after our return we had another visitor, the postmaster, an intelligent and very good-looking young Copt.

25th.—As it was a dead calm this morning

early, I improved the shining hour by going across in the sandal with W. and Moussa, to see Medinet Haboo and the Ramescum on the west bank. We found donkeys there, and rode about a mile till we came to a kind of backwater, from the river, which we had to cross in a large clumsy ferry-boat, difficult either to stand or sit in. Our donkeys jumped into it after us as neatly as possible. We fell in with one or two other English sight-seers—the first time we have done so since starting.

We rode on a long way across the plain, and the first thing we came to was the two colossi of Amenhotep III., supposed to be the remains of an avenue of colossi. They had been in sight the whole way, at first looking like masses of rock, then as we came near gradually moulding into two giant figures, quietly sitting with their hands on their knees expecting us. One of them is the Vocal Memnon, who is said to sing at sunrise. He is much mended with blocks of newer-looking stone in layers. The other is all in one piece. A small statue of his queen, reaching about to his knee, stands beside him, and a much smaller one, nearly effaced, of his child, is standing between his feet.

Medinet Haboo is a village, supposed to retain the old name of Thebes in a changed form—Medina-thaboo, the City of Thebes. I suppose

there is no trace of its Bible name, No-amon. Here stood the palace of King Rameses III., and most of the sculptures here represent his deeds, abroad and at home. The large battle-pieces and triumphal returns are the easiest to make out. In one place a number of captains are each pouring out a sackful of human hands before the king, and behind each stands a scribe, writing down the list. In another, which covers a whole wall, the conquerors are insulting their captives, pulling their beards, and beating them. Some donkeys are represented, stumbling beneath the weight of treasure and money-bags taken from the enemy. In another place there is a town in siege, with ladders planted against the wall, and carrier-pigeons taking news from the besieged.

In all these sculptures the great people are always represented as literally great; *i.e.*, many times the size of the ordinary people.

The Rameseum is about half a mile off, and is another suite of halls, and the Temple of Rameses II.; this is sometimes called the Memnonium. A granite colossus of Rameses II., which is lying prostrate outside it, is the most stupendous of all his effigies, and weighs a thousand tons. A few millstones have been scooped out of the face, otherwise the head and one great shoulder are tolerably

perfect. It looks as if it had been shattered by violence, but I suppose its own weight in falling would be enough to break it; and when you consider what an unsubstantial foundation the sand of the desert must be, it is only wonderful that things have not all fallen. It is curious they did not choose a firmer soil, but I believe it was on the principle of not wasting good ground which would grow crops.

We bought a few relics—W. investing in the hand of a mummy—and I then came back to the boat, having had a good glimpse, though of course a mere glimpse, of the wonders of Thebes, of which I have not attempted to describe more than a passing impression or two.

St. L. meanwhile had been calling at the hotel on Mr. Fairfax. This hotel—the solitary one in Upper Egypt—belongs to the factotum Cook, and is kept by French people. St. L. said it seemed fairly comfortable.

26th.—Moussa has laid in various stores here. It takes a long time to go through any transaction of this kind, the two chief people sitting down to bargain, counting out little heaps of piastres, smoking, and drinking coffee, while an attendant stands by, laden with large chains and weights for measuring out the goods; and afterwards Moussa

goes through it all again with his reed pen, counting on his fingers with an important face.

When St. L. went to the post-office to send a telegram he was also immediately accommodated with a chair and a cup of coffee, the clerk taking another; and so they went leisurely to work. We thought this, as applied to a telegram, was very amusing; but it is a nation which never omits an opportunity of offering refreshment. The steersman has a separate bowl of food brought up to him on our deck, and if he happens to catch our eye before beginning he holds it out and says, 'Te-faddal;' that is, 'Favour me;' when we take a little in our fingers, so as not to hurt his feelings.

Moussa said to-day, speaking of his relations at Alexandria:

'Abderrahman's wife he very good to me—like my mother; he always want me walk straight. If he think I spend my money quick, he say: "Moussa, where your all money? Give me your money—I keep it for you." When I am there he always come in my room. If he see something little dirty—little not—all—right, he very angry with his servants. And I like it very much too. I tell it everything—show it my all things, my all books, my all money. If anybody bad to it, I kill him at once. But I am very angry for one thing;

I am want go to England, to Paris—see something before I am marry Abderrahman's daughter ; but Abderrahman and his wife—don'ts want. He say to me : " Moussa, sit in your own country." I am not want make him very sorry—I say : " Hall right—I sit in him." "

He told us an anecdote about a tailor, which puzzled us considerably, because he said ' feathers ' instead of ' seissors.' ' The tailor felt all about him for his feathers. He said : " Where are my feathers ?" ' etc.

At last, however, the meaning dawned upon us.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Jan. 29th.*—To-day we arrived at Esneh by about 11 a.m., and stopped there for the sailors to bake, as this is the last place with a public oven. It did not get at all cool till late in the afternoon, and then we took rides in two separate directions, St. L. about the town, and I first to the temple, and then—— but I will say what then in its proper place.

We dismissed Moussa to his shopping, and took each a sailor as escort. The temple did not take me very long; there is one very fine portico and a hall, but all the rest is actually underneath the streets of the town, and quite blocked up. The sculpture is very good, and comprises some spirited fishing-scenes. Then I wanted to see an old Coptic Dayr (or fortified convent with church inside), which was mentioned by Murray; so started with Ramadan and the man who owned the donkey to try and find it.



Of course neither of these could speak a word of anything but Arabic. The donkey-man said he was sure he knew the place, and when we were clear of the town pointed out a distant cluster of palms. It was already 5 o'clock, but I started, meaning only to go a short way and return. However, I was tempted on by the nice cool evening, and at last came to the point at which the attraction of the object in front became too strong to resist. When in about an hour we reached the palms and village, we found the Dayr was a little farther still, so I spurred up my donkey and hurried on to it.

It was a curious pile of building, walled, with a nest of little domes showing above the wall, dogs stalking about on the roofs, and rushing out to bark at us below. There was not a creature there but one woman and her family, who took care of it. She, to my surprise, said they were not Copts, but Mussulmans—the Copts only came on Sundays.

This 'Mussulwoman' was very obliging, and brought a tallow candle, as it was very dark inside the building.

We went through about a dozen little chapels *en suite*, the last containing the altar. Some of them had curious old crosses and carved faces built into the walls; but the light was too dim to do them justice.

Ramadan and the woman asked a good many questions about the carvings and some old pictures, and beguiled me into trying to explain some of them ; and when I got outside again I found that the sun had set in his usual sudden inconsiderate way, and the stars were quite bright already.

I now repented of having come, and remembered we had never been out at dark before without watchers ; and Ramadan and the Arab begged me not to be frightened, and assured me they were armed, which was not calculated to reassure me.

The Arab wore two sheathed knives, one up his sleeve, the other down his leg ; and Ramadan had his pole. The latter also proposed that we should buy a candle ; so we purchased the remains of the Coptie taper, and kept it alight with much exertion for nearly five minutes. Then in the darkness we heard stealthy footsteps coming up behind us. But fortune favoured us, and it proved to be a Sheykh riding his donkey, with attendants on foot.

We asked if he was going to Esneh, and modestly proposed to form part of his suite. He was quite agreeable, and indeed rather took us under his wing ; for not long after, when my donkey's bridle broke, as he was being hauled over a rough place, he did not desert us, but kindly waited while it was patched up.

It was quite dark, and we had to go rather slowly, as the road was full of holes ; but we met with no other *contretemps*. About a mile from home we heard shouts, and answered them, and soon a lantern appeared bobbing along in the distance, and Moussa with two men came to meet us.

He was very reproachful, and said he supposed, if he lived 'two hundred years,' he should never be so frightened again as when he got to the dahabieh and found I had not come back; for that the people about here were very bad, and if they saw a traveller and noticed he had a gold chain, they would keep him in sight till it was dark, and then come and stab him.

My Sheykh conversed affably with me and Ramadan, was anxious to know what countrywoman I was, and told me it was much more 'phantasia,' that is 'fun,' to go in a dahabieh than by steamer. Moussa said afterwards to St. L. :

'When I am find the Miss gone, I run quick, like dog, from the boat. Everyone I meet I ask him, "You see one Miss?" and when he say "No, I not see him," I get *very* angry with him.'

We thought this hard on the innocent.

Last night we halted at what I thought looked a most uninteresting place, but were told as usual that it was the only place in the neighbourhood

where watchmen could be got, etc., and at last succumbed, and started sulkily for our usual stroll on shore.

As it turned out, though, we were struck by what we saw. First we heard a great hum of voices, and then saw that one of the public works of canal-making or clearing was going on, and people were swarming like ants all over and along a high embankment.

We walked on, and climbed this embankment, and got quite into the middle of them. They were hurrying along in files, carrying the sand in baskets out of the bed of the canal, and emptying them at the top of the embankment. Every here and there was a taskmaster with a whip of thongs urging them on. 'Up, up, you boy—you son of a thief!' and so on.

We asked one of them if he was working for wages, and he said, with a plaintive shrug, 'Bel ash,' i.e., 'For nothing!' Then we caught a taskmaster, and asked how it was; and he said they were working on compulsion and 'bel ash,' but that they all came from the neighbourhood, and were clearing out the canal which supplied their own land. This has to be done every year, but they would never do it of themselves. They are only taken from families which have more than one man

in them, so as not to leave the house destitute of a bread-winner. So perhaps it was not a very hard case; but it gave a good idea of forced labour, and of the children of Israel toiling under their taskmasters. They sleep anywhere about on the ground, but here and there was a little cane-shed for the 'clerks of the works' to live in.

*Feb. 1st.*—Edfoo. We had a very impressive view here of a temple by twilight. The boat stopped before dark, so we had just time to ride there, about half a mile; but this time provided with a lantern and escort, in case of being belated. It is the most perfect of all the temples of the time of the Ptolemies, and dedicated to the Hawk-God. It has the peculiarity of a massive wall of enclosure all round it; and also the distinction, shared by no other temple, of a locked door and a guardian.

Inside is first a grand open outer court, and a roofed inner one; then, as is usually the case, the rooms get smaller and smaller as you advance, till they culminate in a narrow dark shrine for the idol. This shrine, at Edfoo, contains an enormous monolith of granite, with a recess in one side, and this was the Cage of the Sacred Hawk.

We had only time for a general look round. The warm lilac light was most becoming to the gold-brown walls and columns: these last, like the

columns at Esneh, have their capitals carved to represent lotus, palm leaves, and other leaves.

3rd.—It had been calm for so long that it was pleasant to-day to see a strong ripple on the water, and we spread our long-idle sail to a north breeze. it was cooler, too, and the flies less troublesome. We watched unsuccessfully for crocodiles, which are said to abound here. Once the old Rais touched me, and pointed to the bank. I sprang to look, but it was only two men with guns watching for crocodiles—not the rose, but near the rose !

We passed a very large island, Mansooreyeh, on the west, and a picturesque ruined temple, Kom Ombo, on the east. We stopped close to Rais Mohammed's home, and he went on shore for the night, and with him Barsi and Kenowi, his relations, and two other sailors. When he came back in the morning, 'before the sun,' as he promised, he brought his two young sons with him, that we might see them—two pleasant-looking boys, in brown abayehs (or cloaks), with white shawls rolled round their heads, and long staves in their hands. The eldest of them and Rais Mohammed spent a long time crouched opposite each other, with their hands on the ground, in earnest discussion. Then the father pulled out a brass key hung to a chain, unlocked a small chest, took out a fringed bag, and

extracted a coin from it. The son suggested several safe places for it—his sash, his turban—at last it was solemnly assigned to his bosom, tied up in a handkerchief.

We have had various requests for medicine and advice of late. One evening, when we were walking, an invisible person called out to ask if we would give him some vinegar, as he was ill. We called back that he must come to the boat, and hurried off quite elated and important; but it turned out that he was a very old man, 'perhaps more than a hundred,' who had lost the use of his hands and feet, and could only send a messenger. Not to disappoint him, we sent a little harmless stuff of some sort. Another, an old woman, asked Moussa if the howagat could give her something to make her young again; and there were other more ordinary cases. One very respectable-looking woman, with a nice face, came to ask for medicine, and brought a little milk in a bottle as a present. When I went to speak to her, she came and fell upon the ground and took my hands and kissed them repeatedly.

In one of our walks we heard a man repeating the Koran at a great rate, and, looking over a wall, we saw him sitting at his house-door, and said something complimentary to him on his nice occupation; but Moussa coming up, crushed us all by inform-

ing him, that if he had not been in a hurry, he would have stopped and beaten him for reciting so fast.

4th.—We looked into a rather superior house this morning, in the course of a stroll we took. We were told it belonged to Rais Mohammed's brother ; but we found so many people claiming relationship with him here, that we began to think they did it by way of propitiating us, unless the whole village was inhabited by one clan. The house was a labyrinth of little yards, with mud walls round them, and, in the innermost corner, two rooms roofed with matting and floored with mud, containing a wooden trestle raised a few inches from the ground, with ropes of date-fibre stretched across it (say a bedstead), and a little pillar of mud about a foot high, hollowed at the top, and containing some cinders (say a fire-place). In the outer yard stood two huge earthen pots, as tall as I was ; one contained grain, and the other (which was ventilated) contained hens. Let us call them a granary and a poultry-yard. The only other noteworthy object was a small dark-blue heap on the ground, with a foot sticking out. I unrolled it cautiously, with the sanction of two big boys who were showing us the house, and found a nice little round black baby, *au naturel*, not strapped up or tied in any way, which I was glad to see.



## CHAPTER XII.

*February 6th.*—We arrived yesterday at Assouan, a marked stage in our journey, 580 miles from Cairo—the end of Egypt, the beginning of Nubia, and the foot of the Cataract. It is also, with its neighbourhood, the home of most of the sailors. The approach to the town is very striking; the river narrows, and groups of polished black granite rocks lift their backs and heads out of it like water monsters. Some are smooth and round, some jagged and pointed. The town comes down to the river's edge on the east bank, palm-sprinkled and circled by cliffs—of no great height, indeed, but rich in colouring, and fantastically grouped about the landing-place—relieved with figures cloaked and turbaned, camels waiting to be hired, and bales of merchandise. Several of the cliffs are crowned by a bit of ruined building, or a sheykh's tomb. I had expected something remoter and more barbarous than we had seen before; but, on the contrary, we feel rather in the world—I think, partly from

the safe and friendly feeling which you experience on finding that here everything is quiet and honest.

St. L. and I have strolled on the beach, to-day and yesterday, 'by moonlight alone'—that is, *really* alone, for the first time since we started—no sailor or pole needed here, no dogs, and no robbers. There are three other dahabiehs here—one Dutch, and two English; on one of the latter, Mr. Foster's, we had tea yesterday, and our visit has been returned.

We are not, however, actually at Assouan, but at Elephantine, the large island just opposite, which is a green, fertile-looking spot. The other dahabiehs are close beside us. Mr. Foster showed us some very pretty sketches he has done, and we also saw there a sand-grouse—a remarkably pretty bird—and a strange being called a rabbit—hare-coloured, or even yellower, but rabbit-sized, and with absurdly long ears.

We went across this morning to the town—Sovan, as they call it here. St. L. proceeded straight to the bazaars, where I found him later, 'brawling in the market-place' with a curiosity-dealer, under Moussa's escort. I took rather a blazing ride first, to the granite quarries, whence most of the colossi, obelisks, etc., of Egypt were hewn. There is one

enormous obelisk half finished, still joined on to the solid rock at one end, and its shape marked out by a row of holes, into which wedges were to be driven.

It is a very desolate scene there outside the town. Between it and the quarries is an immense necropolis, of tombs of all ages. There is nothing but desert in sight all round—not one tree or blade of grass. No weeds can ever grow on these graves; but the sand drifting over them hides them as much, though it wraps them safer, in its warm dry folds. A young Englishman is buried there, who was drowned trying to swim in the Cataract.

The town is not very different from the others I have described, but the merehandise differs somewhat. Ostrich feathers and eggs, ebony, ivory, different sorts of spears and arrows, and the toilet articles of the Nubians, all figure amongst the wares. We are learning, by the way, to say 'Barabra,' instead of 'Nubians.' That is what they call themselves, and the country they call Berberi. We saw the first real Barabra on this island as we arrived, in the shape of some children capering on the shore. They had a deep fringe round their bodies, of leather, decorated with shells, and no other garment; but most of them had two ear-rings in one ear. This costume was once universal,

but is now scarce, except in the remoter parts, and most Nubians, like our sailors, wear Arab dress and talk Arabie ; but they also constantly use their own language amongst each other, much as a Welshman might speak Welsh and English equally well ; and it is as different as Welsh from English.

Rais Abdallah is one of those whose home is on this island. He is such a charming creature in appearance and manners, that I wanted to see what sort of home he lived in, so asked him, some time ago, if he would show me his house when we got here ; and with gentle hand-wavings and sweet smiles, showing his snow-white teeth and lighting up his long drooping eyes, he agreed. But he is a man of moods, and after we arrived I found him squatting sadly apart, and, as soon as he saw me, he said :

‘ If you want to see my house, Idris shall take you ; he knows the way. I am sad and displeased. I cannot go to my house.’

I asked what was the matter ; but he would say no more, only shake his head. At last I made one more effort to find out, when he hid his face on his arm, with a very childish gesture, and said he did not want to go home, because he had no money to take.

‘ I had two or three guineés ’ (*i.e.* pounds) ; ‘ but

I had to wait long in Cairo. I eat much bread—and—they went.'

He then caught up a piece of rope and hurried off and went up the mast. Later, I saw him apart on the beach with his cigarette, and gave him a little bag I had already promised him, putting a few francs into it. At first he did not discover the money I think, for he continued dignified and melancholy, and let me start for the village with Idris and another sailor, without taking any notice. When I began, however, to follow my guide through a maze of mud-burrows which served as streets, I thought I saw a well-known graceful figure gliding some way ahead, and on arriving my friend received me at his door with his usual sweet smile.

He led me in, begging me to remember it was not like the sumptuous and spacious dahabieh, and placed me on a very low square stool, which occupied the middle of the floor, and served both as table and chairs, and put a basket of dates and parched corn by my side. Then he brought his sister and a number of other females—all 'garib,' *i.e.*, relations. I asked for his wife, and was told she was awaiting me in the inner room. The Nubians, as a rule, have only one wife. He has only one child—a poor little boy with one eye, and

wearing two large silver ear-rings in the same ear, one at the top, the other at the bottom.

The ladies were all dressed *à l'Arabe*, in dark blue muslin; a good deal tattooed, bestringed, and bedecked with beads. They took me into the inner room, where Rais Abdallah's wife was sitting on her bed to receive me. They could only speak Nubian, so conversation languished; but we were very happy examining each other's ornaments. I had some coffee when I came out, which Rais Abdallah stirred for me at intervals with a splinter of wood; he also gave me a soft warm pancake of maize, which is the only attempt at bread they have.

When I went he presented me with all the dates and corn in their tray and basket of Nubian grasswork. This basketwork is interesting as being identical in shapes and colours with the old representations in the temples, in which offerings are being made to the gods.

*Feb. 12th.*—We have just come to a pause in our proceedings half-way up the Cataract, and have struck work for the day. We are moored to a bank strewn with great blocks of granite of every size and shape, among which our hens and turkeys, released from their coops, are meditatively picking their way. It is about 3.30; the Sheykh of the

Cataract has just said his prayers on the shore, and brushed the sand from his forehead.

I must go back and try to account for the six days which have passed since I last wrote, and which have been consumed in doing less than five miles of our journey—quite a thing to boast of, we think, in these days, to be able to do so little in so long a time. The journey from Assouan to Philæ is often done in two days, but we have had adverse weather, and also, we think, some slackness and scarcity of hands. At any rate, we could not have been detained in a more striking and characteristic part of the river. These are the Highlands of the Nile (I feel sure some one must have said this already), and are totally different from Lower Egypt.

Our prospect now is an archipelago of tiny islands, some of them rocks, some reed-beds, some sand-hills, and a few cultivated with patches of lupin or lentil, and shaded with sycamore-trees. Instead of a calm, glassy river, we have now a set of tumbling rapids, and a continual murmur of near and distant waters—there being about five cataracts, or rather rapids, between Assouan and Philæ.

On the 7th we remained quietly at Elephantine. In the morning we rowed out in the sandal amongst the islands, landing here and there. All

the S. end of Elephantine is covered with the mounds of an old town, and many curious bits of tile, used by the Greek soldiers to write on, are picked up amongst the *débris*. We grubbed for them and other treasures, and though we failed to find anything good ourselves, the sailors, who were very zealous in helping, brought us a few things which looked as if they might have some merit.

At one place where we pulled to land, a number of women and children came running down to the boat, pulling off their bracelets and ear-rings, and offering them for sale. One little girl was in such despair when we refused to buy her ear-rings that she was a most amusing sight. She stamped upon the ground, wrung her hands, gathered up as much dust as they would hold and threw it angrily at us, scattered it on her head, and at last burst into tears. St. L. at length took the ear-rings and gave her a piastre, and, much cheered, she produced a bit of yellow glass, and the scene was re-enacted.

At length, on the sailors telling her to go, she broke into a torrent of abuse. St. L. said he had never heard such rapid articulation. She said our fathers were dogs, our mothers also were dogs; and, as a last shot, she screamed out, 'Thoodi!' (Jew). This blow quite crushed us, and we got meekly into the sandal and decamped.



## CHAPTER XIII.

SOON after we got back Moussa announced a visit from the Governor of Assouan, attended by the Sheykh el Beled. I do not know the difference of their functions, but Moussa told us the governor was the grandest. He was in European dress, the Sheykh in Egyptian. We received them in the saloon, and gave them chibooks and coffee, and afterwards sherbet, made with some syrup we had brought on purpose for such occasions, but had never yet used.

They stayed about three quarters of an hour, and we conversed in Arabic all the time, as they knew nothing else. They were pleased with our photographs, and delighted with Millais's picture, "Cherry Ripe," in the Christmas *Graphic*. They hung over this untiringly, murmuring: 'Allàh, Allàh, Allàh,' with a strong stress on the last syllable. They said they had seldom known so few dahabichs on the Nile as this winter, or such a

succession of calms and head-winds. Only twenty-two boats had gone up the Cataract yet, and there would not be many more, as it was getting late. Last year there had been forty by this time. The governor is the person with whom it rests to arrange with the Sheykh of the Cataract about taking up dahabiehs, and as only one can go up at a time there is much room for favour, and we tried to propitiate him in hopes of being quickly despatched.

Soon after they went the Sheykh of the Cataract and a sub-Sheykh made their appearance. The Sheykh is a very important person; even 'Effendina,' as they call the Khedive, is afraid of him. He has a monopoly of taking people up the Cataract, and commands the services of a powerful tribe of Arabs—called the Shellalee, from the Shellâl, or Cataract—who alone are supposed to have the requisite strength and skill for the work. He sends a crew and pilot on board, who supersede the other crew for the time, and also provides a body of men on shore to tow. He often goes with the boat himself. He was a tall, spare, polished black gentleman, the son of a very well-known old Cataract Sheykh, who has been reigning here for many years. We tried to impress on him what a hurry we were in, and he smiled condescendingly,

and said if Allah pleased they would start us to-morrow. We had of course nothing to do with his terms, but I believe they get £10 for each boat they take up.

Next morning Antonio came round early and shut all the windows and shutters, for fear both of breakages and of depredators, and when we went up we found the deck occupied by a number of strangers, and a government official in uniform keeping order, wielding a scourge, or short thick stick with a broad leather strap as lash, with which, he said, to keep the Shellalee in order. After all this preparation, we moved about a mile, in our usual fashion, by towing, and were then told it was no use trying to go up the first 'bab,' or door, without more wind. So we opened our windows again, the Shellalee dispersed to their homes in the neighbouring villages, and we prepared to spend the day where we were; and got through it chiefly by rowing in the sandal and sitting on some of the pretty little islands. It was a cloudy evening—the only one we had had—and this produced a very pleasant variety in the usual calm brilliant monotony of the sunset, and caused some gorgeous effects.

Next morning there was a grey sky, a strong gale of west wind, and clouds of driving sand. Of

course we did not move from our position all day, as in a strong wind the Cataract is dangerous for a dahabieh. It did not matter for the sandal, however, and we rowed in it up as far as the first 'door'—I suppose the rapids are so called because the river rushes through a passage or doorway in the rocks—then we walked up the bank while the boat was towed up the rapid, and we got in again at the top and were shot down. The Shellâl pilot came with us and superintended this feat. We danced about in a strange, giddy sort of way for about two minutes, the sailors shouting and wild with excitement; then we shot out into smooth water below.

We saw people paddling themselves across the river here in curious, primitive-looking rafts, made of bundles of straw neatly tied together, and coming to a point at one end; they used a short double paddle. We also saw others coming up to the bank carrying a log of palm, on which they launched forth, carrying their clothes in a pile on their heads, and paddling with their hands.

Small boys, too, shoot down the rapids in this way on a log, often going quite under water for a minute, and then bobbing up again, quite composed, and kissing their hands and asking for baksheesh. It looks frightfully dangerous, but

very pretty, their little shining wet bodies and the palm-log all the same colour, and looking as if they were cut out of the same piece.

The groups of rock which compose the larger part of the islands are of polished granite, some red, some black, some grey—so shining that you can hardly believe they are not wet till you touch them; and this gives them a look of having just popped out of the water. The speckled red, black, and white kind is perhaps the commonest. Some of these rocks are hieroglyphed with invocations, chiefly, I believe, to Num, the goddess of the inundation; and many also are marked with rows of wedge-holes since the days when they were quarried.

The sand as we have advanced up the river has assumed gradually a much warmer tint, and here, especially on the Libyan side, where there is generally a range of mountains near the river, it lies in long smooth wreaths along the slopes, shading from a delicate yellow into almost rose-colour, like the bloom on a ripe apricot: this makes a very gay contrast with the black granite.

I can hardly describe the next few days separately; each one consisted of a short spell of getting up the rapids with tremendous noise and hubbub; and a long spell of resting moored to the

bank in some bay of smooth water, the whole party squatting round smoking, or dozing on the rocks. The scene when we are going up is most barbarously picturesque. A troop of from fifty to a hundred men, most of them tall, spare, and athletic, with small heads close shaven all but the plaited side-lock, with beautiful bronze skins, naked except for muslin trousers, broad-shouldered and taper-waisted, almost identical in shape, hair, and dress with many of the old wall-pictures of four thousand years ago, come bounding down the rocks, some boarding us, some wading into the water, some going deeper and swimming about. After a good deal of preliminary fuss and noise, they fasten a number of ropes from the dahabieh to some convenient point of rock up stream, and then two sets of men, one on deck and one on land, pull hard upon these ropes, while others are swimming about, or rowing in little boats, and disentangling the ropes from any rocks or other obstacles. They do all sorts of active things. I saw one man run along on all fours from the boat to the land on two ropes, one foot and one hand on each rope.

The chief risks to the passengers are, a rope breaking, or a rock knocking a hole in the boat—there would not be much risk of drowning, I fancy, as the groups of rocks are very close together.

We had one alarm of a hole, after a great bump on a rock, and Rais Mohammed assured me we were going down; but I thought little of this, being now used to hyperbole. One thing really did look dangerous; when the current in the Great Bab was driving the boat apparently straight against a rock, a number of brawny athletes jumped into the water and planted their backs against the rock and their feet against the boat, to hold it off—and for a minute it looked as if it must be too strong for them, and they would be crushed between the two. They looked frightened themselves, too, and screamed like children; then a reinforcement jumped in to help, and it was all right—but I saw one or two rubs on the silky bronze backs. The noise is indescribable; the roar of the water, mingling with the united shouts of the whole body—nobody even thinking of listening to anyone else—so that the people who really want to be heard—the Sheykh, pilot, etc.—have to enforce their words by dancing, stamping, thumping the people they are addressing, and similar rude expedients.

They seem to be very superstitious, and refused to move on a Wednesday, because a boat was once lost on that day. Directly the Sheykh came on board he hoisted a green flag, instead of our Union Jack, with Allah on one side of it, and Mohammed

on the other. One of the Shellalee had a belt with five little satchels of red leather fastened round his waist—curiosity overcame me, and with difficulty I made him hear my question as to what they were. ‘In order that I may not be afraid in the Cataract,’ was the answer; but it was not a swimming-belt all the same, but a set of sentences from the Koran, written out by a Wellce or holy man.

The Shellalee missed no opportunity that offered of acquiring a little baksheesh by judiciously timed requests. They are supposed to be ever ready to save you any trouble in the matter by helping themselves; but, to do them justice, we missed nothing after they were gone. I was much amused at the Government official, to whom I said, complaining as to a superior being:

‘*Everybody* seems to want baksheesh.’

‘Certainly—I also,’ he gravely rejoined.

I am finishing this on the 13th. We have done our last rapid, and are moving into Philæ. The main body of the Shellalee are dispersed, and comparative quiet reigns; the wild war-dance and song which have been going on all morning have calmed down into our usual peaceful chant, and the smell of warm wet Arabs is passing away. I hope to send this back to be posted by the Sheykh of the Cataract, who will leave us at Philæ.



## CHAPTER XIV.

*Feb. 13th.*—Philæ is an uninhabited island, 400 yards long and 140 broad. It has been entirely built over, and is a mass of ruins from end to end, varying in character from the temple with colonnades and porticoes, to the cottage built of unbaked bricks. They vary also greatly in date, but there is nothing astonishingly old; the chief temples are of the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, B.C. 285, and were built by him, but in imitation of Egyptian architecture, so that they might be compared to our 'modern Gothic.' Before I had been in Egypt I should have thought them enormously old; but it is a country calculated to spoil you for ordinary antiquities, and you find yourself saying, 'Oh! merely Greek, I see,' or 'Merely Roman,' with supreme contempt.

Isis was the chief divinity of Philæ, and it claims, equally with Abydos and Meraphis, to be the burial-place of her husband Osiris.

‘By him who sleeps in Philæ,’ was the most sacred oath of the Egyptians. The worship of Isis was kept up here in secret, long after the decree of Theodosius abolishing the old Egyptian religion. At length, when Nubia became altogether a Christian country, the priests of Isis were ejected, and every temple was made a Christian church. Later still, Mohammedanism swept over Nubia, effacing all traces of the purer faith, and then the Christian colony abandoned Philæ, which has never since been peopled.

All this would make, if told in detail, a very chequered and interesting chapter of religious history. I just put it in to exonerate myself from the charge of not having even tried to improve your minds on the subject of Philæ, and shall now revert with a sense of relief to lighter topics.

We had heard more about this place beforehand than about most others, I think; still it did not disappoint us on the whole. Nothing can well be more beautiful than the situation from whatever point of view one catches sight of it; but the place from which I first saw it, one day before we arrived, in the course of a donkey-ride from Mahatta, remains my favourite. From thence you see the long temple colonnades stretching away all

across the island, the line only broken by an occasional group of palms. The buildings and the rocks are almost identical in colour, and this uniform brown tint is often considered to take off from the beauty of the whole; but I rather liked the effect, suggesting that the temples are moulded out of the island, rather than built upon it.

The bit of detail which is best known from pictures and photographs is the small temple which overhangs the river at a projecting point, and is always called 'Pharaoh's Bed;' but I mean now to drop this name as puerile, and unworthy of a finished Egyptian—and instead, to call it the Hypæthral Temple, which sounds better, and more generally intelligible. I can explain even this, however, if desired. The English of 'hypæthral' is, 'never intended to have a roof,' and this distinguishes it from a building which is roofless because its roof has tumbled off. When we arrived yesterday, we moored just underneath this spot, and have already paid it more than one visit. Besides this, we wandered and sat about while daylight lasted; and St. L. went especially to see one temple where various remains of its occupation as a Christian Church are distinguishable; while I further took a long ramble, by the light of a glorious full moon, amongst the ruins.

14th.—This morning I got up early, and walked all round the island, except at one point where the temple walls go sheer down to the water's edge. Here there is a flight of steps something like the Tower-stairs—made to use as a landing-place, and bringing you into the great colonnade at the top.

In this morning walk I saw all the details and carvings I had not had light for the evening before, especially the painted portico I had heard so much about, where the colour remains so wonderfully fresh. This colour is chiefly on the capitals of the columns, which are carved to represent leaves and flowers, each one being different. Deep blue and pale green is the most usual combination, sometimes relieved with a very effective dull red.

Just as I was leaving the bank, the sailor who was with me said, 'Look at the Hareem!' ('Hareem,' by the way, is merely the plural of 'M'ra,' a woman, and is a specimen of the unprincipled way in which Arabic plurals are formed). I looked, and saw some little black objects in the water, and waited to see them land. They were three women, one of whom had a baby under her arm, which, as well as herself, was in water up to its neck. They each had a small log about a yard long, which I suppose helped to buoy them up,

but was quite under water. They had their blue robes on their heads, and slipped them on very adroitly and prettily in the act of rising from the water. The baby felt quite stone-cold to the touch, but wrinkled its face up into a smile. It looked about two months old. Its mother seemed to think it was three, and might be supposed to know best, if it were not for the vagueness about age which seems to be universal. The women were tall and slight, with pretty eyes and teeth; but they spoil their beauty about here a good deal by tattooing their lips blue, which has a very ghastly effect.

In the afternoon we started; moved five or six miles up, and moored for the night. There was a lovely moon, and the sailors had games on the bank—chasing each other about, and hiding. While looking on, we heard a strange distant sound like a pack of hounds, or jackals, and were told that it was a band of pilgrims returning from Mecca, and what we heard was the women crying ‘Li-li-li,’ as the inhabitants of the villages poured out to meet them on the road.

Soon after, we were aware of a dahabieh coming down past us. We always greet each other very politely on these occasions, by lowering our flags; and then we have a good deal of talk between the

crews, and have sometimes been quite jealous of their enjoyment. 'What boat? what captain? what dragoman?' are the first questions. Then follow personal remarks. 'Is Barsi there? How are you, O Barsi?' 'Well, and you, Hassan, and your house?' etc. Then inquiries as to the state of the river above and below, and so on.

To-night, however, there was an excitement for us also. The boat was the *Sitt Miriam*, containing the party of seven ladies whom I have already mentioned as being with us at Cairo. And when they heard it was the *Fatima*, three of them pushed off in their sandal, and paid us a very pleasant little visit. They had been as far as Wady-halfa very successfully, but were now beginning to wish for home news, having had none later than the 7th of January. We compressed as much talk into the space of ten minutes as it could possibly be made to hold, and then they had to hurry off and row hard to catch up their retreating dahabieh.

15th.—The first thing we saw was the band of pilgrims we had heard in the night—probably another detachment, though—and very pretty they looked, streaming along the bank, and chanting as they went. We asked some questions from Moussa and the sailors about going to Meeea, and found that women made the pilgrimage too sometimes,

which I was not aware of. I think it seems to be considered as a step which binds the pilgrim to a stricter way of life afterwards, and some of the views about it interested me as being, though more openly expressed, almost identical with the feeling of many Christians about becoming communicants.

One of them said, 'I would not go to Mecca now, even if I were rich enough—when I am older I will go. But if I have been to Mecca, if a man quarrels with me I must not strike him; and I know I cannot keep myself—if a man is bad to me, I *must* fight with him, perhaps kill him. When I am old I shall not want to do all that, and then if I am rich enough I will go.' Rais Mohammed informs us he means to go next year. They call Mecca 'El Hegaz.'

We have now got rid of all our strange Cataract crew except the pilot, Rais Asseeni, who remains, and now takes charge of our course as far up as we go. He is a tall, fine man, and has a very inquiring mind. To-day he asked me with great interest 'whether I kept my money in a box,' pointing to a large wooden chest. I said:

'No; I keep it in a purse.'

'Then how many purses have you?'

'Oh, we do not carry it all about with us. A

man in England keeps it safe for us, and sends us a little at a time.'

'Then does only he know how much you have, or do you know too ?'

'Oh, we know how much we have.'

'And how much have you ?'

This was a poser ; but he was ready with a suggestion.

'Perhaps a thousand guineés every month ?' opening his mouth and raising his hands ready for a burst of admiration.

I think he was a good deal disappointed when I said, 'Not nearly so much.'

I asked how he came to have such a cracked, hoarse voice ; and he said it was 'from shouting in the Cataract,' and suggested that some medical treatment would be acceptable.

We gave him some bronchial troches, and explained to him how to steam his throat ; but told him nothing would cure him if he went on shouting. He cannot resist holding conversations with friends a quarter of a mile off on the bank ; but since this advice, if he sees me looking at him, he puts his hand over his mouth with a guilty smile, and when he speaks to me does not raise his voice above a whisper. Though a Shellalee, he seems to look with some disapproval on his fellow-clansmen ;



says what an unruly set they are ; that ' Effendina ' can do nothing with them, and has given up trying to make soldiers of them ; they will have their own way, and kill anyone who offends them.

We are now well into Nubia, and think it a most unique country—entirely desert except the one green stripe down the middle, the flat strip of river-bank, seldom more than two or three hundred yards wide, sometimes only ten or twelve, and sometimes ceasing altogether, but always rich-soiled, and of the most vivid green. In many places, little protecting piers of loose stones are built out into the river to break the force of the current, and keep it from washing the soil away. Every inch is economised, and every blade of green is valuable. The chief crops are lupins, lentils, and vetches ; a coarse kind of tobacco, and castor-oil bushes. Every hundred yards or so comes a *saggieh* on the bank. A *saggieh* is an expedient for raising water, a wheel, of which the spokes are of wood, and the circle is of rope. This rope, which is made of palm-fibre, hangs round the spokes like a necklace, and on it is strung a row of earthen jars. These are all lowered in turn into the water as the wheel goes round, come up full, and just as they turn over at the top, empty their contents into a trough placed at just the right

angle to catch the water, and lead it off to the land behind. These wheels are turned by a cow or a camel, driven by a child perched on a bar of wood behind them, and they work continuously all day, and often all night—I hope with a change of cow, camel, and child. They keep up a perpetual gentle wail from the creaking of the rope. Sometimes, in poetic moments, I fancy it is a little like an *Æolian* harp. When we suggest that as castor-oil is so abundant, they should devote a little to oiling the *saggichs*, we are told that it is only *howagat* who dislike noise; they like it, and they want the oil; it is to eat, to put on their hair, their skins, their clothes. Certainly everything is redolent of it, both themselves and the things they bring to sell.

Their staple food is dates and water. Whatever land is not used for other crops is covered with date-palms, and often for miles there is nothing else growing. I tasted the lupins the other day, and thought them very nasty; they eat the seeds raw with salt.

The hills here are a wonderful colour when the sun is on them—more like brass or copper than anything else I can think of; and in the evening going through every sort of combination of pink, bronze, and violet, with this burnished brass. They are some of them very bold in outline,

mostly conical, and with a calcined volcanic look about them ; all of them curiously loose in fabric, like stone-heaps lightly piled up, and daylight often showing through the interstices in the peaked tops.

The sunsets are even more marvellous than in Egypt—especially striking at the moment when the warm colour dies off the hills, and flushes up into the skies. One minute you have a deep rose and golden flush on the mountains against a grey-blue sky ; then, with a sudden interchange, the mountains turn cold and pale, and the sky is suffused with one brilliant blush over its whole expanse ; not in the west merely, but right round to the west again, it is all a maze of soft bright tints. The climate is very perfect, too ; the air is fresher here than it was lower down, and so light and pure that the heat does not seem to oppress one. We have had a grand north wind since leaving Philæ, and have sped on rapidly, and done forty miles to-day.

16<sup>th</sup>.—We stopped this morning for half an hour, by special request, near Abdou the cook's native village, that he might see his family. He called out to an acquaintance on the bank about a mile from the place, who hurried on and gave the alarm, so that when we came towards it we saw a little band hurrying down from the mountains to greet him. He must be a great man at home, as even we con-

sider him grand, and he quite patronises the rest of the men, and gets much higher wages than anyone else. He only sees this family once a year when he comes by on a dahabich, as he lives in Cairo, and keeps his principal wife at that end of his beat—this is merely his country wife. His little boy was sent in to see us, in a red chintz dressing-gown, an embroidered skull-cap, and one large silver earring. He could only speak Nubian, but quite understood some raisins and biscuits.

We have now passed the homes of all the party except Taha the second cook, a nice-looking shy boy who is seldom seen outside his cupboard, and whose family seat is near Derr, the capital of Nubia.

This afternoon the wind rose almost to a gale, and veered about a little, making the big sail difficult to manage. It is so very large in proportion to the boat that we feel, collectively, like a butterfly with immense wings and an insignificant body. In one sudden gust Kenowi distinguished himself and saved all our lives, hyperbolically speaking. A man always sits by the sail-rope which is never tied, that it may be altered in a moment; but this man only gives the alarm, and three or four come to help, as the sail is a great unmanageable thing. Kenowi, however, seeing there

was no time to lose, boldly let out the whole rope by himself, at the risk of being swept off his feet by the force of the sail when loosed, which he certainly must have been if the others had been an instant later. The boat went tremendously on one side for a minute, and all the things slipped off the tables ; then it righted, and Kenowi was very much praised by his elders. He is a very young fellow—I should think not more than seventeen—but neither he nor anyone else can tell what his age is.

We have to-day got into the tropics, but it is much cooler than it was lower down ; the thermometer was about  $58^{\circ}$  at 7 a.m.

We noticed in a nocturnal ramble about eight o'clock that the Pleiades were nearly overhead, and the Great Bear was just rising. I believe I saw the top of the Southern Cross, too, at about four in the morning.

We require no watchers at night now, in honest Nubia ; and there are stories of property left lying on the ground for months, where the camel who carried it died, and being found untouched when the owner returned for it.

17th.—The sailors have been bargaining for a sheep, the owners running a long distance along the bank chaffering about it, and then came a request that we might put in for a few minutes and look at

it. It was too small, they decided; but it made a very pretty little group with a negro boy, who led it, and, like it, was black and curly.

As they stood together on the bank, our poor sheep—who was being towed after us in the boat, waiting till we were ready to turn him into mutton, seeing a fellow-sufferer on shore was moved by a social impulse, and sprang wildly into the river to swim to him, 'just like a son of Adam,' as Rais Abdallah observed; and he had to be pursued in the sandal, and re-captured.

18th.—We arrived early at Korusko, a small place, but important, as having the last post-office on the way up the river, and also as being a great trading depôt from the Soudan. There was a trader's camp on the shore, of tents made of matting, and arranged in a sort of street. The village lay farther back.

I walked some way inland and climbed a hill, so as to see a little distance into the country. As I looked away from the river, it reminded me a good deal of the scenery in the moon (*i.e.*, as I imagine it), with its endless stones and utter aridity and desolation. In front of me, some way off, was a group of about thirty camels standing at ease, hardly showing against the rocks, they were so much the same colour. I also saw a desert fox stealing along.

Far off was a little party of travellers wending along a caravan-track into the desert. I was told it was a murderer, who had killed a rich traveller near Asyoot, and was being taken into exile in the Soudan. The Soudan, or 'black country,' is a somewhat vague term, I think, for the South in general.

Coming back, I was inveigled by Kenowi into the traders' market, of which he evidently wished to do the honours. There was a great quantity of bales of gum-arabic, and Kenowi took upon him to help me to a handful from an open sack. I do not know that I had ever thought of it before as a product of these regions. There was senna too, in sacks, and henna, and, of course, dates. Then I had a young stuffed crocodile offered me for sale, and a Nubian shield and spear. Chameleons abound here, and I had two brought me, and saw one turn green in a very able manner.

After passing Korusko the river makes a curious bend, and for some miles doubles nearly backwards, so it was lucky for us that our strong north wind which had brought us 120 miles in three days, dropped just as it would have become a hindrance instead of a help, and we thankfully returned to our old friend the 'lebban,' or towing-rope.

We also spent a long time on shore, amusing

ourselves with trying to attract some Nubian women and children to come to us. They were at first very shy, and then rather the reverse. The women were unveiled, and had wonderful hair, wet with castor-oil, and in about fifty tiny plaits hanging straight down, and each plait finished off at the end with a tag of clay very neatly put on—they generally had a gold ornament in the middle of the forehead. One carried a baby, quite naked, with the exception of anklets and a necklet of cowries. The children sang and danced very quaintly, shuffling and springing along sideways, and singing in chorus with a refrain of 'Ei—lo !' at the end of each line.



## CHAPTER XV.

*February 19th.*—St. L. having been advised ‘not to linger in Nubia after February was advanced, we have resolved to turn back on the 21st, at whatever point we may have arrived. We had hoped it might be Abou-Simbel (*alias* Ipsambul), but a dead calm having set in, we have now nearly given up all hopes of seeing the famous temple there. We have paid a visit to an interesting small temple near the bank, called the Temple of Amada; it is very old, of the eighteenth dynasty, and its sculptures are of the time of Egyptian high art, and beautifully executed and finished. There is one very pretty one, in which the goddess is embracing the king with both arms, and apparently just about to kiss him. Much of the colour in this temple is preserved, but the sand seems to be so fast blocking it up that I fear the freshness of the tints will soon disappear. The sailors who come with us, and any guides and inhabitants who join

the party on these occasions, are much interested in hearing any remarks we make, and follow us about asking questions. The other day I had been trying to find out if there were any idolaters in the Soudan, or at what point in going south you would reach the limit of Mohammedanism. Rais Asseeni, from whom I tried to extract this information (but with scant success), was deeply interested in my explanation of what I meant by an idol, and at Amada pointed to some of the wall-sculptures and said: 'Are these the gods of stone you told me about?' I did not like to libel the ancient Egyptians by classing them with the ignorant idolaters I had been talking about, but I doubt if I drew the line so as to present any idea to Asseeni of the difference between them. Virtually I supposed they were not polytheists, but worshipped one God, Amen, or the Invisible, whom they represented, or as it were made visible, under different forms at different places; and, curiously enough, at some period they seem to have had an idea of a Trinity, as you frequently see the God represented by a triad of sitting figures. This may have been a familiar sight to Athanasius, who was an Egyptian.

As Mussulmans consider the representation of the human figure to be wrong, they must be con-

siderably shocked at all these sculptures which meet their eyes everywhere. I must say, though, that we have never observed any trace of this feeling amongst those we have met this winter.

I have been translating some easy stories into Arabic, and reading or telling them to the sailors. This is quite in accordance with their own custom; indeed, they often tell stories to each other. They were quite fascinated with the Prodigal Son. Kenowi repeated it to me afterwards nearly word for word; and Rais Abdallah nearly cried at the thought of his having been brought so low as to eat with the swine, which to his Mussulman mind meant far more than to ours.

I was curious to hear what account an Egyptian would give of the Exodus, thinking that he could hardly help siding to some extent with Pharaoh against the Israelites. The repugnance of Egyptians to Jews, too, is now so marked, that one would think some such version as Manetho's, viz., that the Israelites were expelled because they were lepers and spread the disease, would be the kind of explanation which would naturally commend itself to them. But I found, on talking to them, that they were too ignorant to take in that the people whom Moses had led out of Egypt were not a body of orthodox Mussulmans. Moussa, who considers

himself a highly educated young man, displayed a good deal of ignorance the other day on topics of this kind. He had brought in a little Koran belonging to one of the sailors for us to see, and read us out a few verses here and there. I said that there were many stories in the Koran which we had also in our Bibles. He said, 'Oh yes, he knew that; there was the story of how the prophet Jesus struck the rock, and water came out.' And on our telling him it was Moses who did that, he said, 'No, we were mistaken; it was another thing that Moses had done; he had struck the sea and made a path through it, that he might pursue "the Pharaoh" who was running away from him.' Moussa, however, having been educated at an European school, and so acquired his facts through the medium of a very imperfectly understood language, is more vague in his ideas than some of the illiterate. Barsi, who cannot read a word, volunteered one day to tell us a story, and it turned out to be the early history of Moses, and was very like ours, except that it contained additions; for instance, that before he was hid in the bulrushes, his mother concealed him from Pharaoh's soldiers in an oven, and his sister, not knowing he was there, lit a fire underneath; but when his mother went to take him out, he was unhurt.

Barsi said he knew this story from hearing it recited. He and another sailor wished to know 'what I said when I prayed.' So I gave them a rough translation of the Lord's Prayer; and they in return repeated their prayer to me. I found it difficult to understand, as it was in the *Arabie* of the Koran, not the colloquial language, but as it consists of the opening verses of the Koran, I could make Moussa help me to pick it out. It is as follows:

'In the name of God, the element, the merciful. Praise be to God, the Lord of all worlds—the merciful—the King of the day of judgment. Thee we worship, and from Thee we ask help. Guide us in the right way—the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious—not of those with whom Thou art angry, or who have gone astray. Amen.'

Moussa's state of mind struck us, taking him as a specimen of 'young Egypt,' of the more educated class. He says, 'I do not know what I am. My relations say I am not a good Moslem, and my European friends say I am not one of them.'

Another time when I was deciphering a symbolical picture of the trials of a soul after death, Moussa became quite excited, and said, 'I will not think about that—where we shall go when we die, and all that. I should break my head if I thought

about it.' Yet he was evidently unable to help doing so, and recurred to it of himself, asking what *we* thought, etc.

I thought it might help him to show him some of the ground common to both religions, on the principle of a perception of likenesses being a step farther than a discrimination of differences; and I was surprised myself to find this common ground so large, and that Mohammedanism is almost more like a degenerated Christianity than an altogether distinctive religion.

20th.—After a hard day's 'anchoring' against a head wind, we got this afternoon about five to a point just below Derr, and stopped for the night. We took a walk before dinner into the outskirts of the town; and I wished we could have been spirited away for half an hour to Paris or London, and then come straight back, so as to point the contrast between one capital city and another. This is certainly a curious one. The situation is picturesque, as the town is imbedded in beautiful palm-groves, intermingled with groups of sountrees (or mimosas), and lebbich, or syeamore figs. The palms here bear celebrated dates, which are sent to all parts of the country; and the trees also are exceptionally tall and fine, and form a most becoming fringe to the town. The inhabitants,

too, are picturesque in a savage way, and they let you see a good deal of them, never leaving you for a moment, and crowding on the bank above the boat to watch your every movement. The houses are all of crude brick, with sloping sides and tiny holes for windows ; and round the outside runs a low broad mud step, used as a scat or reclining-place. There is no attempt at a street, or bazaar for shops.

We came presently, in our walk, to a square edifice, with a rough heavy wooden door standing open. Moussa said, 'I think in England you call this 'ception-room.' I thought he meant some kind of inn, so looked in and found it quite empty ; only a small hand-mill stood at one end, and a mud divan all round. Some women were hanging about outside, looking more like barbarians than any we had seen, with their wonderful hair and ornaments. They swept about like peacocks, strutting backwards and forwards, and trailing their indigo robes far behind them in the dust.

We began to think it must be a private abode we had looked into, and were coming away, when a fine-looking man, in brown cloth robes and large turban, came up, said it was his brother's house, and invited us in. We had already seen him watching us, and he must have been amused at our

raid on his 'reception-room.' He had been at Alexandria, and spoke Arabic, so we hoped our apologies were understood. There was an open door in the inner corner of the room to which he was taking us, when a young woman ran up and slammed it from the inside; but he pushed her back angrily, and brought us in to the inner apartment, furnished like those I have before described. A little crowd, of course, collected. The men mostly spoke a few words of Arabic, but not the women; however, a few of our remarks were interpreted to them, and they shrieked with laughter, and ran about and flaunted their trains. A proportion of this crowd seemed to be Soudanee, with regular negro faces, some of them very tall handsome creatures. They are, I suppose, the remnant of the slave population.

We were just thinking of going, when a much grander lady than any we had yet seen hurried in—evidently the lady of the house—which we found was that of a considerable Nubian Sheykh. She had manifestly just heard what was going on, and was afraid she should miss the sight. She was a very pretty young woman, with a soft chocolate-brown face, and almond-shaped black eyes. Every finger was adorned with large silver rings, set with cornelians; and she had heavy



bracelets, chiefly of bone ; countless necklaces and head-ornaments, and of course the plaits with clay ends, but no nose-ring, and hardly any tattoo-marks. She showed us her baby, pulled off her rings for us to look at, and was very smiling and genial ; she spoke also in a softer and more refined voice than the others.

21st.—We resolved definitely that we would turn back to-morrow, and towed slowly up to a few miles beyond Derr, passing a small rapid, for which we had to invoke the aid of some little Barabraz on the bank to keep us from drifting back by helping to pull at the rope. Twenty-three turned up from the apparently uninhabited desert, and joined the few on the bank, and they tugged away manfully, headed by Rais Mohammed, who looked very patriarchal at the head of his large family.

Two of the sailors quarrelled this morning, and when we stopped for the night, Rais Mohammed made them lie down on the bank with their faces on the ground, and gave them each two or three cuts with a rope on their bare backs. Notwithstanding occasional sharp quarrels, they are a most friendly set, always speaking well of each other. And Rais Mohammed, too, is less cross than he looks, and seems kind in the main. He generally addresses the sailors, ‘O my brother!’ and they him, ‘O my father!’

We made a point to-night of watching the furling of the big sail—always a very pretty sight—because when we turn back, it is taken down for good, and we become simply a ten-oared galley, much less beautiful than we were, and in fact (reversing the usual order of things) changed from a butterfly into a chrysalis.

I also went up on deck about 3 a.m., and remained there till 5.30, so as to see the stars at the most southern point of our journey. I stepped through the sleeping sailors, who none of them stirred, even when I struck a match and lighted the lantern; but I could hear them breathing heavily all round. It was cool and very still, not even a saggieh creaking. The Southern Cross was low in the east, and near it a very brilliant star called Canopus. Before I went down they were just beginning to pale in the first yellow of the dawn. This last paragraph belongs properly to the history of the 22nd.

22nd.—It was still a dead calm, and about 10.30 we gave the order to start back, and floating with the current were very soon at Derr again. We were quite sentimental about turning back; our chief regrets perhaps were Abou-Simbel and the crocodiles. We have now hardly a chance of seeing one of the latter, they are so scarce north of this

point. We had come 710 miles up the river from Cairo.

The sailors set to work, as soon as we stopped at Derr, to dismantle the boat and fit her for her northward journey. The big sail, or galla, was ignominiously hung up in the form of a sack, and the yard slung along the boat. The little sail, or bellagoon, was hoisted in the place of the big one, and the deck planks were taken up to allow the rowers to sit.

We had moored just under some very fine old sycamore figs, and in the course of the afternoon we saw the Kashef (Nubian for a governor) holding a sort of open-air court on the bank immediately above, sitting on the ground, and everybody else standing. He looked very grand in his flowing black robes and tasselled hood, and a scarlet and yellow koffich or head-kerechief which fell in folds round his face.

Moussa took him some coffee, and as he received it graciously, we presently ventured up and spoke to him. He asked us to come to his house; and we said we would on our return from the temple, to which we were just going on donkeys. When he got up from the ground we saw that he was an enormous man—certainly six feet two, St. L. thought. He said he would send his servants with

us to the temple, as we should want some one to keep the crowd in order. And we found when we moved that about a hundred people followed us, making a prodigious noise.

The temple is cut out in the rock behind the town, and is quite a small one, and very dark inside. There was nothing very striking in it, though it is of the time of Rameses II. The sculptures are much mutilated, and there was only one interesting one, and that of a painful subject—the King grasping a number of captives by the hair, and a lion gnawing at them.

It was very pretty looking out from the temple in its darkness, and seeing the sunlit picture shut into a frame by the rough stone doorway. First the strange weird-looking crowd; some in leather fringes. The men all carrying clubs—*i.e.*, curved sticks with a knob at the end—and sheathed knives fastened round their arms by a strap; the women generally tall and slight, with trailing garments. Then behind the crowd was a pale green feathery background of sont trees, mixed with the deeper green of the palms, which harmonised very well with the dark dull-blue draperies. Altogether it was a very striking bit of colour, and we lingered over it for some time.

Then we went to his Kashefship's, and found

him sitting in his court, on a Turkey carpet ; his secretary some little distance off, on a small separate carpet. The house is close under the walls of the mosque—in fact, there is a common entrance to both. We found two chairs had been provided for us, at which I was disappointed, as I should have liked to try sitting on the ground.

We talked in Arabic, which he knew well, and drank coffee. There was a small boy hanging about who seemed to belong to him ; but St. L. and I, on comparing notes afterwards, found that neither of us had dared to ask if it was his son, as he was so shabbily dressed. The Kashef asked us how old the temple was. St. L., taken rather by surprise, said 4,000 years, though this was over-stating its age, as we reflected afterwards it could not be more than 3,200, according to the usual computations.

However, this mattered little to the Kashef, as the following day, when he returned our visit on the dahabieh, he asked us to tell him the age of the temple again, as he could not remember whether we had said 4,000 or 40,000 ! and he seemed somewhat disappointed at the result of the inquiry, till we told him it was far older than anything we had in England, at which gratifying information he bridled with satisfaction. We asked then how old

the mosque was ; and this turned out to be a lucky question, as his grandfather had built it, and he himself had enlarged it. He said his father and grandfather had both been Kashefs before him. They were 'an ancient house.'

After we came back from this visit, Taha came to us on the bank, and said he wished to leave us. It appears that he is the only son of a lady of property here, and has been away from her ten years in Cairo, only seeing her when he passed on a dahabieh. So this time she could bear it no longer, and insisted that he should stay for good. She has provided a girl for him to marry, and he has fallen into the arrangement, though, I believe, rather unwillingly. I should think he will find the new life rather a startling change.

In the evening his mother and a party of friends came to carry him off ; and the former sat patiently the whole evening on the bank, with her arms round her knees, evidently feeling it would not be safe to let him out of her sight, lest we should try and carry him off, or he should attempt to escape.

We hear it is a common career for a Nubian to go to Cairo or Alexandria and make a little fortune, and then come back and spend it in the old country.

23rd.—The sailors all came up to our deck to-

day, to ask for some money to buy dates, which it seems is a customary request at this point of the journey. They are beautiful dates here, large, long, and smooth, and a good deal harder than those we see in England, so that they keep very well.

About eleven o'clock the *Kashef* came sailing along the bank at a slow dignified pace to visit us, attended by a little boy—now rather smarter, and who proved to be his son—and also by his secretary, who, however, did not come on board. Though I call him the secretary I should much doubt if he ever had any writing to do, or could do it if he had. I merely use the word because 'kateb,' as the *Kashef* called him, is translated secretary in one of our vocabularies; it also means clerk, and scribe.

We asked our guest a good many questions about the slave-trade, which used formerly to have its headquarters about here. He said it was now quite illegal, and that Effendina would not hear of it; that all the negroes we saw about were slaves, who on being emancipated had chosen to remain, and that many of them had married into their master's families. Notwithstanding all he said, I believe it is still sometimes quietly practised, as an acquaintance at Cairo told us he had had an offer of a slave only this year.

We asked him, 'How old is your son?'

‘ Perhaps nine or ten.’

‘ Does he go to school ?’

‘ Not yet ; but later he will go, and learn to read and write.’

‘ Will he learn in Arabic, or Nubian ?’

‘ In Arabic.’

‘ Have you any books in the Nubian language ?’

‘ We have no book in any language but the Koran, and that is in Arabic.’

‘ And do the priests in the mosque read the Koran in Arabic ?’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Then the people do not understand it ?’

‘ No ; unless they know Arabic.’

He sometimes gave a knowing eliek with his tongue, and sometimes, if he did not catch what we said, a long-drawn ‘ M—m—m,’ like a ewe. The click we had heard before from other Barabra, and we have also heard Rais Abdallah utter a long soft ‘ Boo—o—o,’ as an expression of surprise, likewise very like a cow.

After parting from the Kashef we started, and floated down as far as Korusko, sometimes rowing, and sometimes drifting.

24<sup>th</sup>.—There was a great deal of quarrelling yesterday, before we got under way, as to the places of the rowers and other questions. Moussa



and Rais Mohammed shook their fists at each other, and we quite expected to have to go and separate them; and Rais Abdallah, though he is always decorous and soft-voiced, uttered, I am sure, some most withering sarcasms, but in Nubian, so I lost them. He went and sat for some time with his back to everybody, rolled in his white cloak, and at last swept off the boat altogether. So this morning I remarked to the captains that 'I hoped they were in a good temper to-day; they seemed very angry yesterday.'

Rais Mohammed looked rather sheepish, but only uttered their common formula of 'When you are pleased, we are pleased; when you are angry, we also are angry; we are your slaves.'

Rais Abdallah put his hands to his temples in the most pathetic way, and said he could not bear to be angry—it made him ill—that his head had ached ever since; and he took off his tarboosh to show me how bad it was. He said, 'I could not stay on the dahabieh—I went far, far away, and lay under a palm.' Then he said, 'And *you* have been displeased, too—I suppose because you had to turn back without seeing Abou-Simbel—I have noticed that you have spoken very little to us.' I had not noticed this myself, though I had certainly felt that we might have accomplished it if they

had been a little brisker at some points ; it was as much our fault as theirs, however, for being lax ourselves in urging them on. I remarked that when you were angry the best plan was not to speak, but to keep your words inside. He said, ' Yes, but that is difficult ; my stomach is small, it will not hold many words—they will come out.' We talked on a little about the character of the Barabra—how they were honest, but quarrelsome ; and he said, ' There is one rather bad thing about us—we often kill each other with knives.' They often speak of murder in this calm way. I had a great mind to ask him if he had ever killed anybody, only I felt sure he would say ' No,' in any case.

## CHAPTER. XVI.

*February 26th.*—There are a great many minor temples in this part of Nubia, but I will not describe them all, as, except to an Egyptologist, they present no striking individualities. So I will only say that the Temple of Sabooah, where we stopped yesterday, has two sphinxes lying in front of it in the sand, gazing straight into each other's eyes, and making a break in the monotony of the desert, being visible from afar.

As we returned from this temple, Rais Asseeni, who was with us, looked knowingly at the sky, and said, 'Ya salaam! the Now is coming.' 'Ya salaam' is their commonest interjection perhaps, answering to 'Bless me!' The Now being explained to mean the south wind, I thought it was all right and would blow us on nicely. And so it was for the first two hours—then it became too violent for us, and we had to run in a great hurry under the bank, against which we were driven with a hard bump; and 'there we lay, till next day,' tossing about and

watching a dense sand-storm on shore—one continuous cloud flying past us along the bank, and shutting out all views, and the heat very great, the thermometer remaining up to  $87^{\circ}$  quite far on in the evening.

To-day the wind has changed right round, and blows so hard from the north, that when we attempted to start, it blew us back up stream; so we have had to skulk back under cover, and again rock about all day. But it has been wonderfully cooler, and no sand-cloud to annoy us, so we have been able to sit on shore a good deal.

The sailors play a game on the sand with black and white stones. They call it *sigeh*, and it is something like draughts.

To-day I tried to learn this, and played two games with Barsi, each resulting in my quickly taking all his men without losing one of my own. Of course he expressed great surprise at this, and at my wonderful skill—one of the transparent little polite deceptions which they so often practise.

It was a barren desolate region all round the spot where we sat on the sand playing this game; and as we had come to the lee-side of a little hill to escape the sun and wind, the boat and its inmates were hid, and not a living creature was in sight far or near.

As a child I always thought that if a fairy granted me a wish, it should be to have a glass into which I could look and see what I should be doing on any given day in the future. And this idea recurred to me now, and I thought how much interested and puzzled I should have been if I could have seen myself with this odd companion, playing a game of chance on the desert sand, with the total silence and absence of life all round us. Barsi with his bare black feet and arms appearing from the folds of his fringed shawl, and his keen glittering eyes intently following the moves. Instead of calling the picees in the game 'men,' he called them 'dogs;' and instead of 'taking' them, talked of 'eating' them, as 'You have eaten two of my dogs:' but of course I cannot answer for this being a proper way of talking in polite Egyptian circles.

A small boy came and stood on the bank at night and sang a pretty little wild song in Soudance—the tune was very like 'The Campbells are coming,'—with a very short line at the end of each verse; and he invented or adapted the words as he went on, bringing in the names of the dragoman, cook, waiter, etc., as they were told him from the boat.

We have had a great alarm of rats in the boat, and think they must have come on quite lately from shore, as we have heard nothing of them hitherto.

Several possessions have fallen a prey to them—nearly all my gloves, part of a boot of W.'s, etc., etc. I am now always imagining there is one in my cabin at night, a fancy fostered by various strange noises to which I am subject, from having the rudder machinery passing through the cabin, and also the two little boats tied just outside, so that they knock gently against the side of the dahabieh at my bed-head whenever they are rocked by winds or waves. We hope ere long to acquire a cat, a poor little kitten we brought on board with us at Cairo having died very soon. The cats we have observed in our travels are, in face, curiously like Pasht, the sacred cat, who often appears in the temple sculptures, and has a Roman nose and very short round ears.

28th.—I began the day with an early walk to Gerf Hossayn, where there is a temple cut in the rock, a little way up a hill from the river. In the Nubian language, Gerf Hossayn is called Kish, and this is supposed to be a remnant of the old Bible name for the whole of Nubia—Cush. Like all the other temples we have seen lately, it has been used as a Christian church, and the form and colour of the sculptures has been very well preserved by the fact of the Christians having plastered them over in order to hide the obnoxious heathen deities ; the

plaster has now all crumbled away and disappeared, except in one or two places where a little is left, with perhaps the fresco of a saint still partially visible on it, contrasting strangely with a jackal-headed god or a sphinx close beside it.

It was Shrove Tuesday, and in the evening a tiny carnival was got up for our edification. Idris dressed in a pair of discarded boots of W.'s, and other finery; and Ramadan had been got up as an European waiter; and two or three others. They all floured their faces, and trotted solemnly round and round in a row in front of us; and we were greatly amused, if only at their thinking it would amuse us.

*March 1st.*—This morning quite early we arrived at Kalabshéh, having passed out of the tropics at Dendoor. We both went on shore to see the two Temples of Kalabshéh, which, next to Abou-Simbel, are the most important in Nubia. The large temple, which we saw first, is of late date, though on the site of a very old one. It is a curious mass of ruins, the floor of each chamber being quite heaped with piles of massive blocks, which look as if they had been hurled about by giants, some resting by one corner against each other, some piled up three or four deep, and very difficult to move about amongst without falling.

All this is conjectured to be the result of an earthquake.

A nice brisk little old Sheykh, the chief man of the place, shouldering a very long gun, came with us; and as he was politely dragging me over a mass of *débris*, he slipped down, and I had to help him up again. This caused shouts of mirth from a crowd of villagers who were streaming along behind us; but he turned and rebuked them with great dignity. This crowd had all sorts of things for sale; they offered us everything they were wearing, and other wares they were carrying as well. There were spears, arrows, grass-work, beads of every description, nose-rings, head-ornaments, and they asked exorbitant prices, and had to be beaten down. Moussa was much shocked at finding they had taken two young sacred pigeons from their nest, and were offering them for sale, and he gave them money to put them back again. Many of the women had so much castor-oil on their hair, that the upper part of their dress was quite soaked with it.

We went on to a smaller temple cut in the rock, called Bayt el Wellee, or the House of the Saint, and here Murray told us we were to 'turn with relief from the coarse sculptures of the Roman era'—which we had just seen at the large temple—to



the chaste and elegant designs of a Pharaonic age'—this temple being of the time of Rameses II. The history of his campaigns against the Ethiopians, or Cushites, is elaborately sculptured on its walls, and the captives bringing their national products as offerings—ostrich-eggs, leopard-skins, ivory, a lion, gazelles, and a giraffe, were among their treasures. In one place a wounded warrior is being carried home. His wife is crouched on the ground cooking over a fire of sticks, and one of the children is running on to tell her the sad news, and throwing dust on its head—just as we have seen the people do now if they are vexed or angry. I believe there are casts of these sculptures in the British Museum. We reflected that in this war Rameses might have taken the Ethiopian (or Nubian) woman whom Moses married, and have brought her home for him; or Moses may himself have accompanied Rameses in some of his campaigns, and might be one of the attendants depicted on the wall, standing round the king.

We have got on well the last few days by rowing, as it has been calm. The mode of rowing looks very laborious, as the men begin their stroke sitting, rise to their feet in the middle, and finish it sitting again.

After leaving Kalabsheh, we began to notice that

we were slowly passing out of the Nubian scenery, and into that of the Cataract again; and we looked affectionately at the red and golden slopes of sand, and the jagged stony outline of the hills which had become so familiar to our eyes. About sunset we passed a pretty fragment of ruin, the Temple of Gertassee, only a few columns of which are standing. It is one of the very few—in fact, the only one we saw except Philæ and Komombo—which tells as a feature in the landscape, as ruins do with us. Here they are generally too low and massive, and too exactly the same colour as their surroundings, to stand out at all. It was a beautiful sunset, with a few clouds, and for the last hour or two there was also a faint breeze, so that we could spread the little sail, and so we floated into the archipelago of islands which lay dotted about in many shades of purple and grey on the bosom of a glassy pink river, which looks here more like a chain of lakes shut in by rocks than a continuous stream. We have had the sail up only once since we turned, and one of the sailors to-day shook his head reproachfully at it, and said: ‘Why do you let us do all? It should be—you a little, and I a little.’

*2nd.*—To-day has seen us back to Philæ, where we feel quite in the world again, though there is

not one dahabieh here ; as we are nearly the last Sowaheen (or European travellers) left above the Cataract. Still there are several civilised-looking boats, whereas of late we have only seen the most primitive old things, about the shape and roughness of walnut-shells. They are very gay though sometimes, with bright bits of Oriental carpet hanging over the side or spread on deck, and an awning of mats at one end as a shelter from the sun.

We have been hearing rumours of a dahabieh broken in the Cataract. We thought at first it would turn out to be an exaggeration ; but we find from the people here that it was hopelessly broken in going down the Great Rapid, by spiking on a sharp rock, and that the passengers (three Frenchmen) had to be taken off in a boat, and to proceed in Cook's steamer. It is the *Lohengrin*, which we have passed and re-passed several times in the course of our journey.

This afternoon we moved on to Mahatta, on the east bank, so as to be ready to go down the Cataract as soon as our old friend the Sheykh is ready to take us. We sent him a message, and he came to the bank and talked to Moussa, who prompted us to call out to him that we were 'mostagil keteer' (in a great hurry), and he promised to come to-morrow ; but we had a vague

suspicion from his manner that he did not intend to do so.

On the way from Philæ here, we made an excursion to Biggeh, a mountainous island very near. Its chief charm is that it commands beautiful views of Philæ; but it has also a few ruins of its own. It has a number of henna bushes on its banks—in growth and colouring rather like fuchsias, only without blossom.

We made this detour in the sandal, and as we came back, I was dropped at the 'Tower Stairs,' and walked across the island of Philæ, and was picked up on the other side, as I wished to see it all once again. I strayed through all the temples and halls, and clambered down the steep bank to the dahabieh again. Kenowi was quite sentimental, and begged to come with me, 'because I was with you the first time you saw it.'

We had a very good melon brought us, dark green outside, and pink inside, solid all through, with seeds imbedded in it in rows.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*March 4th.*—For going down the Cataract, a calm is the proper thing; and it is also considered indispensable (I do not know why) to start quite early. Just now, we hear, the Shellalee, who are always very superstitious, are particularly tiresome and scrupulous, because the last dahabieh that went down came to grief on the way; so they will not start unless everything is quite propitious.

Antonio woke us all this morning at 5.30, to say we were *not* going—which we thought rather unfeeling of him. I looked out, and saw it was a dead calm, but quite foggy. Afterwards the wind got up, and continued all day. It seemed a good opportunity for trying a camel-ride, so Moussa bespoke a camel. When he made his appearance, St. L. thought him so fascinating that he took a quarter of an hour's ride first, and I was able to profit by watching his proceedings.

The chief difficulty is to behave gracefully when the camel rises to his feet, after kneeling down for

you to mount, and to accommodate yourself to his three stages of getting up—when he first rises half-way on his hind-legs, which pitches you suddenly forward, then the whole way on his fore-legs, when you are as suddenly thrown back, and finally the other half of the way on his hind-legs, when at last you find yourself on a level, but a very high one.

This was a young camel named Osali, nearly white, and, for one of his race, rather pretty. He had a saddle of wood, like a roof in shape, but with a stuffed sack laid across it, and a peg in front to hold on by. There was a rope through his unfortunate nose, which was to serve as a bridle, but being only on one side, you felt that you could only turn him in one direction; his driver ran by him, however, and also a sailor. I took a stretch into the desert, and soon got accustomed to the paces, though the great length and slowness of the steps is rather a surprise at first; trotting was easier and pleasanter than walking, I thought, but I doubt if the camel agreed with me.

All the sailors from about here went home for the day, very smart in their best shawls and cloaks, which appear only on these occasions. They always come to say good-bye before going, and also to report themselves when they come back.

5th.—To-day we were called more decidedly at the same early hour, and told we *were* going, so got up; but the wind got up too, very officiously, so again we had to postpone our start. I think we *might* have gone all the same, if we had started at once, before the wind got strong; but it was Friday, which, although they would not allow it, I suspect made some difference.

We strolled about all the morning, and visited a Sheykh's tomb, where, as it was Friday, a small flag was flying. There was a recess for a lamp, which would be lighted at night, and another little hollow in which money was to be laid, which his family come and carry off at intervals. I laid a piastre in it (it was previously empty), and Selim, the sailor who was with us, thought very highly of this munificence, and hoped heaven would reward me. Selim is one of the nicest of the sailors, and this was his last day, as he has been appointed captain of a cargo-boat—a great step in life. However, far from being elated, he spent his last afternoon in trotting barefoot to Assouan and back, about ten miles in all, by the side of the amiable Osali, as, having been so successful yesterday, I had another camel-ride to-day. St. L. came with me about half-way on a donkey, and could feel with the lover of old, who sang:

‘My steed was so little, and hers was so high,  
I thought that my angel was up in the sky.’

It is a very quiet road, or rather sand-track, across the desert, and after parting from St. L., I think I passed ‘in silent horror o’er the boundless waste’ for about two miles without seeing a creature. My object was to send a telegram to Cairo about our letters, so I reined up at the post-office, which stands under a huge lebbieh-tree. Osali snarled so fiercely on being pulled by his one rein, and turned his head round so far, and with such a reproachful look into my face, that I excused him from kneeling down, and alighted with a spring rather precipitately into Selim’s arms. The post-office was locked, but a few sympathising bystanders volunteered to unearth the postmaster, and after a while produced him—a tall young Copt with one eye. He took a deep interest in the transaction, and asked so many questions as to whether I had come alone, that I began to think he must be laying a plan to rob me of a sovereign which he changed for me. However, he was most likely only investigating the habits of the English spinster. The post-office was out of stamps—unworthy of the frontier city of Upper Egypt. We did a little shopping in the bazaar, and I saw a good-sized crocodile, which had been lately killed



near here, at the chief curiosity-shop. I also passed some picturesque Ababdeh Arabs. They are a tribe of Bedouins, rather distinct in their dress and ways from the other Arabs. The first I saw I took for girls, but they turned out to be young men. They wear nothing on their heads, but their hair piled up and frizzed—very like a modern English fashion—and speared through with a long wooden pin; at the back it hangs down in long broad plaits; their cloaks are white and flowing, and they carry spears and shields. Those we saw to-day had very pretty features. One of our crew is an Ababdeh, but has abandoned the dress and coiffure.

For about a mile outside Assouan the road lies through a vast cemetery, with graves of every date from the earliest Mussulman times. Some of the oldest have inscriptions, all appearing to begin with ('B'esm-illah,' 'In the name of God'); but the recent graves have nothing written on them, but are simply flat slabs of stone. Most of them have a water-jar standing by them, which, as far as I could understand Selim, is filled on Fridays for visitors to the grave to drink from. Selim wished to show me his mother's grave, so we went aside to a part where he told me all 'the islanders,' as they call the natives of Elephantine, are buried. He is an 'islander,' a cousin of Rais Abdallah's, a strong

handsome fellow, with a rich bronze complexion and twirling moustache—rather grave sad manners, perhaps accounted for by his domestic troubles, as we hear he has lately had to dismiss his wife. ‘She was very extravagant; and if he brought her five—six—even seven dollars when he came back from a voyage, she would say, “No—it is little,” and push it away; then they would quarrel. At last he thought it was better she should go back to her father. She was his first cousin. Now his sister lives with him. But perhaps soon he will take another wife.’ Rais Abdallah, who told me all this, is also evidently a little reluctant to meet his wife after a voyage, if he has no money to take her; and I was rather surprised to find that an Eastern wife carried so much weight. ‘It is bad when they make words’ (*i.e.*, quarrel), Rais Abdallah said. ‘They know no better—their heads are small—but it is bad all the same.’

The last part of my ride home was by moonlight, and very pleasant, with the distant lines of the country all melting off into shimmering golden haze, and the near granite boulders throwing sharp black shadows on the sand. Selim told me that when he was young (he may now be twenty-four) he had often seen ostriches running across this very plain; but now they had gone south. It did not

require much imagination, however, to picture them coming striding past us, or even to fancy a lion's footprints in the dust.

6th.—This third morning of being called early the alarm was a real one, and we actually got off at 6 a.m., and in less than two hours had accomplished what took us six days in going up, viz., the five miles between Philæ and Assouan. We had the same Sheykh, the same flag, the same shouting and screaming, only this time all the party of Shellalec were on board, rowing, two to one oar, and steering, our crew only looking on. There was one five minutes of real excitement, when we came to the Great Rapid, and the dahabieh plunged wildly down a passage between two walls of rock, with just room to pass, and after taking a drop of from six to seven feet, was steered sharply off round a corner at the bottom to avoid a rock. This takes very good piloting to accomplish in safety. The *Fatima* heaved up and down like a nutshell, and seemed quite at the mercy of the waters, but it was over almost before one had time to think about it. Just before we entered on this place, one or two sensational friends ran up to harrow our feelings by pointing out the unfortunate *Lohengrin*, still lying where she struck on the rocks last week, half under water, and looking most dismal. The

Shellalce are said to be somewhat spiteful, and if they take a dislike to any captain or dragoman, they contrive that his boat shall get a little damage; and if once a dahabieh has come to grief, it is like a horse that has been down, and never quite recovers its character. Moussa, although I should think he is rather a favourite, looked green with fright at the possibility of such a misfortune, and seemed greatly relieved when we were past the danger. As soon as the critical moment was over, the Sheykh, the pilot, and most of our own sailors, ran up and congratulated us, taking our hands, and saying, 'Oh safety!—oh peace!—it is happily over,' etc. One man—a stranger—was crouched on deck the whole time praying. We thought by his ragged dress that he was a Dervish, and that he had been brought on purpose to ensure a good passage, though no one would own to this.

We got to familiar Assouan by 7.45 a.m., and moored this time at the town itself, and ere long the Governor came on board to bid us welcome; but paid only a very short visit, having to hurry off and make preparations for receiving a German 'Brinsh' with a zeena, or illumination. I do not know if this 'Brinsh' was a genuine prince or not, as it is a favourite title, as is also a contessa, and sometimes only represents a Brown, Jones, or

Robinson. Indeed, we sometimes indulge wild dreams that *we* may be quoted next winter as a 'Brinsh' and Contessa.

We soon went ashore; and before long St. L. sat down, leaving me to stroll further with Kenowi. When we came back to him, we found he had been decoyed into a vortex of ladies anxious to sell their ornaments. These scenes are very noisy, and rather amusing. One offers you her neeklace or nose-ring, and if you betray the least weakness, she pursues you with a few friends, who gather like a snowball and hem you in on all sides, unless you can back against a tree or a wall. On this occasion I found St. L. against a wall, or rather guessed him to be there, as he was invisible among the crowd in front.

Kenowi sprang into the midst with his pole, and belaboured them all until he had cleared a little circle, when the bargaining recommenced. St. L. asked the price of an article, and was told an exorbitant sum. A lady with nothing of her own to sell suggested a lower price. The aggrieved possessor flew at her and thumped her, which she promptly returned, and snatching the jewel, began to bargain on her own account, until some one else interfered.

So it went on, until we ended by having to be

towed through the crowd and back to the boat, bearing in our hands sundry beautiful things which had been thrust into them, and which we could only get rid of by holding them up to be claimed, and saying, 'Whose is this?'

In this walk I saw one of the only attempts at a garden we have met with; it was a little date-grove, with a mud wall, and contained two sorts of flowers—viz., sun-flowers, and the long red blossom with a flag leaf, which we knew at Algiers as anteliza.

Selim's place in the crew is to be supplied by one of the sailors from the *Lohengrin*, who were all turned adrift here, and are anxious for work. The unfortunate Rais, who was joint owner of the boat, came on board to arrange this with Moussa, who brought him to us for sympathy, saying, 'This is the captain; he losted his dahabieh.' He seemed very much cut up, and we were quite sorry for him, as from his own account it was no fault of his. We heard from some one else that the sailors could not get their wages from him, and in revenge had allowed the boat to founder; but there are invariably two or three incompatible accounts of every transaction, great or small, and I have never seen a country where it is so difficult to arrive at the truth of any matter.

The sailors have all been investing in henna, and

dyeing the palms of their hands with it, as they say it hardens the skin, and makes it easier to row. The palms of their hands are naturally many shades lighter than any other part of them (as is also the case with monkeys), and now this contrast is the more marked, as their faces and the backs of their hands have become much blacker since we started. Rais Abdallah gave me a pretty little basket full of henna, and I think has since been expecting me to appear trimmed with red. It is a pale green powder, and they wet it and lay it on the place they wish to dye, when, in about a quarter of an hour, the skin turns a deep red.

Kenowi has also given me a present, a prayer-mat, made at his village, Dabod, and very prettily worked in coloured straw. He laid it down by me, and said, 'Do you want it?' I thought he meant me to buy it, and said, 'What does it cost?' But he said, 'It is not nice to tell what things cost; I cannot do it.' So I found it was intended as a present.

7th.—It was a lovely sunrise, and we started at 5.30, I watching from my open window to see the last of Soan, and the 'Geziret,' or Elephantine. The latter had a delicate yellow gleam on the sand in the foreground; the palms and great round lebbiehs stood out against a pink sky, and a

group of dark blue women were gathered on the bank—the wives and sisters of the sailors from here, come to watch them off. I was sorry when it faded out of sight, as, from having made two longish stays here, and visited the sailors in their homes, we have acquired quite an affection for it.

We progressed in our usual way, now rowing, now drifting while the sailors rested. During the latter intervals we move in a very odd manner, as the boat is left entirely to its own devices, and sometimes it floats along broadside, sometimes makes a sudden excursion across to the other side of the river, and sometimes wheels slowly quite round, just as the current takes it. All this is most confusing to one's ideas of the points of the compass; the only landmark we cling to is the telegraph-wires, which are on the west, or Libyan bank, and should always be to our left hand if we are going straight down stream.

The rats have become most aggressive, and we seem as far as ever from getting a cat. Last night I woke with an impression of something uncanny, and saw by the pale gleam of a night-light—which I have burnt of late expressly with a view to such sights—a rat sitting on my bed! As I sprang up, he sprang off, and deliberately went across to the sofa opposite, where a trap was set with a piece of



cheese, examined it all round, but declined to go in. Another night, as I was going to get into bed, I saw a long tail wriggle out of sight under the pillow. In future I mean to burn a candle all night until we get the wished-for cat.

8th.—We paused to-day at the house of Sheykh Ibrahim Silwowi, Abderrahman's partner in the ownership of the *Fatima*—‘a very rich man,’ we were told, owning ten horses, thirteen camels, etc. He soon came down to the boat, riding a sort of young cart-horse, with very large shovel-shaped tin stirrups. The Sheykh was a massive man of more than six feet, and stout in proportion. He was in a ragged brown bournous and dirty turban, and very shy and silent—evidently a rough diamond.

St. L. took a little ride on his horse while he talked to Moussa, and afterwards we went to his house, which is very prettily perched on the river-bank, with a rough stone colonnade and terrace in front, just above high water-mark when the river rises. He is a large farmer, and had two cargo-boats waiting to carry his wheat to Cairo. His stackyard, as you might call it, was really a little bit like an English one, with the same smell of hay, straw, and cows. A group of camels, answering to cart-horses, were standing at ease in the straw, and

some buffaloes were looking in at the entrance, waiting to be milked. There were heaps of chaff in one corner, and a range of mud farm-buildings. We sat in the colonnade, and a plate of 'our own dates' was brought us, very fine ones, from a splendid palm-grove outside, and also small cups of what Moussa described as 'coffee made without coffee; it was, in fact, hot water and sugar. We were not introduced to the ladies, but saw them peeping through a door as we passed. A little boy was brought to see us, however, and came up and kissed our hands.

I complained to the Sheykh about the rats, and begged for a cat, but he had not one to give us. He in return complained of the toothache, and told us he had not slept for twenty nights. He is probably at this moment applying some Bunter's Nervine, which we gave him, either as a charm hung round his neck, or in the shape of a decoction to drink.

The river in front of his house was far lower than when we passed before, and various sand-banks had appeared. They were stuck with little sticks, of which we asked the reason, and were told they marked the places where cucumbers and water-melons are sown directly the river gets low enough. This country is rich in vegetables of this kind, and

so is Nubia. One we often have is like a vegetable marrow, but black when cooked.

The Sheykh gave us a basket of maize-bread, which we much appreciated, as we have not had new bread for some little time. The sailors and captains all treated him with great respect, and kissed his hands, which I have not seen them do to a native grandee before, though they occasionally bestow kisses on us. I suppose, however, that they single him out on account of his part proprietorship of the boat.

11th.—We have arrived within a few miles of Esneh, where we are again to stay a day for baking. We have passed and visited several interesting places, which I must not pause to describe at length. Kom-ombo, where we went ashore on the morning of the 9th, will not be much longer one of the sights of the Nile, I should think, as the river is rapidly undermining its walls. The temple seems never to have been finished, and contains some curious sketches of figures in a sort of red ink, marked out ready for the sculptor to begin upon, and the background covered with a scale of squares to which the figures are drawn, the whole, in this wonderfully conservative atmosphere, looking as fresh as if done quite recently. It takes you with a sudden spring across the gulf of time to see these

sketches by 'old masters' of 2,000 years ago, looking as if the artist might be coming this morning to go on with them.

Hagar Silsileh, or 'the Rock of the Chain'—so called because some king is said to have stopped the navigation here during a war by stretching a chain across the river—is another interesting spot. There are two suggestive pillar-like rocks, which may well have given birth to the legend, assisted by the narrowness of the stream at this point, as it is only 1,095 feet across.

There are some very striking rock-tombs here, and also some immense quarries, which furnished the sandstone for most of the Egyptian temples, as the quarries of Assouan did the granite.

At night at this place we heard a tremendous screaming of jackals, and were told that there are great numbers in the mountains about here, where they stay quiet all day, and then come down to the river at night to drink and make merry.

The following evening we came in for a merry-making of another kind, but about equally discordant and noisy, namely, some festivities which were taking place on the bank in honour of the wedding of an Abd, or negro. There were fires and torches, and much singing to the drum, marching about and dancing ; but we could not make out

that any interesting rites or ceremonies were taking place, and the sailors were very contemptuous about it, and quite hurt at our thinking it could be worth our looking at. .

Antonio fishes every evening from the sandal, and two of the sorts of fishes he catches are not at all bad when cooked, and a pleasing variety from 'toujours pigeon.' They are called shilpa and garmout: they are both scaleless, with long, sharp fins. One he caught was rather different from the garmout, though apparently of the same family; it had a beard of long filmy grey hairs hanging all round its mouth, and uttered an unmistakeable sound, like a hoarse cry or croak—the only fish I ever heard 'speak.'

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*March 15th.*—We are back at Luxor, and the shock of finding one's self in a place actually containing an hotel, and an attempt at English society, is considerable, especially as we have much enjoyed our short exile from the civilised world. To prolong it a little, I went to-day across to the Babel-Molook, on the opposite shore, starting at 6 a.m. and returning at 6 p.m. St. L., on the other hand, plunged into a vortex of dissipation, first lunching at the hotel, and then receiving three sets of callers on the dahabieh, to one of whom he gave tea. Even W. wished to pursue the tracks of other possible ladies-maids at the hotel, or on dahabiehs. So Moussa and the donkey-man with his boy and girl were my only victims, and I think I gave them a thoroughly unpleasant day of hard work; the only parts they appreciated being the eating and resting. The Babel-Molook, or Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, is a long ride of about three miles from the bank, the track winding deeper and

deeper into the hills, which get more and more rugged and desolate as you go on. At last we got to a large, perfectly barren space, hemmed in by an amphitheatre of cliffs, or quarried hill-sides, and here in these hill-sides were dotted about numerous little black openings like rabbit-holes, only squarer—the entrances to the tombs. At this point we dismounted and took to our feet. It was about 8 o'clock we guessed, but I found I had not wound my watch, and no one else had one, so we had to go by the sun all day, and his admonitions were certainly both persistent and forcible.

All the tombs we went into were very much on the same plan—rather different from those in other places—having no portico or entrance-chamber. From the mouth, which was often much blocked up, we began immediately to descend a gradual slope, sometimes by steps, a few at a time, sometimes by an inclined floor. Only the first few yards were light, and afterwards we had to burn candles; then came either a succession of chambers, or a long passage with little cells opening out from it on both sides, ending in either case in a *cul-de-sac* in the rock, where the mummy had once lain in a sarcophagus. The walls were all sculptured, and these sculptures seemed to become thicker and more involved as we went on, till at last, in the

sepulchre at the end, you seemed to be in a maze of representations of divinities on every sort of human and animal form. The sepulchres are now all stripped of their contents, which have been carried off to different museums. It seems a great pity that just one of the tombs could not be kept in its original state, with the mummy still there, and all its surroundings untouched; as when we consider that all the curiosities which in other countries are found in palaces or preserved in private houses, are, in Egypt, taken from the tombs, we can judge how wonderfully interesting it would be to see them as they were, furnished with every possible thing that came into use in their complicated, highly civilised daily life—clothes, food, furniture—and many of these, as one sees in the Boolak Museum and on the wall-pictures, curiously like modern appliances in form and finish. All these things, too, were placed there, we must suppose, with the idea that the soul would revisit the mummy, and must find all it needed. Even its prayer-book was laid there ready for use—as I believe the papyrus which is found in every tomb beside the mummy, is deciphered by Egyptologists to contain prayers and hymns for the use of the deceased—and is headed ‘The Ritual of the Dead.’ It adds to the strange,



ness of all this to be told that these preparations were made not by relations and friends, but by the deceased himself during his life-time ; and of course sometimes, we must imagine, in vain : for instance, there is the carefully sculptured tomb of Menepthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, whom we suppose to have been drowned in the Red Sea.

The wall-pictures and reliefs are most interesting, but very puzzling, as some are so thoroughly mythological and symbolical, and others again apparently so essentially matter-of-fact and representative of daily life. With respect to the latter, I believe there are various theories as to whether they represent scenes in the past life of the hero, or imaginations of what awaits him in the other world. In some cases the two ideas seem to coincide. There is one frequently depicted scene, of the funeral procession crossing a river. This might be a real one, as the Egyptians almost always had their cemetery on the opposite shore to the town, and ferried the dead bodies across ; and the rigging, the rowers, etc., are all most carefully detailed, and a mummy is represented on board ; but then, having crossed the river, you see it is a living man who is being brought into the presence of Osiris on his throne, who weighs his heart in a balance, the owner of the heart looking on meanwhile. In one

case, where the verdict is against him, he is seen being rowed away again in the shape of a pig. I made a little theory of my own to account for this mixture, namely, that with them, as with us, there was a realistic and an idealistic school, and that the representations were coloured by the mind of the individual painter.

But I must return to facts, and to my own adventures, anything like a description of the tombs being far beyond me. I will only cut out two little vignettes from the picture-books on the walls. One is a side chamber, one of a series, in the tomb of Rameses III., called Bruce's Tomb. It is covered with scenes of kitchen operations, and would be most amusing and no doubt instructive to a *chef* of to-day. There is every stage of bread-making, kneading, making up the loaves, carrying them on a tray to the oven, feeding the fire with sticks. Some of the loaves are sprinkled with black spots, possibly plums. The dresser might well do for a present-day kitchen, and has a row of over-lapping plates along the shelf, and there is an arrangement of a framework hung from the ceiling by cords, which I am sure I have seen in farm-houses, to keep provisions off the ground for fear of rats.

The other specimen I will mention is a little joke

on the wall, such as frequently occurs to relieve the graver aspects of life. A cow is standing with her fore-legs on one bank of a river, and her hind-legs on the other. Some little people are rowing underneath her in a small barge to milk her, while others on the bank are hanging on to her tail, apparently to keep her quiet.

I must say a word, too, about a captivating, unfinished chamber, in the tomb of Sethi I. (Belzoni's tomb), which is almost an underground temple in size and adornments. This chamber has all its walls outlined in red, ready for incision, and these outlines are corrected in black by another hand, evidently a master's, as you can see his strong line improving the weak one, and in some places a whole head or limb is re-drawn with free bold lines, which seem to have needed no retouching or joining.

The atmosphere of the tombs was very hot, stuffy, and gaseous; and by the time we had been into four or five the sun was high, and the heat outside was also great. I had meant to ride back at this juncture, after eating some luncheon; but I was told it would be imprudent, and it certainly looked unpleasant. There was a white dazzle from the stones which quite took your sight away for a minute on first stepping into it, and the sand was so

hot I could not hold it in my hand. There was no alternative but to wait there till the sun began to slope to his western bower, and then explore a little farther and ride home in the cool. So we encamped in the dark mouth of a tomb—the shadiest spot we could find—hobbled the donkeys, with Mahassan, the little girl, to watch them, and Moussa spread my meal on a cloak, and begged me to ‘walk in.’ When I had finished, they walked into the remains, and soon despatched them. Old Ahmed, the donkey-man, produced fire to make coffee, which we all shared, and then we proceeded to a siesta. I gazed up for a long time at the roof of the passage which went down before me like a sloping tunnel into the tomb, till it was lost in blackness and mystery. This roof was covered with a device of interlaced vultures, flying down it in a line, their great spread wings just stretching across the width of the passage, their bare heads and necks in the middle, and their feathers grotesquely coloured in black, red, and yellow. Crocodiles were plunging down the side wall of the passage, with their tails cocked up, and hungry, open mouths. While comparing this with the daisies on an English grave, or the marble saints and angels round a tomb, I went to sleep, and remained undisturbed till I was woke by a donkey inquisitively smell-

ing me, and on rousing up, found the whole of the little Egyptian party were asleep too, in a picturesque group, and I felt very Oriental and solitary, and thought how much pleasanter it was than a Cook's picnic would have been. I regretted St. L.'s absence, however, as one intelligent companion would have been endurable.

As soon as the sun was perceptibly westering we started again, and walked, or rather climbed, to the top of the ridge to see the view, which was beautiful. The river was of the brightest blue, and lay like a broad ribbon on the plain, and Luxor and Karnak were just beginning to put on their first pale blush of evening pink. Down the other side of the ridge there was scarcely any path, and it was more like creeping along the ledges of a quarry than anything else, and the sharp, knife-like stones were most unpleasant to kneel upon, and grasp, as one had to do now and then. Old Ahmed, who knows some English, kept up my spirits by a little judicious praise, saying, 'Very good mistress—very good leg,' at intervals. Poor little Mahassan, who carried a water-goulleh with us the whole way, required a much better leg, and at the bottom, where we met the donkeys again, we had to refresh her with some sweets, and mount her behind her father.

I must not dwell on the tombs of the Assaseef, or the temple of Dayr el Bahari. The last place I saw, just as daylight was fading, was the tomb of Rekmara, a 'private individual,' the guide-books say, but evidently a patron of art, by the wealth of pictures on his gallery walls, and also of a cheerful turn of mind, as there is nothing gloomy or mythological among them—possibly these last, though, were the privilege of royalty. Almost every trade is portrayed, and it would be the amusement of hours to examine them all; but much of the illustration is rather high up on the walls, and it is difficult to arrange the candles properly for seeing them. There is a spirited scene with a glue-pot, which is heating over the fire, and a man is spreading it on a piece of wood with a flat brush, and holding another piece ready to lay on. Two men carrying a set of plants in pots on a hand-frame is another scene, striking in its everyday air; and some artists making a colossus—standing on a scaffolding of wood, and working at the head with chisels—is another interesting group. In the processions are some curious delineations of deputations, or perhaps prisoners, from a northern nation, with yellow hair, blue eyes, and warm clothing, and carrying long gloves in their hands.

This closed my sight-seeing, and I had a very

pleasant ride and row home in the moonlight, musing on many things. First, as to who those yellow-haired Northerners could have been who furnished the originals for the portraits, and what they thought of Egypt and its strange tomb-life, and all its other wonders; and then I speculated what manner of place England had been at the time of Rameses in all his glory, and thought how incredulous he would have been if he had been told that its inhabitants should one day have the chief management of Egyptian affairs. Lastly, I wondered which savage island would be to us in the future what we are to Egypt now. What riddles our remains would set them to read; which points about us would excite their superior wisdom to pity and to ridicule; which would constrain them to wonder and admire, as we do the temples and pyramids; and where, in roaming about among the *débris* of London, they would stop and murmur with awe-struck voices, 'There were giants in those days!'

It is quite discouraging to think how many centuries we must wait before we can ever so humbly vie with the Egyptians as 'antiques.' We see from the inscriptions on their walls, during what long ages they have been lions to the rest of the world. The scribblings of visitors, many of which we saw in

the tombs to-day, are in themselves a mine of antiquity and curiosity, going back to early Greek times, and including criticisms and long remarks as well as mere signatures. There are modern defacements as well, but I saw remarkably few English names.

As we came near the boat, several people came running to meet us, to say that Antonio, the waiter, had been beating his son so savagely that he had jumped into the river to escape him, and on getting to shore had run away. We had already found out that he was a man of violent temper, though always civil to us, and an excellent waiter.

Moussa improved the occasion by telling me how much better an Egyptian waiter would have been; what a pity we had any Maltese element in the party, and so on; to which I agreed, as there were often little sparrings between the two nationalities. However, on arriving, I was relieved to see Paolo on board—he had thought better of it and come back—and we heard no more of the affair. There was, however, a smouldering feud between Antonio and Moussa, which we ignored and repressed as much as possible, as it was too near the end of our time to make any changes advisable, even if we could have made them. This was literally the only



flaw in the good behaviour and harmony of the whole staff, from first to last.

After dinner the Consul, Mustapha Aga, was announced, and when I came into the saloon I found him sitting with St. L. on the sofa, his legs drawn up under him, and reclining on one elbow. He is a venerable old man, nearly blind, and with snow-white hair and beard. He said :

‘Like this country? Coorions country. Like this place? Coorions place. Been to Noobia? Noobia very coorions.’

He then said he heard we could talk Arabic, and began to speak it, but relapsed into English at intervals. He asked to see our antiques; he is a very good judge of them, we had been told, but we had nothing of much interest to produce.

St. L. wanted him to take a little Nubian ornament which he admired, but he refused indignantly, saying:

‘I don't take antique from *you*; I give *you* antique. My country is *all* antique.’

He gave me a pretty little ornament of cut cornelian, and went, asking us to come and see him next day. When we did so, we found him in his porch, lying on a divan made of basket-work, and covered with a rug. His son Achmet was sitting on a chair in the doorway.

The old Consul had all his collection of scarabs and other ornaments laid out for us to see. He pulled me down beside him, and St. L. had a chair and a chibook close by; and he proceeded to show us all his things, most of which were for sale.

St. L. made one or two purchases, but thought them too dear to indulge in largely, and was too polite to bargain with much success. When I said I had no money to spend, Mustapha became quite paternal, gave me several little *objets d'art*, and even sent an attendant for his beautiful inlaid money-box, and offered me some of its contents.

He showed us his gold ring, a present from the Prince of Wales, and entertained us by an account of his visit, and of the impatience he expressed to see the present Mustapha had brought him. I asked what it was, and he told me in a whisper behind his hand, 'A papyrus, thirty feet long.'

We stayed some time, and he sent for his little grandchild to see us, and conversed very pleasantly.

While he and his son were telling us something, one of the servants, a most respectable-looking oldish man, put in a remark uncalled for, when Achmet immediately gave him a slight blow on his mouth and said 'Hoss!' ('Be quiet!'), and he was dumb instantly.

We had been talking about a little incident of the afternoon. A seller of antiques had gone on board a Swedish dahabieh, moored next to ours, the dragoman of which had gone into a rage with him, and thrown one of his things into the river. He had rushed to our boat to try and get redress, and Moussa had gone with him to the authorities, who promised to exact a fine from the dragoman.

He was a foreigner, and no doubt would excite great anger for ill-treating an Egyptian. But as for the antique in question, we had seen it in the morning when he came to our boat, and thought it looked extremely modern.

Aehmet was suffering from neuralgia, and asked for some specific, which we sent him on our return, and soon after he appeared to ask us to show him how to apply it. He also brought me an invitation to go to luncheon with his mother the following day—‘but you will eat with your fingers,’ he added. I should have liked very much to eat with my fingers; but alas! we were to start next morning at daybreak, so I had to decline.

In the evening I rode off to Karnak. The moon having kindly arranged to be at the full during our stay here, I have had several lovely nocturnal rambles, but have seen nothing so supremely beautiful as Karnak was to-night—all bathed in

gold and silver, and casting deep warm violet shadows on the sand from every shafted obelisk and giant group of kings and gods—all looking strange and mystic, and transfigured into something quite other than the Karnak we had seen in the fierce blaze of the daylight.

## CHAPTER XIX.

*March 22nd.*—Since leaving Luxor we have had very bad luck, having been detained nearly three whole days in one spot by a violent gale of north-west wind. The river tossed and tumbled like a rough sea.

The weather was quite cool (thermometer only 74° at twelve o'clock), but not pleasant for going on shore, as there were clouds of driving sand; and the view from the dahabieh was confined to a row of palms on the bank, all blown on one side by the wind, and a strip of ripe yellow barley, rippling along in the breeze, like another river.

St. L. was kept in by a cold, and I made only one attempt to go anywhere. I set off to walk to the ruins of the town of Kopt, once an important city, and probably the original of the name Copt, now so widely spread. Finding it farther than I expected, I stopped, and sent Mohammed, my sailor, to see if he could find a donkey to let. He got one, but unfurnished (*i.e.*, saddle and bridle less);

so after twice slipping off in crossing the small watereourses which occur every ten yards or so, I gave it up, came back and made a fresh departure. I was glad to see the town, which looks as if it would repay more investigation, as there are extensive mounds and inviting fragments lying about, and one or two pylons still standing.

Except for this ride, I lived chiefly on deck, and as it was an idle time for everybody, I prosecuted *Arabie* a good deal, getting help, now from one friend, now from another.

One morning I took notes of a conversation with the two captains, which I subjoin; both were lying asleep in the sun when I sought them, but soon roused up: *Rais Mohammed* with his gruff voice and brusque manner, and *Abdallah*, with his soft sleepy eyes, and gentle face and voice.

E. 'It was a very bad night, I suppose?'

A. 'Oo! it was very bad, *Sitti*. It was cold—boo-boo-boo-boo—and the wind blew all the time—whee-ee-e—and the boat knocked against the bank—dak-dak-dak. I think you did not sleep?'

E. 'Did you ever know the wind to last so long in this violent way?'

A. 'No, no, no, no—never, never.' (Observe the likeness to a Frenchman's, '*Mais non, non, non—jamais, jamais.*') 'I hope you and the howaga

are not angry because we stay so long in one place. What can we do ? Allah sends the wind.'

M. 'We want you to have always good weather, and to be always pleased. And we, too, want to get on and finish the voyage. I want to go home—my field will be ripe ; and my cows—I have four—I think of them at night, ya Sitt, and then I have fiks [anxiety].'

E. 'Yes, you must want to get back. You have only your son to attend to things, I suppose ; and he is not a man yet ?'

M. 'You saw him—was he young or not ? Can he manage a farm ? I told him what to do, and gave him money, and said I should soon be back ; but it grows late—the summer is coming—it is coming on wheels—and I am sad because I am not there.'

E. 'Did the crops look well when you were at home ?'

M. 'Yes, praise be to Allah, everything was good : the barley, the lentils, the vetches—it is a large piece, and I pay two guinees firda [or tax] for it every month.'

E. 'Do you sell the milk ?'

M. 'No—why should I sell it ? My four children drink it, and the neighbours have the rest—and the cows turn the saggieh—for I have a saggieh of

my own. Soon I shall stay there altogether. I am an old man now, ya Sitt; next year, if Allah pleases, I shall go to Meecca and become a pilgrim, and after that I shall stay on my land.'

E. 'Do you mean your sons to be boat-captains, like you?'

M. 'No—it is not a good trade—much trouble and little money; they shall be farmers.'

Here he became seriously displeased with some shadoof-workers on the bank, and addressed them as 'Pigs!—thieves!—dogs!' while Rais Abdallah soothed him with his hand. He walked off, and Abdallah said:

'He is not very well to-day. I bled him yesterday—it is good for his head; he has it done every month. I bled him in the back of his neck with a pocket-knife. I did not take much. If we had been at a town he would have had it done by a doctor; for there is now a doctor in every town—Effendina has put one. He is not like your doctors, you know—out of a book; he knows nothing about medicine, but if anyone is stabbed with a knife, or shot, or wants to be bled, he can manage it.'

E. 'And does he vaccinate the children?'

A. 'No—but at every moodiria there is a doctor out of the book, and he vaccinates the children when they are fifteen days old.'



E. 'And when your doctor bleeds you, Rais Mohammed, do you pay much for it ?'

M. 'Six piastres [sevenpence halfpenny].'

Abdallah now waited on his superior with a cigar and a cup of coffee; but he declined the latter, saying, 'Tsk-tsk,' and shaking his hand dissentingly; so Abdallah drank it himself.

E. 'You take good care of Rais Mohammed.'

A. 'What can I do? he is like my father. I am always on his boat—I wish never, never to leave him.'

E. 'Have you always been with him ?'

A. 'No. I left him for four years, to be captain of a cargo-boat; but the boatowner became unkind—there were always sharp words, and noise and quarrels. It was not nice, Sitti; my head was broken—I became like a fool—like a man with four wives. Rais Mohammed said, "Come away," and I came.'

Presently I said—'Do you know what tomb that is on the bank? It looks new.'

A. 'It is new this year; it is the tomb of Sheykh Salim. He was a great wellee [saint], and when he died the people fought, and some were killed, because they all wanted to help to bury him.'

E. 'What did he do when he was alive ?'

A. 'He sat always in one place—winter, sum-

mer, night, day—cold, hot, like this [crouched up]. He was naked, and he prayed always.'

M. 'Every year he went to Mceca, but at the same time he stayed in his place. He was seen among the pilgrims, and yet he was never missed from here.'

Antonio (ironing near us): 'You believe that, miss? I *not* believe it.'

M. (severely). 'You may not believe it; but I have seen things he did quite as wonderful. If you had showed him your box, ya Sitt, there at the end of the deck, looked up, he would have told you all that was in it! I could not but think he would have been much puzzled to find names for some of the things he saw in his vision of the contents of my box.'

Here a boat came up to ask alms for the guardians of the tomb; and Rais Mohammed moved me from the sofa, which is a bread-chest in disguise, took out an armful of picees, and threw them in.

E. 'Who gets what is collected?'

M. 'It goes to burn candles at the tomb, and to make a fantasia at his moolid [anniversary].'

After three days the wind dropped, and a dead calm has since prevailed, during which we have been making up for lost time, and gliding on from dawn to dark, doing about forty miles a day.

St. L. and I have recently changed rooms; and

now that I have the two *vis-à-vis* cabins, W. is sure our contrivances will be amongst the things best worth describing to our friends when we get home. She has to stand in the passage to brush my hair, and if she lays down the brush or comb it is in the opposite room, without having to move. If I sit down it must be on the dressing-table; and my bath also stands there during the daytime.

At Luxor we set seriously to work to find a cat, and I went about myself begging for one, thinking that might produce an effect. I had one offer of a very elegant yellow Greek cat from one of the shops, but she prudently retired up a tree at the first hint on the subject, and I could not wait for her to come down. There were one or two other proposals, resulting in the acquisition of a small tabby puss of very wild habits, who at first quite alarmed us by her conduct, refusing to eat and hiding in the dark, and we kept her for some time tied by a string to the handle of a drawer, for fear she should elude us and run away. At last the sailors advised us to turn her into the part under the deck and leave her to herself, and since then no eye has beheld her, but she is heard moving about, and the rats have almost ceased to trouble us, so we consider her a great prop and stay, and sleep far more peacefully.

We have made old Abou-taleb responsible for her, and he is to have a halfpenny a day for waiting upon her; at present his cares seem to consist in asking for some food for her, and then eating it himself in the most unblushing way. The sailors have named her 'Bostina'—I believe under the impression that it is the English name for a cat—and they spend much time in calling her at a crack in the boards, and passing jokes upon her.

23rd.—We have got as far as Ghirgeh, and here we found twenty-three letters and eight newspapers—the accumulation of nearly three weeks—awaiting us. These sudden changes from dearth to profusion are very trying to the moral digestion.

We took a little stroll, and saw some beautiful fields of Oriental poppy, both white and pink; they are grown as a crop, and are called 'abou-noom' (father of sleep). I think we saw nothing else of interest to-day except the mast of a sunken dahabieh, which went down last year, overturned by a sudden gust, as it came round the mountain we were passing, Gebel Serag. When we asked, 'Why don't they raise it again?' we were told 'The Afreet' (spirits) 'will not let them; they have often tried, but the Afreet always pull it down again.'

I forgot to mention that we found at Luxor that rumour had confounded the *Fatima* with the

*Lohengrin*, and that we were quite interesting, as being supposed to have narrowly escaped a watery grave.

This excited us all very much, and Antonio especially would not rest till he had made me write an Italian letter for him to his wife at Alexandria, begging her to believe nothing she heard. In time came an answer, saying that this was easy, as she had heard nothing, and altogether written in a spirit of great composure, but ending with an urgent request for a remittance of money.

24<sup>th</sup>.—The ninety days for which St. L. took the *Fatima* are over to-day, and we now keep her on by the day. I am writing this at Mensheeyeh, but it is not a place of much interest. Abou-taleb lives here, and has a wife and child; but the former has dismissed him, and he is very angry with her, and wishes to remove the child, of whom he is very fond, from her charge, and take her to live with his brother at Asyoot.

When a husband and wife separate, the father has the disposal of the children and the charge of their maintenance; he often leaves them with their mother, and pays her for keeping them.

He was very anxious for leave to take the child to Asyoot on the boat with him. We gave it, and she came on board, a poor little thing nearly blind

(such a frequent case with Egyptian children), and very scantily clothed, though rich in beads and coins. Her name is Zenab. Her father poked her down under the deck to sleep, and on our remonstrating, assured us she would be happier there than anywhere, and he presently crept down and joined her, taking her in his arms very lovingly, and I believe stayed there all night.

25th.—To-day we coaxed her to the door of W.'s cabin, to be measured for a little cotton garment we are designing. Her father had to come and stand by her, to give her courage to stay so near the mouth of the strange animal's den.

When we took off her veil, she revealed a head of black plaits done with some care, but I should think some months ago. There were pieces of cord and braid of divers colours plaited in with the hair, and all hanging down behind, and from the longest plait hung a small chintz bag, very oily, and containing money. Abou-taleb said the Fellaheen women always carry their money so, and in the market pull the plait round and take the money they want from it.

We also made her a doll, at which she was rather frightened at first, but soon took to it, and the sailors were much interested in the performance, and passed it round from hand to hand: they

called it an 'aroosa,' the same word as for 'bride.' They are quite accustomed to dolls as toys, only theirs are of the rudest. St. L. bought one from a child one day, and it was only a stick dressed up, with a bunch of hair and beads at the top, and the hair dressed with castor-oil.

Abou-taleb danced gravely about with the doll in his arms, singing to it, and answering for it in a treble voice. He is a curious old buffoon. Yesterday he made everybody laugh; at a place where there was a good echo, he called out: 'What is *your* name?' 'What is *your* name?' answered the echo. 'No—*yours*, I said.' 'No—*yours*, I said,' and so on, with variations.

This part of the river is remarkably full of shadoofs, or pole and bucket arrangements for raising water from the river, too well known to need description. They are rather an impediment to the towing-path, and the sailors often have to climb over and round them and the workers at them, and pass the towing-rope across them, three or four times in an hour. The workers are naked all but their white lebbas, or drawers, and they look very like the old Egyptians in the sculptures; they chant a short, wild, monotonous strophe all the time they are at work, probably a very ancient ditty, as there were shadoofs in the time of the

Pharaohs, and the song would be handed on from generation to generation.

This morning Rais Abdallah said, 'To-day my stomach is very large—not simply *large*, but *la-a-arge*—like this boat—two chairs would not carry it.' On being asked the cause of this distressing symptom: 'Because it is full of angry words—but I am keeping them inside—they are not coming out.' I asked why he was so angry. 'That I can *never* tell you.'

I did not wish him to do so, as we always find it better to leave any disputes entirely to Moussa's care, so I said he was very wise to keep it to himself and retired into my book; but he soon remarked consolingly that he would tell me some day, and I could give a shrewd guess which day it would be. When it ere long transpired, it turned out to be a question connected with the rate at which their time was to be counted now the ninety days have expired, and an especial grievance was that they had not been told the time was over, and would not have known it if they had not casually heard us talking about it yesterday. Their ignorance puts them very much at the mercy of their employers, and I am afraid the latter often take advantage of it. There is something touching in the simple confiding way in which they seem to



count upon the 'howagat' treating them fairly, and even a little indulgently; but they are always anxious the *torgoman* (*dragoman*) should not know of any little kindness or present they receive—'he would be angry,' they say.

The other day I overheard Rais Mohammed giving a tremendous lecture to Rais Abdallah.

'How foolish you are, O Abdallah—how often I have told you you should not,' etc.

Thinking they were getting rather angry, to divert their warmth I said:

'I suppose Abdallah is rather a simpleton?' at which they relaxed; and Rais Mohammed said:

'He is not a simpleton, *ya Sitt*, he is twenty simpletons,' and proceeded to explain what he had done, with interpolations from himself.

It was about a pecuniary affair of his own—with a Copt, who had behaved 'like a cat,' he said several times with great emphasis. So I suppose he had been made a mouse of, but I am sorry to say I failed quite to follow the rights of the case.

It is one of Abdallah's duties to go and lean over the deck-rails at intervals, and cheer on the rowers below with gay remarks and personal raillery; and I was struck by the way in which he threw aside his load of care (for he was in a great state of mind) and went and joked pleasantly as

usual; he then came back and collapsed into a forlorn heap, with his face hid on his knees, and poured out his woes and wrongs to me for some time, when I succeeded at last in understanding the matter.

It seems that he lent some money a while ago to the eat-like Copt, and neglected to take a written acknowledgment of it. (A warrak, he called it—literally, a paper.) The Copt now declines to pay, and poor Abdallah has meanwhile contracted a little debt which he had counted on wiping off with this money, and which Rais Mohammed is now very stern with him about, as the code of river boatmen on such points is strict, and now whenever he spends a few piastres he is pulled up for it. He is an open-handed creature, we have often observed, and always giving his things away.

'What can I do?' he says. 'If a brother wants anything I *must* say "Take," to him—then I think when I want anything, some brother will say "Take," to me.' (Other sailors are always 'brothers.')

Rais Mohammed puts it differently, and says:

'His pocket is always open—he throws money into the river—then afterwards he says, "River, give it back again"—but——' a shrug supplied the conclusion.

This story was further elucidated shortly after

by a visit Rais Abdallah received. Some one came on board at Asyoot and asked for him. I said :

‘Here is a friend come to see you.’

‘No—not a friend,’ he said gloomily; and it turned out to be the enemy—come to reiterate that he could not pay his debt.

I was under the impression that it was Abdallah’s creditor, and not his debtor, or I might have tried to say something telling. However, it would probably have done no good. I watched the interview from a distance with great interest. I think it lasted two hours and a half, and in the course of the time poor Abdallah threw off one by one all his beautiful clothes, and was left at last in his muslin shirt and trowsers, conjuring, upbraiding, and persuading, but all in vain, and the ‘cat’ retreated in triumph. I wondered he could resist such dignified eloquence; it might have been a youthful bishop exhorting some recreant member of his flock in gentle sorrowful tones, now and then drawing his robes gracefully round him, and turning sadly away and remaining silent awhile, but getting warmer and more stringent as the interview proceeded.

Afterwards, we had a little moral discussion about debt and its evils. He began by saying he *must* buy new clothes when he got to Cairo, but

ended, after the impressionable manner of his race, by agreeing that it was far worse to be hampered by a debt than to wear old clothes; and said:

'I will take all my wages, and my baksheesh when I have got it, and pay the debt, even if I have not enough left to get one blue cotton shirt.'

And we then dwelt with allowable pleasure on the possibility of the Copt also thinking better of it and discharging his liabilities. I asked if there was no redress in such a case, and he said:

'I might sue him before the Hokoomia [court of justice]; but then the man to whom I owe money might also sue me.'

I did not see the connection of these two facts; but I observed that he did not seem to rest with much assurance on an appeal to justice producing any effect, though it appeared he could have brought witnesses to prove the loan. I said nothing about helping him a little, thinking it better to let him learn a lesson of prudence by feeling a little temporary pinching; but if he really devotes his baksheesh to the debt, it will be allowable to give him a little more, doing it through Rais Mohammed, who, notwithstanding his scoldings, has a high opinion of Abdallah, and says he is 'among the faithful of Allah.'

From all we hear, I fancy the administration of

justice is still very weak ; that there is much bribery, and that it is difficult for a poor man to get attended to ; but the people are so delighted with the ease they feel from the decreased taxes, that they see everything *couleur de rose* under the present *régime*, make no complaints, and are full of praises of ' Effendina,' to whom they loyally attribute all credit in the matter. The tax, or tribute on land, seems to be decreased by about half, which must be an immense relief ; and, best of all, they now know pretty well what the yearly tax will be ; whereas, in the time of the last Khedive, if he wanted more money one year than another, he sent round to the Moodirs of each province to say that they must raise so much each, irrespective of seasons and crops. They speak very bitterly of this last *régime*, and make remarks too uncharitable to repeat.

## CHAPTER XX.

*March 27th.*—Our amusement to-day was mending the flag, my share being only supplying needle, cotton, and good advice. The last was not much needed, as two of them set to work very deftly upon it, holding the hem firmly between two toes.

The barley harvest is now begun, and we have seen the people at work in it. They do not reap it, but pull it up by the roots with their hands, the light dry soil all falling off as they do so.

It is very hot sometimes now, but being calm, we can have the deck-awning up, which is not allowed when there is much breeze, and this makes a great difference to our comfort. To-day the thermometer in the saloon after luncheon was 88°; but I suppose we have become acclimatised, as we thought it hotter in January, when it went up to 85° only.

*29th.*—We have passed Asyoot, and parted from little Zenab, who went off with her father, hugging

the doll in her little thin brown arms, and her veil dragging on the ground behind her.

We are this evening at Manfaloot, and have been walking in a beautiful grove of pomegranate and lemon-trees—unusual here, and reminding us of Algiers.

We then wandered along the bank till after dark, and were attracted to a boat where a joyous fantasia was going on, singing and dancing, but all in the dark, which, as one dancer performs and the rest look on, we thought an odd arrangement.

On our remarking this, the sailor who was carrying our lantern promptly clambered into the boat with it and illuminated the group, telling them to dance their best, as the howagat were looking at them. They took it in very good part, and even thanked us for our condescension when we went away.

We find some care is necessary to prevent the rudest actions being performed in our names—such as turning people out of their own gardens to leave them empty for us to sit in; and one day Kenowi even swept a party of herdsmen out of a little straw booth they were dining in as a shelter from the sun, because he fancied we wanted a shady spot to sit in.

Of course a few piastres are a wonderful balm to wounded dignity, and we always apologise as well, on principle; but sowaheen are generally treated with great indulgence, as the people regard them as fountains of baksheesh, who must be propitiated if there is to be any chance of some of the spray falling on them.

30th.—We are now in the robber district again, and last night were, not becalmed, but bewinded, at a place of such evil reputation that Moussa and the captains, not content with going themselves to the Sheykh to ensure getting trustworthy watchers, sat up all night themselves as well. They did not tell us this till next morning; but I am always more or less aware of the night's events, as I am obliged, on account of the heat, notwithstanding Murray's warnings, to sleep with the window open close to my pillow, and I am often so near to the bank as to feel almost as if I were one of the party of watchers myself.

April 1st.—About twelve o'clock to-day we arrived opposite the tombs of Beni-Hassan, and hot though it was, I did not like to pass them without going to see them. Though they are not far off, St. L. could not bear the blazing sun, especially as you cannot ride all the way; but on arriving nearly at the foot of the limestone cliff in which



they are pierced like a long row of dark doorways, you must dismount and be dragged up an inclined plane of fragments of stone and loose sand.

These tombs are much older than the time of Rameses—of the age of Osirtasen I., of the 12th dynasty. Their style of decoration is different: instead of the figures being in relief, but the surrounding stone not cut away—which is the plan in most other places—they are here for the most part merely painted on the wall, in the fresco style.

Most of the tombs are discovered, by the hieroglyphics, to have belonged to one family—hereditary governors of the home or province. The walls are entirely covered with picture decorations, which throw much light on the earlier Egyptian times.

In the matter of trades they seem to be hardly less advanced than in the 18th and 19th dynasties, which are considered the zenith of Egyptian greatness; there is glass-blowing, for instance, and flax-weaving with hand-looms. There are very spirited hunting-scenes too, gazelle-shooting with bows and arrows, fishing, and fowling. Bull-fights are depicted, and one wall is entirely covered with figures of wrestlers in different attitudes: some tripping each other up; some with curiously interlaced

arms and legs—to increase the distinctness of which, one wrestler is painted red, and the other black.

All the figures are very small, except the ‘individual of the tomb,’ as Murray calls him, who is distinguished by being drawn very large.

In one place, the individual—Knum-hotep by name—is standing, surrounded by his favourite dogs (one, a stout elderly female, I think must be a portrait), receiving a deputation of foreigners, who were long supposed to be Joseph and his brethren; but now that the art of reading hieroglyphics is so advanced, it is deciphered from the inscription, that though it is a band of Asiatic shepherds, they are several centuries earlier than Joseph. Amongst them is a donkey with panniers and two children in them.

It is curious, that though almost every kind of animal is represented, there is not a horse among them; and this goes to prove that they were then still unknown in Egypt, as in the later sculptures they are often found.

I admired the architecture of these tombs—if indeed you can apply the word ‘architecture’ to a rock-cut grotto. There is one large chamber or cave, with a well in one corner leading down to the sepulchre; and this large room has an arched roof,

supported by columns of a very pretty design—a bunch of four water-lilies, their stalks forming the shaft, and their heads the capital, the string which ties them forming the line which divides the capital from the shaft.

3rd.—We got close to Minieh last night, and have been discussing whether to leave the boat here, and go on by train or not; but it ended in our resolving to proceed at least a little farther in the *Fatima*.

The crew were quite sentimental about our going, though it will make but a few days' difference, and we had many requests to stay.

'If the howaga and sitt go, the boat will be like a dead man.'

'But think,' we said, 'how much room you would have, and how you could go all over the boat just as you liked.'

'What is the use of room without people? It is good to have plenty of people, and plenty of room for them; but better to have people and no room, than room and no people.'

This was, indeed, the sentiment of a native of an under-populated country, such as Nubia.

Idris is in his glory to-day, cooking a sheep which St. L. has given to the crew; but he is obliged to condescend to ask a little assistance at

critical points from Dahab, the cook who succeeded Taha.

We call Idris 'the Ubiquitous,' because he is in such constant request, and is invoked almost as often as the Prophet, from different quarters. Sometimes he takes an oar; sometimes he relieves his uncle at the rudder; sometimes he goes aloft to alter a rope; but his main task, perhaps, is supplying drinks of water. He draws it from the river in a tin mug, and is perpetually plying with it all round. It is the only drink of the crew, but the captains indulge in coffee when they can afford it.

4th.—Kenowi, when I went on deck early this morning, brought a mass of something like liquorice or toffee, tied in a blue handkerchief, and pressed me to taste it, or rather to eat largely of it, saying he had just bought it 'from a merchant.' He called it tamar, and it tasted very much like crushed dates. I afterwards saw the merchant walking about with a block of it on his head, and chopping off pieces to sell.

Presently Idris came up with a bowl of mutton-bones, exactly like a dog's dinner, and implored me to take one; but in this I could not oblige him. Then Rais Abdallah offered me part of his breakfast, of bread and onions soaked in warm water. So you

see, on a dahabieh one lives in clover, and has constant opportunities of dainties.

We got on a short distance only, and moored for the night at a small hamlet.

In the evening, just as we were thinking of going to bed, there arose a tremendous hubbub on the bank just above, and looking out, we dimly saw a crowd moving about in the darkness, and apparently fighting.

At first, we thought it might be some of our sailors; but no—they were all peacefully coiled up in their cloaks fast asleep. Presently, however, two of them awoke, shook themselves, and stole off with their long poles, evidently longing to have a finger in the pie.

We were just going to call them back, when Rais Mohammed roused up and ordered them to return, and when they did not come, followed them himself. It turned out that the rest of the inhabitants were very jealous of the watchers who had been appointed to take care of us, and had come to eject them by force from their post. I don't know what arguments Rais Mohammed used—we heard some tremendous thumps, but from whom or on whom did not transpire, and in about ten minutes more, the hubbub gradually died away, and the watchers were left in peace.

4th.—We passed Gebel et Tayr to-day, and again admired it. It is a strangely honeycombed range of cliffs, very white above, but getting black below towards the water; numerous doves skimming backwards and forwards across the face of the rock, or strutting in and out of the holes and fissures in it, and far up over our heads the crude brick fortifications of the Coptic convent in an apparently impregnable position.

The sight of it led to a talk with Rais Mohammed about the feeling between Copts and Mussulmans. According to him, the former are very bigoted and intolerant, but there are probably two equally strong sides to this question. The Copts have most of the education, and consequently engross most of the clerkships and other good situations; but this cannot compensate for their disadvantage in being a minority, holding an alien faith.

I asked Rais Mohammed if he did not think it was as well for people of different religions in the same country to try and live peaceably together. He said: 'Oh yes; while we are in this world, it is much better to be friends and work together; in the tomb we shall not be friends.'

I have noticed that they use 'the tomb' and 'the next world' synonymously; I said: 'But I

hope we shall all be in Genna [Paradise], and that there everyone will be friendly.'

He seemed quite interested in this remark, laid his hand impressively on my knee, looking at me earnestly from under his shaggy eyebrows, and asked me to repeat it. I did so with some trepidation, expecting a rebuff for having presumed to suppose I could be admitted into Genna; but he quite approved the sentiment, shook both his hands towards the sky with quite a nice, wistful look on his wizened old face, and said: 'I hope so—I hope so! In Genna there will be room for all; and all who walk straight will get there.'

So I conclude his saying, 'In the tomb we shall not be friends,' was rather in deference to my supposed sentiments than an expression of his own.

I asked Rais Abdallah the other day why some of the sailors said their prayers and some did not. He said: 'Sometimes if a sailor is young, perhaps he has not begun to pray; or if he smokes hacheesh, or drinks wine, then he does not pray. If I ever smoked hacheesh or drank wine, I should leave off praying; it would be no use my doing both; it would be like taking first a step to the east, and then a step to the west.'

One night as I was walking up and down on the deck, I observed one of the sailors there saying his

prayers, so of course did not address him ; but presently, as I went by, he said in a low, distinct voice :

‘ Do not forget the scissors.’

I looked at him—he had not even turned his head, so that I should have doubted if what he said was addressed to me if I had not recollected promising him a pair. He soon finished his devotions, and then pursued the subject ; but he had been afraid I should escape him if he did not broach it at once.



## CHAPTER XXI.

*April 5th.*—We started at four o'clock this morning, and made a very long day, ending it at Feshun at about 8 p.m. We had only one adversity—namely, sticking for an hour on a sandbank; the longest 'stick' we have ever experienced, which speaks well for our boat and steersman, as such catastrophes are constantly imminent, and to steamers as well as to sailing-vessels—we passed one of the former lately lying on a sandbank, groaning disconsolately, and giving an occasional wriggle to get free. Our sailors to-day all stripped and plunged in, pushing on one side and pulling on the other till they dislodged the boat. Even Rais Mohammed joined the party, and stood afterwards in his streaming shirt at the helm—every other hand being engaged—till I offered to relieve him while he put on another. This was an excellent joke for us all, and he entered into it with great spirit

calling out orders from a distance, 'To the left, O steersman!' etc., with unnecessary frequency.

They all like a laugh immensely, and they pass such toilsome days now rowing in the heat, that when we feel capable of a joke we never omit to make it; but we ourselves feel the temperature the last day or two.

6th.—Another long day, ending at El-Wasta, where we took a refreshing moonlight ramble in a palm-grove. The heat during the day had been great, and the thermometer at 92° in the saloon at two o'clock.

I took the measure of the palm-tree under which I happened to be sitting, and which was about the average size of the larger ones. It was fifty-four inches round.

I wandered on a long way with Kenowi, and reflected sadly that it was nearly the last of our many walks together. Under his instructions I have tasted many kinds of berries and seeds—one called 'Nommas,' a kind of vetch, is very good—and I have also acquired a taste for castor-berries, which are outside like a little grey and black striped bean, and inside like a nut.

Kenowi brought me this evening a handful of green corn slightly frizzled in the fire, and told me he should never forget me, even if it were five

years before he saw me again. I said, 'But I am afraid I should forget you, my son' ('my son,' or 'my child,' is the proper expression of kindness to an inferior). 'You will have a beard in five years, and look quite different;' but he thought this would not matter, so that he knew me.

Rais Abdallah was also very touching to-day. He said, 'You have been kind to me, and I can do nothing,' and looked quite sad. On being reminded of several little presents he had given us, he said, 'Oh, those were nothing—they cost hardly any piastres!'

'But then you have worked very hard to bring us on our journey.'

'Yes; but that was for money. I should have had to do it if you had not been kind. I should like to make you very much pleased: if there was anything in my box that you liked, I would give it you; but I have nothing that you cannot buy much better out of your large purse.'

'If you are fond of us, you are giving us a beautiful thing which we could not buy with all the money in our purses.'

He was quite pleased at this, and said his affection for us was 'like the whole river Nile running through his heart;' but he was very anxious I

should take something out of his box as well, and displayed all his treasures.

W. and I have spent some of our spare hours in making a bag for each of them, rich with embroidery, and marked with their names in Arabic letters. They have a perfect passion for bags, and these delighted them; but we provoked much jealousy by inadvertently making some rather larger and smarter than others, and have had many amusing complaints on the subject.

7th.—I suppose this is our last whole day, though we still depend somewhat on the wind. It is now south, which is good for progress, but makes it intensely hot. It is, in fact, the Khamseen, or hot wind, which is blowing now, and will go on, at intervals, for the next six weeks; but I am glad to hear it seldom lasts more than three days at a stretch.

The thermometer was at 90° before 11 a.m., and by 3 p.m. it had got up to 98½°; it was hanging against an inside wall in the saloon, with all the Venetian shutters shut. I had expected we should dislike this amount of heat very much; but so long as one is careful to take things very quietly, it is not unbearable. The worst feature in a Khamseen is, that there is no relief at night, as the temperature continues the same till the wind changes; and

it is depressing to go into one's cabin at night, and feel the walls baked through with heat, and the warm water in jugs and bottle, and think of staying there till morning. The deck is no better; but I spent most of the day and part of the night there, as being at least more spacious than the rooms below.

The rowers toiled indefatigably, and Abou-taleb was excused from his oar that he might devote himself to singing to cheer them on; inventing the words as he proceeded—beginning each verse with, 'I am the magnificent one, I always tell the truth,' and then following it up with some statement which led to the belief that his theory and practice differed considerably. One, which was vociferously encored, was, 'The foxes all became sailors, and they made the red cat their steersman; then they all took their poles and beat the red cat.' Chorus by sailors, 'The foxes—the foxes.' I merely give this as a specimen of the style of art.

In the middle of the day the hot wind increased to a gale for about an hour, and we were twice violently driven to land: it was with difficulty the boat could be held off, even I valiantly assisting with St. L.'s umbrella firmly planted against the bank. It moderated afterwards, and we could put up the sail, to the comfort of the weary rowers; and by dinner-time we arrived at Bedreshayn, only

fifteen miles from Cairo. It is the nearest point to the site of Memphis, and we began our lionising by riding off in the direction of the ruins about sunset. The road lies through magnificent palm-groves, and there seemed to be a cooler breath when we were in their midst, though still the air was very hot, especially near the ground, where there seemed to be a layer of a higher temperature; and when a puff of this came in one's face from a bank or raised path, it was as if an oven-door had been opened.

We got only as far as the fallen Colossus of Rameses II. which lies face downwards in a pool. This is not generally much seen by travellers, as the pool does not dry sufficiently to leave the face exposed till pretty late in the year; but owing to our being a little behindhand, and also to the unusual lowness of the river (which feeds this pool), we saw everything but the tip of his nose, which was in the mud.

It is a beautiful face, calm and smiling, and well worth making an effort to see. The statue is of a very white kind of limestone, almost like marble. It belongs to us—*i.e.*, to the British Museum—a present from the discoverers. But it seems we do not care to take it; or, which would be much better, to raise it, and then leave it here.

Rameses is quite a modern upstart here, compared with his surroundings; as Memphis was founded 1,000 years before his time. And the Step Pyramid of Sakkarah, near at hand, is, 'if tradition may be trusted'—perhaps rather a large 'if'—'the most ancient monument not only in Egypt, but in the world.'

There is nothing left of the city of Memphis but shapeless mounds of soil and sand, and fragments of pottery; unless, indeed, there are any submerged treasures still reserved for the Egyptologist of the future.

The band of discoverers has just sustained a great loss in the death of M. Mariette Bey, of which we only heard a few days ago. He is particularly identified with this place, and all the people here speak of him with great affection and regret.

8th.—This morning, 'before the sun,' I rode with Moussa to Sakkarah, to see the Step Pyramid, the Serapeum, and one or two of the tombs. But, early as I started, it was such a hot expedition that I came back feeling I had not been able to take in or appreciate very much; as, in fact, my strongest feeling all the time I was there was a wish to come away, though mixed with a dim sense of self-reproach for not admiring and wondering more.

As we started, we met a picturesque stream of women coming down to the river for water, with jars on their heads. Some of them were very pretty, and all had soft, long-shaped, black eyes, and very fair skins—fair being, of course, a comparative expression.

When we had passed out of the palm-grove and into the desert, we came at once in sight of the Pyramids. There are three principal groups of them, and I could count seven or eight in sight at once. We made straight for the Step Pyramid. It is built in five degrees, or steps, and looks very rough and primitive, compared with its younger brothers, the Pyramids of Ghizeh. I must own to a sense of relief on finding that I could not go inside it, as at present the entrance is blocked up. I believe it has very complicated passages and chambers inside, some of which are lined with coloured tiles.

From thence we went to the Serapeum, or, as it is more correctly called, the Apis Mausoleum. This was discovered by M. Mariette in 1861, and was excavated and explored; but I believe all the mummies of the Sacred Bulls, which were buried here, had already been carried off, and only their empty sarcophagi were left.

The Sacred Bull, Apis, was worshipped at



Memphis in a magnificent temple during his lifetime ; and then, when he died, was brought here to be buried in the Mausoleum. The part which is open now contains the sarcophagi of the later Bulls. It is a subterranean passage of vast extent and many windings, about 400 yards long, and having well-like recesses in the walls on each side. It is a candle-light expedition, and it requires some care not to tumble into these wells.

I went down into one which is furnished with steps, and has a ladder up the side of the granite sarcophagus in the middle. Inside are a table and chairs, put there to show its great size. The whole place was illuminated last year, when the Khedive made his first voyage up the Nile ; and I rather think he had luncheon in this sarcophagus—at any rate, he might have done so, as it is quite large enough.

All the sphinxes and other wonders which M. Mariette disclosed to view are now sanded up again ; and the most prominent object in sight now is the rough wooden house in which he lived while superintending the excavations. It must have been a lonely life ; though perhaps he dwelt so much in the past that he felt as if he were in the midst of the busiest city in Egypt, as Memphis was in its day.

Sakkarah was the Necropolis of Memphis; and there are vast numbers of tombs there, which have furnished all sorts of curiosities—jewels, relics, and works of art—now in the museum at Boolak.

The tomb of Ti, which everyone goes to see, and which is by far the most interesting, is of the 5th dynasty, or about B.C. 3366. He was a private individual, of humble birth; but rose to eminence, and married Nefer-hotep, a cousin of the king's. His history seems to be all known as accurately from the hieroglyphics as if it were taken from an obituary notice in the *Times*. His statue, which was found in the tomb, is now in the museum; but even without it, you become quite familiar with his face after walking through his tomb, or rather temple, as he is depicted in every variety of occupation and attitude on its walls.

Of all the pictures I have yet seen in Egypt, these are the most marvellous—which is the more strange, because they are also far the oldest—and might be expected to show a rude and infant phase of the art. The ideas, certainly, do seem far more simple than in later times—they are just scenes from everyday life—giving the impression that they are intended as a biography or memoir of Ti.

There are no complete myths, or symbols, or deities with their attributes; but I believe these were developed much later, after immigrations from Asia had brought in an influx of Semitic ideas, and engrafted them on the older and more primitive faith. But the execution of these biographical scenes is most graphic, and presents a vivid picture of the life of a rich man of that day, making you feel that you know far more about it than you do about the inner life of many an existing people.

After all, what chiefly strikes you about this remote past is not its dissimilarity from the present, but its great similarity to it. The sporting, farming, gardening, settling accounts with the bailiff, walking out to inspect the farm—all give you a feeling that the life we are living now is only a cycle of the past come round again, but this time to another spot on the earth's surface.

The animals are drawn with extreme spirit, and many of them reminded me of Britton Rivière's style—having, if anything, almost too much expression. The grouping is very formal; but there is, what Ruskin says should always be found in high art, a surprise here and there to break the uniformity. For instance, in a long row of donkeys being driven along, just one is putting down his head to

snatch a mouthful of grass ; and, in a long line of geese, just one is turning her head with rather a waggish expression, to look back at the one behind.

The courts here are in open daylight, and I stared at them from under an umbrella till I was nearly blinded by the sun. Then I rode back, and at Mitrakenny—the site of Memphis—I found St. L., who had come thus far to meet me, and been amusing himself with fishing for relics. He had found some bits of blue glazed tile which looked rather meritorious.

I sat down to rest, and refreshed myself with a draught of warm water which had been in a bottle in the sun, and a piece of maize-cake which the donkey-man gave me in exchange for my biscuits.

We got back about eleven o'clock, and spent the rest of the day in rowing to Cairo against a considerable north breeze which had sprung up, and made the atmosphere much pleasanter, though still the thermometer would not go down below 92°.

We settled to sleep on board once more, and land next day. W. went off on a donkey for the letters, and Moussa also went to the town, and reappeared in a new tarboosh—he had met a friend who had greeted him by knocking off his old one, saying it was dirty, and he could not speak to him till he had bought a new one. We spent the evening in

having a farewell fantasia, swelled by several of the sailors' friends from shore ; but it was quite an effort to be gay, we were all so sorry to part from each other.

9th.—About 10.30 we took leave of the *Fatima* and of all our dear dark friends, but not finally, as we were to come back in the afternoon for St. L. to give them their baksheesh ; and I had also some presents for them, which I distributed by lot, to avoid jealousies, making them draw counters out of a bag for priority of choice. All the knives were chosen before any other article was even looked at.

We have never ascertained positively what their wages are, as Moussa likes to make a little mystery on such points ; and he also often seems to receive petitions for a few piastres when we come to a town, and sometimes to grant them and sometimes not. But by their own account their wages are—for the common sailors, six dollars a month, or £1 4s. ; for the steersman, nine dollars ; and for the rais, twelve dollars.

A slight mystery also hangs over the destination of the *Fatima*—the sailors all averring that she goes up the river again, under Rais Mohammed's care, drops all the crew at their respective homes, and then during the summer takes little trips with native bashas ; but Moussa assures us that Abder-

rahman never allows his dahabieh to be used in this way, but reserves them especially for Sowaheen, and that the sailors will find their way back on cargo-boats. I incline to the version of the sailors, who could have no object in inventing.

Several of them would like to come to England, and would, I think, make excellent servants; but I doubt if it would be for their permanent advantage to come. They are almost all of the class which in England, I think, would be called small farmers, or perhaps peasant proprietors would better describe them.

Moussa often talks about 'the common people.' I said to him one day:

'How should I express "the common people" in Arabie, Moussa? Should I say, "the Fellaheen"?'

'Oh dear no!' said Moussa, quite shocked. 'The common people are not Fellaheen; the Fellaheen are very rich, often—very important. What should we do without them? You must say, "Naas bata-line"' (literally, 'bad people').

I rebelled against this fiat, on philosophical grounds; but I found Moussa's ideas (I do not know if they are typical) were very illiberal on this head; that he considered poverty a crime, and dressing badly, failing to spend and make a show, all grave moral failings.

But I am deferring the account of our departure. We bowled off in a shaky carriage to Shepheard's, which we found looked strangely spacious after the boat, and felt fresh and airy ; the garden was gay with masses of oleander, hibiscus, pomegranate, and honeysuckle, the pelicans still waddling about, and the kites swooping down to steal some of their dinner. The guests inside were scanty and easily numbered.

One of the first people we saw was our old friend Ali, from Alexandria, sitting in the hotel portico, and fanning himself with a fan of scarlet and yellow feathers. He told us he was there with a party whom he had just brought back from Palestine. But this statement Moussa, in a fervent aside, implored us not to believe ; and said afterwards :

‘ If you had not been there I should have given it two or three slaps for saying that, because I *know* it has not been to Syria ; it cannot do a difficult business like that !’

The mutual jealousy of the dragomans is very amusing. Moussa can scarcely bear us to look at another dragoman, and always decries him afterwards—and we hear others are the same ; but on which side the truth lay in this case we never found out.

*April 10th, Palm Sunday.*—There was English service in the hotel, as the church is under repair. Dean Butcher is still here.

We could not go back to the *Fatima*, after all, yesterday afternoon, as St. L. had no money for the baksheesh; so we went this afternoon instead, and had tea there once more, and then said our real good-bye, which my pen refuses to describe adequately, so it must be left to imagination.

St. L. gave the sailors twelve shillings each, and the captains two pounds and two pounds ten respectively. They are to wait here till Abderrahman comes to pay and disband them, and will sleep on the dahabieh, but have to 'find themselves;' so they are very anxious for his coming, as living in Cairo is expensive.

I shall now pass lightly over some days, during which we have seen nothing which has not been already described, and have but little to record.

We have had to pay several visits to the bank, and on one occasion, when I had some money to bring back and was on foot, I was escorted through the streets by a cavass in splendid uniform.

We have also had to compose sundry testimonials, involving much anxious balancing of our conscientious minds as to the precise terms in



which to speak ; as hyperbole is so universal, that unless you use much stronger terms than you would in England to express the same amount of satisfaction, you are apt to be accused of having given the faint praise which is equivalent to blame.

We have seen some of the sailors about the town, and if they espy us afar off they always run up, and keep fleetly with the carriage on their bare feet to say a few words to us. Some special friends have also been to see us at the hotel, such as Kenowi and Rais Abdallah.

I gave Kenowi a reading-book, that he might pursue the studies we began in our walks with a stick on the sand. Rais Abdallah was able to tell us that he had discharged his debt, got the important warrak or receipt for it, and would now be able to seek his distant Nubian home a free man, and sit with a light heart under his own date-palm, with his 'dark girl dressed in blue.'

I took down an account of himself which he gave me one day—omitting only the pertinent questions by which I drew forth the information—and I subjoin it here, as a wind-up to all I have told about the sailors and their affairs. It is just as he gave it, and I have translated his language as literally as I could.

‘I was born in the same house I live in now—the one you saw at the island. It belonged to my father; my grandfather had another house too, which my eldest sister lives in now—you saw her at my house. We were seven children—four boys and three girls. I was the third boy. My brothers are all dead, and one sister; but one brother—he was the eldest—lived to grow up and be a Rais. My father was a Rais too, and my uncle; one is alive still.

‘My father died perhaps twelve years ago, when I had still no beard. My mother died when I was little, like Idris. When she died I was like one mad for four or five days. I lay in the house; I would not eat or look up. Do I remember her? Of course I do! I *always* think about her—always: not once or twice, but often—every day. It is very hard for a child when there is no mother; the mother is the best of all. When he is big, if he has travelled and comes back, she always puts her arms round him and is glad.

‘My father did not take another wife; my sister took care of us—that was better. If a man takes another wife perhaps she is good to the children, but perhaps she is not. When my big brother died, that was bad too; it was like cutting off an arm. Before, he did something for the house, and

I did something ; now I must do all. He was very good ; he prayed a great deal.

‘My eldest sister has no children ; she married, and she had three children, but each died while it was a baby. Then her husband said, “I cannot have any more of this ;” so he sent her away, and now she lives in our other house.

‘You did not see my youngest sister—I<sup>dris</sup>’s mother. Her husband died, so she lives alone too. She has one son bigger than I<sup>dris</sup> ; he is gone to be a servant at Cairo. She does not do anything ; she is often ill. I wish she would do something. If she would embroider taggiehs only ! but is no use ; she does not.

‘I always take them all things when I go back from a voyage. If I did not, who would ? I took my sisters some clothes this last time, but not my wife ; she must wait till next time. Because she has me, it does not matter so much ; but they have no one. She does not mind, for they are in fact her relations as well as mine—her mother and mine were sisters. It is better so ; if you marry a woman from another house, perhaps if you beat her she does not like it ; but if she is your cousin she is soon good again, and there is no quarrel. My father and mother were cousins too.’

‘But I hope you do not beat her ?’

' *Never*, unless she does anything bad ; when she does, I beat her.

' We have only had two children.—Taka, whom you know, who is blind of one eye, and one who died when he was two years old. He was not ill ; no. The reason he died was this. A man who had quarrelled with me came into the house one day, and looked at him. Then he said, "That is a beautiful child ! He will not be black like his father ; he will be like the child of some basha ; he will be great." And he never said, "Praise be to Allah for it !" Then I knew the child would die ; and he did.'

(He would not pursue this subject, evidently thinking it bad luck even to talk about it, which he did in a low voice, and very gravely.)

' Now, in two months, there will be another ; who but Allah knows anything about it ? It would be good to have a strong son in the house to work for us when we are old ; but who knows ?'

(They have the greatest objection to saying anything positive about future events, great or small.)

' So long as I am strong I know I can always have work ; if I should be ill, that would be bad indeed. I have a little land—hardly any, but those maize-cakes you had came off it, and there are two or three date-palms. I pay tribute for it. It used

to be five guineés a year ; now Effendina—may Allah lengthen his life !—has made it two guineés and a half.

‘ I have always been on the river, doing one thing or another ; I have never had any forced labour to do. If a man pays tribute he does not have to do forced labour. Once only—before my beard came—I left the river-work and went to live with a Bey as a house-servant. But it was hard work ; I will not live in a house again. I got ill, and I said I must go. The Bey said, “ Never.” Again I said I must go. He said, “ Never.” Then I went without telling him. He followed me, and found me on the boat I had gone to. He said, “ O pig ! why did you leave me ? Come back, or I will take you before the judge.” I said, “ Do not take me back ; I shall only be ill again.” At last he said, “ Go, O pig ! ” and I went.

‘ The farthest place I have been to is Syria—and Jerusalem. That was with a contessa, it may be ten years ago. I might have gone to England ; they said they would take me ; but I was a fool. I was a boy then, like Kenowi, and I was frightened when I saw the sea and no shore on the other side. I would go now. I should like to see your country. I know that the people drink cognae, eat pig, and do not pray ; but the country belongs to Allah, like

Masr [Egypt]. I could pray there the same as here, and there are some good people in it. Is there any fresh water there? Where can it come from? because you said the sea went all round it. I should like, too, to see Stamboul; is that near your country? But best of all I should like to go to the Hegaz [Mecca]. I think it would take ten or eleven guinees to go there in the waboor [steamer], and come back, and to eat while I was there; and that is a great deal.'

Rais Abdallah taught me a few words of Nubian. I could trace no resemblance to Arabic in them. 'Water,' which in Arabic is 'moya,' is 'essi' in Nubian; 'walad,' a child, is 'ehta;'; 'geziret,' an island, is 'artiga,' etc. The Nubians speak of their language as 'Rutana;'; but whether this is a local or a general name, I do not know.

## CHAPTER XXII.

WE have compared notes with one or two other Nile-ists (*not* Nihilists), like ourselves, and find that we have done worse than some, and better than others; but all agree that it has been a season of very adverse winds and calms. Mr. and Mrs. H——, we hear, broke an important rope, and had to wait at Asyoot while a new one was brought from Cairo; meanwhile their maid was taken ill with fever, and was a month in bed on the dahabieh. There was another unfortunate newly-married pair, too, one of whom became ill with fever after starting, and they had to turn back precipitately. A third incident which we heard much amused us, of a party who, disgusted at their slow homeward progress, left their dahabieh at Minieh, and took the train to save time; but a favourable wind springing up directly they had done so, they found the dahabieh awaiting them at Bedreshayn when they got there!

Our friends, the Nakhlahs, soon found us out on

our return, and we had a most cordial meeting. They said :

‘ I think we have left our town-house ; I think we are now at our country-house,’ and invited us to go and see them there.

They told us—what, indeed, we had already heard—about the burning of the Coptic Church at El-Wasta last week, and the killing of two monks at the convent there. We asked whether it was an unprovoked attack on the part of the Mussulmans ; and Yakoub said :

‘ Yes ; the Governor of El-Wasta was an “ ambitious ” man, and he knew that there were many treasures in the church—gold and silver crosses, and other things—so he burnt it to carry them off. The Patriarch has written to the Khedive to beg for justice, but has had no answer yet.’

The whole Coptic community seems to be convulsed by this event, as they fear it may be the prelude to further outrages.

They also told us about the Moolid-en-Nabi (birthday of the Prophet), the greatest Moslem festival of the year, which took place three weeks ago ; and how, for the first time this year, the most extravagant feature was omitted from the ceremonies by order of the Khedive. This is the riding over the bodies of hundreds of devout



Mussulmans by the Sheykh of the Dervishes. They work themselves up into a state of ecstasy, and then throw themselves on the ground before him as he rides by on a white horse. The Khedive has now announced that this frightful display of fanaticism is to be discontinued for good ; and this prohibition is much approved by orthodox Mussulmans, who hold the Dervishes to be schismatics, and say that the Doseh, as this ceremony is called, is no part of Islam.

The present Khedive is a very orthodox and devout prince, and prays every day in the mosque of Sitti Zeinab, the Prophet's grand-daughter.

Driving is rather a new pleasure after being out of reach of wheels for so long, and condemned to such rough walking. We often go on the Shoobra road, which answers to driving in the Park, and is delightfully shady ; and here, about five or six o'clock, we see all the world of Cairo.

Prince Towfik is generally there, in a carriage and four, with a small guard of mounted soldiers. I spell his name thus because that is how it is pronounced here, though in England it is generally spelled Tewfik. There is his brother Prince Ibrahim, too, in a separate equipage ; and his cousin Mustapha, who drives a sort of dog-cart. The Hareems all drive there, too, in little broughams,

and not so closely veiled but that one can see glimpses of their faces. Prince Mustapha's Harem has a very pretty turn-out; the servants entirely in white—white fezzes with long tassels, and white gloves.

There are also several pretty drives through gardens, and walks through others; as the Ghezireh Palace gardens, and one belonging to a Signor Cioccolano, which is now gay with roses, and has real turf, and some pretty fountains and rockeries.

Besides these, I have taken two or three walks and rides with one of the 'seven ladies' from the Sitt Miriam, who is still here. One evening we rode all about old Cairo by moonlight, and saw a very pictorial scene of mourners at a house in which a death had taken place; they were sitting on the ground outside the house, beating their breasts and wailing, occasionally rising into a shrill cry, and then sinking their voices again. There seemed to be both men and women. I fancy the former were the relations, and the latter the hired mourners.

Another day we went to see some of the old Moorish houses in the town, which are most interesting. They have splendid ceilings inlaid with gold and rich colours, beautiful little recesses with windows of delicate latticed wood-carving,

Mosaic marble floors, and walls lined with lovely old porcelain tiling. One of the best is now used as a carpenter's shop, and one is a French convent. My friend herself is staying in a beautiful old dilapidated house with an English family, who discovered and took it for the season, and made a few rooms habitable. I had tea there one day, in a room with a grand square bay-window like a little room, with steps up to it, and a divan and lattice-work; there had been a fountain in the centre of this room, and there was the dome in the ceiling above into which the jets used to play.

One evening St. L. and I drove to see a Moolid, or anniversary festival, in honour of a saint of some renown named Madbouli. We thought he rather deserved his first syllable—at least, supposing his votaries to be formed on his pattern—it was all such a wild turmoil of noise and movement. The central point was the mosque dedicated to him, which was crammed with worshippers round his tomb inside, and a dense crowd, unable to get in, were packed round the outside; while only some few yards off, all sorts of revels were going on, and conjurors, athletes, and dancers performing, and much traffic going on in booths and tents. We elbowed and struggled through the crowd, and were constantly transfixed by some telling scene in

the dusky red toreh-light ; but they were more suited to the pencil than the pen. In one place an improvisatore was telling the story of Hosein's martyrdom in verse, to a stringed instrument called a ribaba ; while his circle, which we joined, drank little cups of coffee, and applauded him from time to time with ' Ah's ' of profound admiration. I did not see a European face in all the crowd ; and we were a good deal looked at, and warned not to go near the mosque, and told distinctly that we could not be allowed inside.

*April 17th, Easter Day.*—In the Coptic Church this is Palm Sunday. Their Easter is a fixed feast, April 24th ; so this year they are a week behind us. We looked into the cathedral with Yakoub and Johannis ; the service was nearly over, but we saw the ceremony of blessing the palms. It was rather disorderly, as crowds were pressing round, quite filling the nave, talking freely, and each waving a palm leaf, most of them grotesquely twisted and plaited. The effect of this forest of pale green waving palms, above the sea of scarlet-capped heads, was most bright and gay. At last a priest ascended the pulpit so as to command the crowd—as many little acolytes as could be accommodated crowding in with him—and he read from a book, and they chanted all in Coptic ; and

finally he sprinkled all the palms with holy water. They gave me one of these palms to keep. I saw a number of Mussulmans there, I suppose looking on.

The boys asked us if we should like to be presented to the Patriarch, and took us, after the service, to his house close by. A number of Abyssinian priests were standing about, whom he had just been receiving. He is Patriarch of the Abyssinians as well, and consecrates their Metropolitan, and this was a deputation from Abyssinia. They were in black robes, with very dark green turbans, and were very fine-looking men. Some of them were still with him when we went in.

This Patriarch is named Cyril, and is an Egyptian by birth, but has been educated at the convent of St. Antony, in Syria. He is a tall, handsome, elderly man, and was dressed in an upper robe of black, and an under robe of purple silk. He sat, or reclined, in a large couch-like chair, at the top of the room ; and we, after being presented to him, sat on a divan at the side : everybody kissed his hand.

There were several other visitors there, but we were the only Europeans, and I was the only representative of my sex. We had coffee (need I say ?), and he conversed graciously with us. He

can speak only Arabic. He was particularly anxious that we should understand that the rather noisy scene we had witnessed in the cathedral was not part of the Sunday service, which he said was then already over.

We asked whether there had been any answer to the appeal to the Khedive about the church at El-Wasta.

He said, 'Yes; the Khedive had sent to investigate the matter, and that the murderers of the two monks had been taken, and condemned to death; but that they had heard nothing yet of their lost treasures.'

I said, 'It was very bad;' meaning very bad of the Mussulmans to behave in this way.

He looked a little surprised, and said, 'Well, it was not *very* nice, perhaps;' when some one else interposed, and I found I had given him to understand that I thought the church at El-Wasta very bad—*i.e.*, shabby and inferior.

This shows to what pitfalls one exposes one's self by dabbling in unknown tongues; and for one occasion when one has the opportunity of removing the false impression, there are probably half a dozen when it remains undisturbed.

The uncle of Yakoub and Johannis was one of the visitors; and I remarked to him that Johannis

spoke English very well, and was very clever, which seemed to gratify him. Then, catching Yakoub's reproachful eyes, I added hastily, 'And so is Yakoub;' to which he replied, 'Alas! no. Yakoub is a donkey;' it was amusing to find that they use 'donkey' just as we do.

19th.—After an irritating and protracted hunt for a packing-case in which to send things home by sea, and a poor attempt to bargain with a native tinman to line the case when bought, I refreshed myself with visiting one or two of the more inviting bazaars, escorted by my old friend Moussaid. I spent a long time at a very effective corner-shop for curiosities, in the Syrian quarter—a small den filled with treasure-heaps, which overflowed in the gayest confusion into the dim narrow street outside, and the old owner, sitting cross-legged in the middle, looked like a spider in his web.

I had been there before; and from amongst all his rich stuffs, and rings, and silver scent-flasks, and old chased lamps, I had set my heart on a small cracked yellow pot, of some enamelled fabrie unknown to me. He had at first withered me with a scornful look from under his spectacles; but, for lack of finer flies, had, after a few gruff remarks, silently handed me out a carved wooden stool into

the street, that I might bargain more leisurely. And we had commenced as follows, like two wary old soldiers :

‘What do you want for this small *broken* pot?’ (stress upon ‘broken’).

‘Broken? It is *antique*! There are no whole ones like it! I will let you have it for fifteen francs.’

‘Thank you! I dare say you will! I will give you five for it.’

‘*Five*! I *sell* things; I do not give them away,’ turning his back; then, looking over one shoulder relentingly: ‘For *you*—for no one else—but for you, because you speak Arabic, it shall be fourteen; and that is my last word.’

‘It is *impossible* I should give more than six for it;’ and so on, until, by cautious counter-moves, we landed mutually on the central plateau of ten francs, from which I retreated in good order, thinking I had done enough for the first day, and got the wedge in.

To-day, after a second sit on the stool, and much eloquence on both sides, I succeeded in getting it for seven francs.

Bargains are often rather complicated by the vagueness of the term piastre. There are tariff piastres and current piastres, varying in value.



When a poor man talks of a 'girsch' or piastre, he generally means a current or 'little' piastre; still, it is always necessary to ask which are meant. The current piastre is at present only half the value of the tariff one; they are respectively  $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. and  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.

The amount of coins of different countries one gets here in change is something curious. I counted nine different coinages in the change of ten shillings. In the remote places up the river, people were extremely cautious about accepting any 'feloos' (money) which was unusual, and invariably rejected any coin which was worn smooth, with the utmost contempt.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*April 20th.*—Our last days at Cairo slipped by very quickly, and soon the hour came when from the train window we watched it fading away in the distance, its 'citadel-crowned' heights lingering in sight till the last.

We were to stop at Ramle, a few miles out of Alexandria. Moussa had preceded us, and when we arrived, after six hours' journey, at Side-Gaber, the nearest station, we found him awaiting us on the platform.

He came to meet us with great *empressement*, exclaiming: 'A pleasant journey!' perhaps inappropriate when it was just over, but consistent with his habit of saying 'Welcome!' when we start anywhere.

He had provided four fine donkeys, for us two, himself, and W., and off we trotted along a moonlit, tree-fringed road. It had been stiflingly hot in the train, and the night-air was delightful.

We soon rode on to the line—a little branch one from Alexandria—and proceeded tranquilly along between the rails, which I thought perilous, as there are trains every hour. However, we escaped alive, and in half an hour reached the Hôtel Beau-Séjour, the garden of which opens straight on to the railroad.

Here we found a small select party of English people, some staying here, some coming out from Alexandria to dine only.

21st.—Our first day here has been one of extreme heat, another khamseen having set in. I went quite early into Alexandria with Moussa to what he calls the ‘P. and Office’—viz., the P. & O. office—to inquire about steamers and put our names down for the one on May 3rd.

It is a funny little railway into Alexandria, with four stations in four miles, bearing English names : Chatby, Fleming, and two others I forget.

28th.—We have now been here a week, and know the place thoroughly.

Ramle means merely ‘the sand,’ which in Egypt is scarcely a distinctive name. It is the site of the battle of Alexandria, and a little way off is the small Mosque of Sidi Gaber, to which Sir Ralph Abercrombie was carried wounded off the field, and in which he died.

At present the place is the Brighton of Alexandria; it has a large growth of villas, and most rich townspeople come out here, either every evening after business, or to stay for the summer. There are Greeks, Italians, and Moors, and a few English.

All alike affect a hideous style of architecture, and colour their villas gaily with stucco of salmon-colour, blue and pink, and paint all their shutters bright green.

There is a beautiful sea, broken into little bays with wave-worn rocks in smooth low ledges, the water of the clearest and most brilliant blue, and fringed with the most fascinating shells, among which we continually find ourselves groping.

The drawback is that these attractions are nearly a mile off, and there intervenes an ugly sandy tract scattered over with half-finished or abandoned buildings, and spotted with bristly patches of miniature barley. In some places, however, there are pretty little desert plants growing, and spreading their small bright flowers in the sun; and there is another touch of interest in some picturesque groups of Bedouin tents of striped cloth here and there on the sandy common.

These, however, far from being remnants of savagery, turn out on inquiry to be the bulwarks of

peace and order, being inhabited by Arab watchers appointed by Government to take care of us all at night. Though appointed by Government, they are paid by the individuals whose houses they watch.

We have four tents to this hotel, and sometimes at night the inmates sing and dance by their watch-fire, and we go to look at them, joining a circle of women who are always gathered round as audience, and who encourage them by screaming 'Li-li-li!' in their peculiar shrill tremolo.

The other night, when they were celebrating a festival, one of them fell into a frenzy, and ran about roaring and beating his head with his tambourine, coming sometimes unpleasantly near to us; at last he threw himself on the ground in an ecstasy.

They said the spirit of his Sheykh had come into him, and he uttered some incoherencies; but we rather suspected it was a lying spirit, and that the whole was got up for our edification.

I thought that most likely few people besides myself had spilt innocent ink in writing descriptions of Ramle; but I was undeceived by a Mr. H., staying at the hotel, who called our attention to a pamphlet he had written when here some years ago, consisting chiefly of a botanical history of the

desert vegetation, but with a short account of the place as well.

There are some curious marsh plants to be found on the tract round Lake Mareotis, and on the sand grow several kinds of sedum—a tiny white mesembryanthemum, which diapers whole stretches of ground like little silver stars, and another star-like blossom of bright forget-me-not blue.

Mr. H. pointed out to me the exact site of the battle, which I looked at with the more interest from the idea that our grandfather had been there, as Sir Ralph Abercrombie's aide-de-camp; and on consulting a contemporary account belonging to a French friend of his, Mr. H. found his name on the list of officers.

On Sunday the 24th we spent a good deal of the day in Alexandria, where high festival was going on among the Copts and Greeks, as it was their Easter Day. We went into the Greek Church, where no particular service was going on at the time; but a band of devotees were going round kissing all the pictures which adorn the walls, especially those which hang in a row on the altar-screen.

The streets were crowded, and many nations were represented, the Greeks being especially smart

in their stiffly-plaited full white skirts, and broad sashes, and gaitered legs.

The chief feature of the festivities seemed to be the letting off of gunpowder in every shape of squib, mortar, and pistol, to the great discomposure of horses and foot-passengers, the neighbourhood of whose cars seemed to be chosen out for the noisiest discharges.

We were surprised to hear afterwards that all this popping was strictly prohibited, and that the police were authorised to take up the delinquents. They certainly failed to exercise their privilege.

There were several *émeutes* in the town at night, and some people were killed ; but this seems to be the usual concomitant of an anniversary, and to be composedly set down to the inevitable clashing of nationalities.

There has now been a khamseen of five days' duration, which is mentioned in the papers as a very unusual thing, and the thermometer has ranged from 102° to 105° in the shade. But to us, experiencing it in a large cool house, instead of a small, sun-baked boat, it seems far less oppressive than the last ; and in our rooms the thermometer has averaged 85° only. I put it out on the window-sill in the sun this morning about eleven, when it rose in a short time to 130°.

Easter Monday in Alexandria was another festive day, but this time on account of an Arab function, with the poetical name of the 'Smelling of the Zephyr.' This is a fixed feast on April 25th, and is said to be of old Egyptian origin, and to inaugurate the summer.

Everybody goes out to breathe the air from the Nile, and this is supposed to ensure them good health throughout the year. At Alexandria they have only canals and reservoirs supplied from the Nile, but these are allowed to count.

We drove along the banks of the Mahmoodeyeh canal, and diligently smelt the Zephyr (tinctured with a whiff of mud from the wallowing buffaloes) in common with the rest of the Alexandrian world. There was quite a fine queue of carriages, and numerous riders and walkers besides.

Another day we went to see a hospital nursed by deaconesses from Kaiserswerth. It has been founded twenty-five years, but is now in a nice new house, with a garden and fountain, and a terrace on the bedroom floor.

Like many other civilised institutions in comparatively uncivilised places, it was rather empty and unappreciated, though beautifully managed and exquisitely clean and orderly. In the children's ward three small people, a Maltese, a German, and



an Alexandrian, were in undisturbed possession. The last-mentioned was a foundling, whom they had found on the step, and had named Alexandrina.

The in-patients all pay something, and they also have better rooms for patients of larger means, at ten and five francs a day. The out-patients are doctored gratis, and they say they have plenty of these, especially for ophthalmia.

Among such of the poorer natives as we talked to on the subject there seemed to be rather a feeling against hospitals. They seem to exist in all the larger towns, but they mention them with such remarks as :

‘ They are very well for a man who has no relations to nurse him, or for a man who falls down ill on the road, or is hurt ; but I would rather be ill at home, for my part. At a hospital perhaps they forget to give you anything to eat ; perhaps they give you the wrong medicine,’ and so on.

But I dare say these prejudices will decrease with time, and Princee Towfik seems to do his best to combat prejudice, both on sanitary questions and others. On the matter of female education he has just published his intention to found a school for girls of the higher classes at Cairo, which will be a

wonderful innovation ; but I dare say the country is ripe for it.

Moussa informed me that if he ever had daughters he intended them to learn to read, like me—none of the ladies of his family at present could do so. But when I said it was a good thing for women to have knowledge, so that they could earn their own livelihood if necessary, he dissented altogether, and said, ‘No ; his daughters should never work ; it was a disgrace for women to work ; only peasant women worked—not nice people’s daughters. They should learn to read because it would amuse them, and to write because they could write to him when he was away—but not earn money by reading or writing.’

The Khedive is also anxious to have investigations made about the evasions of the slave-laws which are said to be so common.

A master who has got Soudanee servants who are married, often disposes of their children, very likely without any actual sale, but as an exchange, or a present. He has to ask the parents’ consent ; but then they are often in such complete subjection that this is a mere form. He has also to give a paper with the child, stipulating that it is to be free to leave the service whenever it likes ; but as the child does not have the paper itself to keep, and cannot

read it, this is also likely to be a form.' But it is said that the investigation into domestic affairs which would be necessary would be so strongly resented by all classes, oppressed as well as oppressors, that it would be very difficult to carry out a reform, especially if it were supposed to be done under the influence of the English and French Committee, *i.e.* of Christians.

As ignorance decreases, however, the lower classes will be less at the mercy of the upper, and will avail themselves of the protection which the law already offers them.

There is already a good deal of thirst for knowledge, and a wish among parents that their children should be more learned than they are themselves. There is a school in most places, held in the mosque, by one of the servants of the mosque, to whom each child takes a piastre every Thursday. They have little squares of tin for books, with letters and words cut on them, and they write with sticks in the sand. Some of our sailors told us they had been to school when they were little, but none seemed to retain even a shadow of whatever acquirements they may once have had.

*May 1st.*—The weather for the last two or three days has been delightfully cool—*too* cool even, St. L. thinks. The thermometer in his room was only

68° this morning, which he naturally resented as an indignity on an African May-day.

Our places are taken on the *Bangalore* for the day after to-morrow, the actual hour of departure remaining uncertain till the last, as it depends on her arrival from Bombay. We are beginning to feel like summer swallows, and to sit loosely to these sun-steeped shores and attune ourselves in advance to the 'dark, true, and tender North.' But I have never left a foreign land with a stronger feeling that I should like to see it some day again. We have been gradually Europeanizing here, within the pale of daily papers (local, of course), frequent omnibuses and hourly trains; but we cling to African ways, and make the most of them, studying the Koran in preference to the daily papers, and neglecting trains and omnibuses to take daily rides on the donkeys with red-humped saddles, and bridles hung with shells.

There is a nice old 'booab,' or porter, at the hotel, who lives in a wooden box in the garden, containing literally nothing but a shelf, on which he sleeps by night and sits by day. Sometimes in the evening I sit outside and talk to him. He belongs to a clan, or sect, the members of which have, as an hereditary gift, the power of snake-charming. He seems to be a simple-minded old creature, and fully

to believe in his gifts, and he describes how he has only to take some dust in his hand and spit on it, and then touch the snake's head with it, and it becomes quite tame and never attempts to bite. He also believes that the snakes develop wings at a certain time of year, and fly off to some place near Mecca, where the Sheykh of this snake-charming family resides—I suppose, to pay their respects to him.

He is always presenting us with very short-stalked flowers, at the most inconvenient moments, just as we are starting on a ride, perhaps ; but the roses, especially, are too sweet and lovely to refuse. There is a nice garden to this hotel, and it is in other respects very comfortable, and also very clean. It is kept by Italians. It is the only good hotel in the place at present, so when I compare Ramle with Brighton, I must not be taken literally.

2nd.—We came into Alexandria this afternoon, to be ready for our departure to-morrow morning. Just before we left Ramle, Moussa came in, bringing with him his uncle Abderrahman, who had just returned from Palestine, in the nick of time to see us again. We met with ‘effusion,’ and, as soon as the first raptures were over, he shut himself in with us, shutting out Moussa, and asked in a stage-whisper :

‘Has Moussa behaved?’

On our assuring him that he had, he clasped his hands in delight, and said :

‘ Thank God ! It is my pleasure and my *great* advantage to hear this.’

He then told us that he should now no longer hesitate to give his daughter to Moussa ; that he should marry them this very summer, and that they should live with him for the first few years.

So we shall leave them, and to-morrow spread our wings for the

‘ Misty summer  
And grey metropolis of the North,’

with the satisfaction of feeling that even *our* ‘ Nile Novel ’ has culminated in an engagement, and that this *dénouement* of Moussa’s affairs makes a proper climax to our little history.

THE END.



